



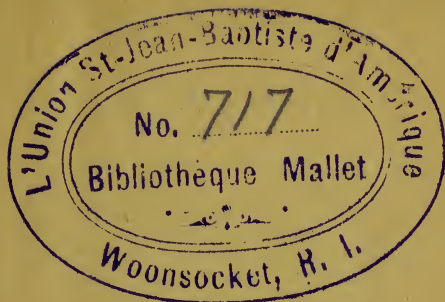
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# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION:

*A juvenile monthly Magazine published for the benefit of the Puget Sound Catholic Indian Missions; and set to type, printed and in part written by the pupils of the Tulalip, Wash. Ty. Indian Industrial Boarding Schools, under the control of the Sisters of Charity.*

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Vol. IV.

JUNE, 1884.

No. 37.

## FEASTS AND FASTS.

- ☞ May 31—*Fast-day.* Eve of Pentecost.  
June 1—PENTECOST. Acts, ii. 1-11. John, xiv. 23-31.  
☞ 4, 6 and 7—*Fast-days.* The ember days.  
8—Trinity Sunday. 1 John, iv. 8-21. Luke, iv. 36-42.  
12—CORPUS CHRISTI, a feast of obligation. 1 Cor. xi. 23-29. John, vi. 56-59.  
15—2nd S. aft. P. 1 John, iii. 13-18. Luke, xiv. 16-24.  
20—S. Heart of Jesus. Is. xii. 1-6. John, xix. 31-35.  
21—St. Aloysius Gonzaga, patron of youth.  
22—3rd S. after P. 1 Pet. v. 6-11. Luke, xv. 1-10.  
29—4th S. after Pent. Feast of Sts. Peter and Paul. Acts, xii. 1-11. Matt. xvi. 13-19. Luke, v. 1-11.



JUNE is the first of the summer months. During this month the country assumes a rich and delightful appearance. The yellow fields of wheat begin to ripen, and the farmer prepares to gather in his harvest.

The weather of June is generally warm, and often exceedingly hot. The longest days of the year occur during this month—the twenty-fourth being usually called midsummer day. The birds that had fled to a warmer climate during the winter, return at this season, and enliven us with their songs. Every thing around us wears a cheerful aspect, and reminds us that summer is at hand.

Summer—blithe, delightful summer—

Welcome, welcome once again;

Oh how lovely are the flowrets

Thou hast scattered o'er the plain.

Welcome also to June as the month of the sacred Heart, the Heart that loved us so much! Lovely May is justly consecrated to Mary, the immaculate soil from which the new Adam, Jesus Christ, was made. June gives us the fulness of bloom and of nature's beauty. It is the heart of summer, for when June is past vegetation begins to ripen and wither.

The richness and splendor of this month are a most striking type of the graces and glories of the sacred Heart. O, if men only knew the gift of God! All we need is to be found in that treasury of mercy and love. Whatever our state of life may be, we can go and draw from that living and inexhaustible fountain.

Although during this month all around us seem to smile, yet in many families and hearts there are difficulties and sorrows of many kinds; but peace and consolation is promised them if they go to the One who said: "Come to me, all you that labor, and are



burdened, and I will refresh you." He conquered death, and He is the life, the truth and the way. In life and death, then, that Heart is our refuge. And if even in our temporal affairs we wish for blessings, in Jesus' Heart lies the secret of success. He invites all, saints and sinners, even tepid and indifferent ones whom He abhors more than sinners, are now invited. For a little trouble, were it only to hang up, in the house, a picture of the sacred Heart, blessings are showered upon us. If a soul is to be converted, devotion to the sacred Heart will do it. Finally, if we spread this devotion, our names shall, for ever, be inscribed in the Book of life.

## THE BOY WITHOUT ARMS.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

Dear young readers.

I will, in this No. of the Youth's Companion, relate to you the story and sad end of a boy without arms.

God is wonderful in His works, dear children, and our little minds must bow down in awe and adoration before the least of His doings. A child of God, a true Christian, should never question divine Providence. God is justice and goodness in His very essence, and all He ordains is for the greater good of men. He has given you two bright eyes, that you may see the beauty of creation, and thus be constantly animated to think of the grandeur of heaven and praise the Author of so many good gifts. But how often do those eyes lead men away from God and His commands? How often must we not say: "Death entered by my windows?" that is, sin came into our souls through the eyes. Many are now in everlasting torments, wishing they had been born blind; and yet how sad a misfortune is blindness!



Therefore must we thank God for all these good gifts and use them for His glory and for the welfare of our souls. Let our hands be used to labor, and let them be extended to help our fellow beings. Let our feet be swift to lead us where duty calls, but let them not be used to seek bad company or dangerous places. The following story suggests these reflections.

#### A BOY WITHOUT ARMS!

Why did the Maker of all things create such a being? Let us silently adore. There were reasons we will know at the last day. Then will be revealed the secrets of hearts, and the inscrutable decrees of the Creator be vindicated; then will the infidel scoffer be confounded, and the humble believer triumph. Arguments and discussions will be at an end; in the splendor of truth we will see the Master.

Some twenty years ago, when I went to school, one of my schoolmates was a boy having no arms. His father and mother were well-to-do farmers. Both were tall and robust, and their numerous offspring were all of gigantic stature, except Leo, the eldest, at that time a lad of fifteen, who was born armless.

According to the custom of the country, he was brought to church on the day of his birth, and at his baptism he was called Leo, after the patron saint of the church, whom the people called the saint without arms, on account of a bust of St. Leo which stood on one of the side altars.

This deformed child was a great trial to his parents, and an object of much care and trouble. At the age of six he could neither walk nor help himself in any way, and it was by a miracle that he even got the use of his legs. When Leo was six years of

*(Concluded on page 13.)*



# OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE, OF MEXICO.

5

From the French of Rev. L. G. Gladu, O. M. I.,

by "Stella."

[For the Youth's Companion.]



**T**HERE is not, that I know of, on this continent a sanctuary as venerable by its origin, as that of Our Lady of Guadalupe, of Mexico.

It is the Blessed Virgin herself who asked for its construction, and she selected it, in order to fix there the throne of her mercy. The Mexicans have venerated it for three centuries and a half, and notwithstanding all the ruins that have been made in their country in these latter days, notwithstanding the sacrilegious profanations of which it has been the object, the sanctuary of Guadalupe always remains the holy temple, where the faithful seek light and consolation. The little hill, from which it arises as a beacon, is the mountain whence will come succor for these unhappy Catholic people, at the hour fixed by God for their regeneration. This day will dawn for Mexico, when it will return to its Catholic traditions, when it will give, to the Church and her pastors, liberty to work for its spiritual welfare, when it will recall the religious communities that are to-day banished. Pious souls may hasten this moment by their fervent prayers. It is in the hope of interesting them that I write the following pages. May they be read with interest and incite to this work of charity in favor of a nation that Mary Immaculate took under her protection at the very cradle of its existence.



## I. JUAN DIEGO. FIRST APPARITION.

IT was ten years and four months after the Spanish had made the conquest of Mexico. On a Saturday, the 9th. of December, 1531, a poor Mexican by the name of Juan Diego, left the village of Quatitlan, to go to Mexico, a league from there, to hear mass at the Church of Santiago and to attend the instructions of the Franciscan Fathers.

Juan Diego was an Indian recently converted, poor in the goods of this earth, but rich in the Christian virtues of simplicity, innocence and chastity. Maria Lucia, his wife, was also a Christian like him. Juan had learned from the good Franciscan religious to honor the Blessed Virgin in a special manner; and at the break of day we see him leave his cane hut, to go to assist at the holy sacrifice, which was celebrated that day in honor of Mary.

The dawn was beginning to brighten the sky, and Juan Diego had just reached the foot of Tepeyacac, (\*) which commands the lagoon near Mexico, when he heard hovering over him sounds of harmonious music, similar to the melodies of little birds singing in concert. Surprised at this novelty he raised his eyes to discover whence came such sweet strains, and he saw on the summit of Tepeyacac a white and luminous cloud, which became marvelously transformed before his gaze. A ray of light darted from the center, and by dispersing itself symmetrically, formed a halo, variously tinted, as the colors of the rainbow. The light emitted by the miraculous cloud seemed to him to be of extraordinary brightness.

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(\*) The word Tepeyacac signifies summit of the hill.



Such a vision should have filled the heart of the poor Indian with trouble and fear but it was not thus. Something ineffable took place within him; sentiments of joy and happiness dilated his heart, and unknown delights filled his soul.

In his rapture and simplicity the Indian said to himself; "What is it that I see and hear? To what place am I transported? Can it be that I am transported to the paradise of delights that our first parents called the *Garden of Flowers*, or to a celestial land hidden to the eyes of men?" He had ceased: doubting at what he saw and distrusting himself, when he heard a voice, sweet as an echo from heaven, which came from the cloud, calling him by name. He hastened to climb the hill, and saw, surrounded with splendor, a woman of exceeding beauty; a brilliant light emanated from her face and garments, transforming the stones and brambles of the hill, and making them sparkle with the brightness of gold and precious stones under the ardent rays of the sun.

## II. A MESSAGE FROM THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

WHEN the Indian had drawn near, the Mother of God—for it was she—said to him in the Aztec language, with a voice of inexpressible tenderness: "*Napiltzin Juan, campa tiaub?*"—"My son Juan, where are you going?" "I am going, noble Lady, and my Sovereign," replied the virtuous Indian, "I am going to Mexico, in the quarter of Flat-elolco, to hear mass, which is said for us by God's ministers, thy servants."

On hearing these words, the Blessed Virgin ac-



quainted him with her intentions and the motive of her apparition. "Learn, my well-beloved son, that I am Mary, Mother of God, and that I wish to show my loving clemency toward the Indians, the compassion I feel for them and for all those who invoke me in their trials and afflictions. My wish is, that a temple be built on this spot, (\*) where I will see your tears and hear your sighs, so that I may console you and relieve you. Now, so as to put this project into execution, you must go to Mexico, see the bishop, and make known to him my desire. You will tell him all you have seen and heard; rest assured that I will be grateful for all you will do for me.

My son, you have just heard the expression of my will; go in peace, and be certain that success will crown your efforts." The Indian prostrated himself at the feet of the marvelous apparition, and with a heart overflowing with love, he promised to execute what she deigned to command to him.

### III. JUAN DIEGO BEFORE THE BISHOP OF MEXICO.

JUAN immediately started for Mexico. He went straight to the bishop's palace, which, according

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(\*) The hill of Tepayacac was defiled in the time of paganism by the worship of an impure goddess, called by the Mexican, in their language, *Theotenantzin* that is to say *Mother of the Gods*. It was becoming that the Mexicans converted to the faith, should repair their past errors, on the spot itself, by honoring there, in a special manner, the Mother of God, the Immaculate Virgin Mary.



to tradition was situated on the site now occupied by the *Hospital of the Love of God*.

D. Fray Juan de Zumarraga was then chief pastor of the metropolis. The prelate's servants on seeing the poor and ignorant Indian, paid no attention to him. Nevertheless they were obliged to yield to his importunity and grant him the audience which he solicited. The Indian being admitted into the bishop's presence, kneeled down (\*) and laid before him the motives of his visit. He told how he had been sent by the Mother of God, and related all that the Blessed Virgin had confided to him.

The prelate conducted himself with the prudence that we might expect from his wisdom in such a delicate matter. If the Blessed Virgin wished to take the poor Mexicans under her protection, it was not astonishing that she should choose the most humble among them to be her messenger; but then it was to be feared that the Indian might be the sport of his imagination, or that he might have been misled by superstition. Therefore the bishop dismissed the Indian without repelling or discouraging him; he invited him to return later, telling him he needed to reflect before giving him a definite answer.

#### IV. SECOND APPARITION.

JUAN Diego went away with sorrow in his heart, not because they seemed to make light of him.

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(\*) It is a Mexican custom. Children kneel before their parents, when they bring them an account of a message.



but because, he believed, they did not wish to accomplish the wishes of the Blessed Virgin.

He returned to his home, sad and disheartened. When he had reached the place of the apparition, he saw that his august sovereign was there, seemingly waiting for him. He was not surprised, and he went and prostrated himself at her feet, saying to her in a tone of profound humility: "Well, beloved Virgin, my queen and my powerful mistress, I have just seen the bishop and have acquitted myself of the message which you gave me; he listened to me very kindly, but I do not think he puts faith in my words. He supposes that the building of the temple for which you ask, is an invention of mine, therefore I beg you to select a messenger among the nobles, one elevated in rank and worthy of belief; as for me, vile and low man that I am, I could never successfully transact the affair with which you have charged me. Pardon my boldness; if I have been wanting in the respect that I owe to your majesty, do not afflict me with your indignation; if I have spoken words which have offended you, please pardon me."

The Blessed Virgin listened to the poor Indian with kindness, and to animate his confidence, she told him she had millions of angels at her command, but that she had chosen him, her cherished child, for this work of mercy. She commanded him to return to the bishop and to repeat the same message to him. Poor Juan Diego told his divine mistress that he feared he would not be more successful than the first time; he promised her, however, that he would obey and that he would faithfully bring back to her the bishop's answer.



## V. PROOF REQUIRED.

THE Indian accordingly returned to the bishop's palace, on the next day, the 10th. of December. The servants received him as on the preceding day but the venerable prelate treated him in a very different manner. He not only showed himself affable and encouraging to him, but he even received him with a sort of veneration. The Indian prostrated himself at the bishop's feet, told him, whilst shedding abundant tears, that he had seen the Mother of God a second time, at the same place where he saw her first, and that she had again commanded him to ask for the construction of a temple in her honor. He sobbingly added: "She who sends me, tells me to certify that she is the Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Blessed Mary ever Virgin."

The bishop asked many questions of his humble visitor; he minutely enquired into the details of his proposition. The Indian answered everything in a satisfactory manner, and with a simplicity and candor that spoke in favor of his sincerity.

"Well," said the prelate, "I believe your words, still, in order to be more certain, you will ask her, who sends you, some signs by which we may know if she is really the Mother of God."

The Indian then asked him what sign he should beg the Blessed Virgin to give him. This answer, which denoted frankness, pleased the prelate and convinced him that heaven was truly interested in this affair. However, fearing deceit in such an important matter, he called aside a few of his servants, spoke to them secretly, told them to follow the Indian to the place where he sent him, to carefully note all that would happen, and then, faithfully report to him.



## VI. THIRD APPARITION.

THE bishop dismissed the Indian, and the servants followed him. Having reached a bridge that spans a river which finds its outlet in the lagoon near the hill of the apparition, Juan suddenly disappeared. The servants puzzled by the adventure, began to look for him; they searched the hill in all directions, but to no avail. They then returned to the prélate, well convinced that they had been duped. They assured the bishop that the Indian was an impostor and that he ought to be chastised, if he again dared to present himself before him. In reality, it was neither through malice nor through cunning that Juan Diego disappeared, but heaven wished it so, because the prodigy was to have no other witness than the poor Mexican, who, by his humility and candor, had merited to draw on himself the favor of the Queen of heaven.

Directing his steps to the spot where the Blessed Virgin awaited him, Juan prostrated himself before her, and related all the circumstances of his interview with the bishop; he told her that the bishop, not relying on his word, wished a sign by which he might know that it was really the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, who sent him, and that it was she who asked for the building of the temple on the hill.

The Blessed Virgin seemed satisfied with all the Indian told her. With great tenderness, she induced him to return the next day, promising to give him the desired sign. Juan, happy and confused at so much kindness, promised to return the next day, and he retired with the greatest marks of respect and humility, from the holy place, where the Queen of angels deigned to speak to him. *(To be continued.)*



*(Concluded from page 4.)*

age, his mother made a pilgrimage to a shrine of our Lady, about a mile distant from her house, in order to obtain, through the intercession of the compassionate mother of Jesus, the favor that her boy might get strength in his legs and feet. The brave woman made the pilgrimage during the night, creeping on her bare knees all the way, and although some one went before her to sweep away the stones and pebbles, she left the prints of her bleeding knees on the pavement of the chapel. The blessed Virgin heard her prayer. On reaching home; she took her poor boy out of his cradle and put him on his feet. Every one present cried out in wonder, seeing the child stand alone, and from that day he learned to walk.

The defects of his body were largely compensated by the endowments of his mind, and even by some rare natural gifts. As soon as he could go to school he showed marks of extraordinary talents. With his toes he learned to write as well as the best hand; he likewise made fine lace and cut all kinds of figures out of paper. He used his toes to eat and drink with the same ease as you eat with your hands. At play he used to join with the others, and took a lively part in all sorts of games. His temper was quick, and he keenly resented the least insult. He would fight with the greatest rage, and although he was but three feet and a half high, he defeated the strongest adversary. He used his head to defend himself, and one bump of his tough skull would fell a strong man.

He had extraordinary singing powers, and could imitate the cry or song of all kinds of animals and birds; he was moreover a ventriloquist. He consequently attracted much attention, and strangers stood



gazing upon the pranks of the unfortunate boy and often dropped pennies into his pockets.

Thus Leo began to love money, and schemes to make his talents and deformity profitable now filled his mind. His father, too, was advised by many to have his son join a circus company, but he, for a long time, hesitated on account of the idea which prevails among the simple country people in Belgium, that all circus men and stage actors are a low and degraded class of people. The good priest, who had baptized Leo and prepared him for his first communion, was also very much opposed to the project of thus exposing one of his flock to dangers of so pernicious a nature, that but very few, if any, can face them without detriment to their virtue, and even suffering the loss of their faith and soul.

Leo's father was a hard-working man, and earned a comfortable livelihood for himself and family. All his children were industrious and diligent, and people said of them that they would make their way through the world; but the temptation of riches overcame the father, and he now found that his son, instead of being a burden, was rather a treasure that would fill his coffers with gold, and secure ease and abundance to his whole family. All other considerations were finally disregarded, and a large circus wagon and a fine team of horses were purchased. There being an annual fair held in a neighboring city, thither Leo went to give his first exhibition. His *debut* proving a success, from that day money came in flooding, and with it came the curse that brought ruin to a most promising family.

Soon good cheer and fine clothing were indulged in to excess; the management of the farm was left to



strangers. Leo's brothers and sisters accompanied him in his money expeditions, and became imbibed with all the fancies and vices of cities. They lost their simplicity and love of work; they despised the village people with whom they were brought up, and felt no longer contented around the humble hearth of their childhood.

The boom went on for several years—just long enough to make every member of the family useless for any honest avocation. Leo became tired of the parental guardianship and wanted to be his own master. Many quarrels ensued; the father had to give in, and Leo set up for himself. A wicked woman married him in order to gain possession of the money he had gathered. All the good sentiments of his youth were now extinguished; church and sacraments were forgotten; money and pleasures were his god. Whilst thus plunged in his forgetfulness and neglect of all his duties, his career came to a sudden and lamentable end. He was giving a series of brilliant performances in a large city of France. One night, elated over his success and honors, he drank wine to such an excess that he died of the effects. Alas, to die in a drunken condition! O God! where did his soul awake?

Leo's father and mother, with some of the younger children (the older ones being scattered everywhere) left the village, after having sold their farm—their old homestead which had come down from father to son for generations. I will now end my story, dear children, by citing to you the words which converted Francis Xavier: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul."

"EMILE."



16    BEHOLD THE HEART.—THE SACRED HEART.

Behold the heart, which so loved man!

Whose sacred blood on Calvary ran,  
To wipe away the gloomy stain  
Which tainted all, when satan came!

Behold the heart, the sacred sign!

The hope of man, from Adam's time;  
The heart whose beat, whose ev'ry throb,  
Was but for man—the work of God!

Behold the heart, that bleeding heart!

Through pierced by Roman's cruel dart.  
And, oh, how sad! through pierced again,  
Ungrateful man! by mortal sin!

Behold the heart, so pure and chaste,

To love it, quick, my children, haste,  
Inflamed with ardent, fervent fire,  
To love it, only, quick aspire!

Behold the heart, the meteor bright,

Which burst the gloom—the stormy night  
Of sin and death, mankind's despair,  
And op'ed the gates of Heaven fair!

Behold the heart, the beacon blest,

Which points, to life—eternal rest.  
The Sacred Heart, which dwells above;  
The heart of Jesus, fount of love!

“GOD BLESS YOU.”

How gently fall these simple words  
Upon the human heart.

When friends long bound in strongest ties  
Are doomed by fate to part!

You sadly press the hands of those  
Who thus in love caress you,

And soul responsive beats to soul,  
In breathing out “God bless you!”



## SNOHOMISH INDIANS.

## No. XI.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

Dearly Beloved Children.

As example is more powerful than words and produces also better effects, I will once more present to your consideration some of the principal features of the life and death of one of our former pupils.

Many of you have known Joseph Saskweous before he was taken away from his friends, to go and enjoy the eternal rest which he had so well deserved.

Joseph belonged to the tribe of the Snokwalmiuh. Scarcely had he reached the age of ten, when, by a special inspiration of heaven, he came alone and of his own accord, to ask admission among our pupils. As the young postulant appeared to be good and bright, we received him without any difficulty. He was consequently placed in the school, and, like a plant in a fertile garden, he very soon became one of its lovely flowers, and later a fruit which our heavenly Father has gathered into His granary for all eternity.

The parents of Joseph were yet infidels at that period, opposed to priests and religion and ardent adherents to the numerous Indian superstitions. His father and mother loved him tenderly, he being the youngest of the family; they wished to bring him up after their own fashion and make of him a medicine-man, or *tamanwas doctor*, a very important personage among infidel Indians.

Nothing caused them more vexation than to see him leave home to go to a school where he would be



taught to know that God, whose grace the whole tribe had always resisted, from the first coming of the missionaries.

One day his mother, bathed in tears, said to him: "Why do you thus abandon us? am I no more your mother? Leave this school; the white people and the priest deceive you, and if you remain in the big house (meaning the school) you will die in a few days. Have pity on your old father and mother, who love you so much; we will make you rich and happy, but away from you we will die of grief, seeing you die among strangers, without help, glory or honor."

To this he answered: "My dear mother, I am exceedingly sorry for causing you so much grief; I respect and love you, but in the next world I fear to have reason of being far more sorry if, to please you, I cast myself in the terrible fire of hell, from which there is no deliverance. Ah, you too have pity on me and leave me to save my soul. I fear God, and all my ambition is to stay at school that I may learn to know, love and serve Him. This alone will make me happy, not only for a few days here below, but also, and above all, for ever in heaven."

Joseph, as a true son, never ceased to honor and love the authors of his life, and often asked leave to visit them, a request which was always granted; for we were conscious that he acted as a zealous little missionary, and later his words and example caused grace to triumph over the obstinacy of his people, of whom many subsequently became good Christians. He was no less an apostle among his companions. Several of them, who were yet infidels, he converted by the example of his virtues and by his persuasive and pious conversations.



Joseph was naturally brave, courageous, persevering, devoted, sincere and generous. It happened one day, when the boys were bathing in the bay, that his cousin, whom he loved very much, while playing on a floating log, lost his balance, and, as he could not swim, disappeared in the waves. Joseph, with the swiftness of a fish, flew to his rescue, and, risking his own life, brought him up to the shore. He made him vomit the water he had swallowed, and was thus the means of restoring him to respiration and life. On another occasion he nearly perished in the flames which threatened to destroy the whole settlement. Forgetting his own danger, and thinking only of that of others, he rushed through the flames and brought the small children to the water's edge, where they were out of danger. Then he hastened back to fight the devouring element with his companions. His face, hands and clothes were horribly burned, and we feared that in consequence of it he would have lost his sight, if not his life. Joseph alone seemed insensible to his wounds, and when through his exertions the course of the fire was stopped, he said with an air of joy and triumph: "Let us rejoice, my dear friends, and thank God; all is saved—our little brothers, our houses and even our fences; the fire is now far away in the forest and will not come back. He then recited, by himself, fervent acts of thanksgiving and love.

His zeal was in a special manner remarkable for the souls in danger of being lost. We can count, in our church registers, a great number of infants, youths and old people, who owe to his indefatigable zeal the happiness which they now enjoy in the land of the living. When he knew that somebody was in



danger of death, he immediately informed the priest, and he felt happy to bring him himself to the place and to act as interpreter with the dying.

Joseph did not seek the applause of men, and he worked as diligently when he was alone as under the eyes of his masters.

I would have to write a volume to do justice to the memory of this good boy. Time and space do not however allow me to extend this little sketch. I will in conclusion say to you, dear children, like Joseph, be always courageous, sincere, earnest and generous. Love and serve God for Himself, and never forget His holy presence; and like Joseph you will deserve to live happy, and die like him in the arms of your good pastor, who by his prayers will accompany your soul to the throne of our Lord Jesus.

Nearly up to his death, which happened about a year ago, Joseph often wrote to me; I hope you will do the same. Good-bye, dear children. May Jesus and Mary bless you all. Pray for your devoted,

E. C. CHIROUSE, O. M. I.

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### A CARD OF THANKS.

We beg to return our most grateful and heartfelt thanks to our very kind friend, Mrs. Dr. Vincelette of Lowell, Mass., who in addition to the numberless literary and other favors already received at her hands has not only sent us herself a splendid lace surplice, altar-cloth and other church linens, but has also added a beautiful waxen Infant Jesus, the noble gift of the Rev. Dominican Sisters of Albany, N. Y. We have already privately thanked the generous donors, but still we think we owe them this public notice, and hope their good example way find many an imitator.



SOME boys and girls have an idea that money can do almost everything; but this is a mistake. Money, it is true, can do a great deal, but it cannot do everything. I could name you a thousand things it cannot buy. It was meant for good, and it is a good thing to have; but all this depends on how it is used. If used wrongly, it is an injury rather than a benefit. Beyond all doubt, however, there are many things better than it is, and which it cannot purchase, no matter how much we have of it.

If a man has no education, all his money cannot buy it for him. He can scarcely ever make up for his early waste of opportunities. He may say, as some say: "I would give all I have if I had only had a good education and a well trained mind;" but he will say it in vain. His money alone can't obtain it.

Neither will wealth itself give a man or a woman good manners. Nothing, next to good health, is of more importance than easy, graceful, self-possessed manners. But they can't be had for mere money.

Money can't purchase a good conscience. If a poor man, or a boy, or a girl—any one—has a clear conscience that gives off a tone like a sound bell when touched by the hammer, then be sure he is vastly richer than the millionaire who does not possess such a conscience. Good principles are better than gold. All the gold in the world couldn't buy them for a man who hasn't them already.

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### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

*The undersigned will offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for all those who, in any way, may contribute towards his poor Indian missions.*

*J. B. Boulet.*



## 22 THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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All subscriptions for the future will be strictly payable  
 in advance, as after the past three years' experience I am  
 fully convinced it is the only safe way of reaching the ob-  
 ject in view, viz: the welfare of my poor Indian missions.

Remit by registered letter or by money order. Fractions  
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 communication and correspondence to be addressed to

(Rev.) J. B. Boulet.

Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co., Wash.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully  
 acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from  
 Rev. Fathers Maniouloux & Simon; Rev. Sisters of Notre  
 Dame, San Jose; Rev. Sisters M Bernard & Julia; Mes-  
 dames E Sheridan, E Barrett & M Jules; Misses K Col-  
 lins, M J Mackey, E Bradley, L Mullen, A Collins, E.  
 Poirier, M B Morgan, A Larue, C Poissant, E Vallee, S.  
 Lefebure, E. Lafrance, M Woods, A McNaughton, F Ar-  
 chambault, M Sheehan, V Plamondon, X Houle, M Gir-  
 ard, A Morier, M A Lariviere, D Casavant & M Crowin;  
 Messrs. P Buckley, S Hogan, P Kennedy, W A Hall & C  
 A Wiley, to whom we return our most sincere thanks.

The average attendance during the last month, at  
 the Tulalip Indian Schools, was 55 boys and 44 girls.  
 The actual number now is 57 and 45 respectively.

### xxx. THE LORD'S PRAYER IN ACAGCHEMEM.

Chana ech tupana ave onech, otune a cuachin,  
 chame om reino libi yb chosonec esna tupana cham  
 nechetepe. Micate tom cha chaom, pepsum yg car  
 caychamoy i julugcalne cai ech, depupnn opeco cha-  
 mo chum oyote. Amen.



MAY 14.

ST. BONIFACE, MARTYR.



AGLAIS, a Roman lady of rank and wealth, and Boniface, her steward, led lives of sin. One day Aglais was stricken with remorse, and calling Boniface, she said: "You know that we have lived forgetful of the account we must render for our sins, when we stand before God. But I have heard that whoever is devout to the Saints will have his part with them in the judgment." Then she bade him set out for the East, where the persecution of Diocletian was raging, and procure for her relics of the martyrs, hoping to place them in costly shrines, and to obtain grace through their prayers.

Boniface was filled with compunction and awe at the thought of the sacred burden he was to bring. He implored the mercy of Christ, and throughout his whole journey he abstained from flesh and wine in honor of the Saints. At Tarsus he found himself in the thick of the persecution. He saw the confessors suspended head downwards in the fire, torn with hooks, stretched on the rack. He kissed their feet and begged their intercession, till these marks of reverence drew the eyes of the persecutors upon him, and he was himself apprehended, tortured, and beheaded. His body was carried back to Aglais. She received it as a precious relic, and after thirteen years of penance died in the odor of sanctity about the year 320.

## DEVOTION TO THE SAINTS.

The story of St. Boniface should teach us to turn evil into good, and make our very sins a motive for betaking ourselves with greater fervor to the intercession of the Saints.

"Let us count paradise our native land. An exceeding multitude is waiting for us there. Freed from care for their own salvation, they are full of care for ours."—*St. Cyprian*.

When the executioner poured boiling lead into the mouth of St. Boniface, he asked the other martyrs, who were suffering torture at his side, to pray for him, their servant.



They made answer: "May our Lord Jesus Christ grant thee to finish thy course quickly. May he write thy name with the first-born." With his last breath he besought God to "give him rest in the choir of the holy martyrs." Thus his conversion and his perseverance were the fruit of his devotion to the Saints, and when he went to be with them for ever, an angel appeared in vision to Aglais, and assured her that God would pardon all her sins through the intercession of the martyr Boniface.

"Golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of the Saints."—Apoc. v. 8.

MAY 15.

SS. PETER AND DIONYSIA.

**I**N the Decian persecution the blood of the Christians flowed at Lampsacus, a city of Asia Minor. St. Peter was the first who was led before the pro-consul and condemned to die for the name of Christ. Young though he was, he went joyfully to his torments. He was bound to a wheel by iron chains and his bones were broken, but he raised his eyes to heaven with a smiling countenance and said, "I give Thee thanks, O Lord Jesus Christ, because Thou hast given me patience, and made me victorious over the tyrant." The pro-consul saw how little suffering availed, and ordered the martyr to be beheaded.

But a little later, in the same city, the virgin Dionysia showed a like eagerness to suffer. "O wretched man," she cried, when a Christian denied Christ under torture, "why have you feared a little suffering and chosen eternal pain instead?" She was seized and led away to horrible outrage, but her angel guardian appeared by her side and protected the spouse of Christ. Escaping from prison, she still burned with the desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ. She threw herself upon the bodies of the martyrs, saying, "I would fain die with you on earth, that I may live with you in heaven." And Christ, who is the Crown of virgins and the Strength of martyrs, gave her the desire of her heart.



## PATIENCE IN SUFFERING.

The martyrs were even like us, with natures which shrank from suffering. They were patient under it because they looked to the eternal recompense, and endured as seeing Him who is invisible.

"If thou seek rest in this life, how wilt thou come to rest eternal? Do not strive for much rest, but for great patience."—*Imitation*.

St. Dionysia gained the crown which an apostate lost, and his history may teach us that those who lose Christ, rather than suffer with Him, lose all. With the strength that was left he cried out, "I never was a Christian. I sacrifice to the gods." Therefore he was taken down, and he offered sacrifice. But he was possessed by the devil, whom he had chosen for his master. He fell to the earth in a fit, bit out his tongue, and so expired. He escaped a little pain, and instead he went to the endless torments of hell, and forfeited eternal rest.

"Be patient, therefore, brethren, until the coming of the Lord. Behold, we account them blessed who have endured."—James v. 7, 11.

MAY 16.

## ST. JOHN NEPOMUCEN.

**S**T. JOHN was born, in answer to prayer, A. D. 1330, of poor parents, at Nepomuc, in Bohemia. In gratitude, they consecrated him to God; and his holy life as a priest led to his appointment as chaplain to the court of the Emperor Wenceslas, where he converted numbers by his preaching and example. Amongst those who sought his advice was the empress, who suffered much from her husband's unfounded jealousy. St. John taught her to bear her cross with joy; but her piety only incensed the emperor, and he tried to extort her confessions from the Saint. He threw St. John into a dungeon, but gained nothing; then inviting him to his palace, he promised him riches if he would, and threat-



ened death if he refused. The saint was silent. He was racked and burnt with torches; but no words, save Jesus and Mary, fell from his lips. At last set free, he spent his time in preaching and preparing for the death he knew to be at hand. On Ascension eve, May 16. Wenceslas, after a final and fruitless attempt to move his constancy, ordered him to be cast into the river; and that night the martyr's hands and feet were bound, and he was thrown from the bridge of Prague. As he died, a heavenly light shining on the water discovered the body, which was buried with the honors due to a Saint. A few years later Wenceslas was deposed by his own subjects, and died an impenitent and miserable death.

#### CUSTODY OF SPEECH.

St. John, who by his invincible sacramental silence won his crown, teaches us to prefer torture and death, to offending the Creator with our tongue. How many times each day do we forfeit grace and strength by sins of the tongue!

"The tongue no man can tame; hence thou canst not tame thine own, for thou art a man. So thou must needs have continual recourse to God, that He may do for thee what thou art not able to do for thyself."—*St. Augustine.*

In 1618 the Calvinist and Hussite soldiers of the Protestant Elector Frederick tried repeatedly to demolish the shrine of St. John at Prague. Each attempt was miraculously frustrated; and once the persons engaged in the sacrilege, amongst whom was an Englishman, were killed on the spot. In 1620 the imperial troops recovered the town by a victory which was ascribed to the Saint's intercession, as he was seen on the eve of the battle, radiant with glory, guarding the cathedral. When his shrine was opened, three hundred and thirty years after his decease, the flesh had disappeared, and one member alone remained incorrupt, the tongue; thus still, in silence, giving glory to God.

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and a door round my lips."—Ps. cxl. 3.



# ACORNERS.

## THE CANARY BIRD.

CECILIA begged her mother to buy her a canary bird. "Yes," said her mother, "you shall have one when you become perfectly obedient and industrious; but especially when you give up your inquisitive habit of prying into useless and hurtful things."

Cecilia promised that she would give it up. One day she came home from school.

"Here," said her mother, "is a new little box on the table. For your life, however, do not open it, and do not even touch it. If you obey me, I shall soon have a great treat in store for you."

Her mother then went out to visit her little godson, William; but scarcely was she out of the door, before the curious girl had the box in her hand. "How light it is!" she said; "and there are some little holes in the lid! What can there be in it?"

She opened the little box, and, behold! a lovely little canary immediately hopped out, and flew chirping merrily about the room. Cecilia endeavored to catch the canary, and replace it in the box, in order that her mother might not discover what she had done. But as she was vainly pursuing the lively little bird about the room quite out of breath, and with her cheeks all in a glow, in walked her mother!

"O you, disobedient, curious girl!" said she; "I meant to give you this beautiful bird, but I desired first to put you to the proof whether you deserved it. But now I shall give it to good little William, who is more obedient, and not so curious as you."



# ROLL OF HONOR

## — OF THE —

### TULALIP INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Good conduct, Christian doctrine, obedience and  
general application to study.

EDDIE PRESTON,  
HENRY CHARLES,  
A. E. SIMMONS,  
AARON JAMESON,  
JOS. WHEKSDAH,  
J. MAURICE, PASCHAL,  
FRANCIS FINKBONNER,  
J. CLOVER, N. Hilaire.

M. LYLE, A. BAGLEY,  
J. & MARY KWINA,  
JOHANNA SIEBERT,  
MARY ANN & E. SAM,  
MATILDA WARBASS  
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PETER KWINA,  
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A. BAGLEY, M. LYLE,  
M. KWINA,  
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ANNIE JACKMAN,  
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Composition and application to writing.

WALTER WALE,  
A. E. SIMMONS,  
A. SHELTON H. CHARLES,  
D. TOBEY, A. JAMESON.

AGATHA BAGLEY,  
MARY LYLE,  
SOPHIA BASTIAN,  
J. SIEBERT.

Application to manual  
labor and farming.

ATHAN. SHELTON,  
JOHN CLOVER,  
A. JAMESON,  
J. WHEKSDAH,  
H. CHARLES,  
JAMES MAURICE,  
L. JAMESON, F. McLANE.

Application to sewing  
darning and cutting out.

MARY JEROME,  
MARY JOSEPHINE  
MAGDALEN,  
AUGUSTINE,  
M. LYLE, J. SIEBERT.

House-work and cooking.

J. KWINA, S. LAKE.



## SPRING.

The delightful season of Spring has come again and it is very joyfully welcomed by every one. We enjoy the fresh air and are no longer kept in the house; we take long walks in the fields and every where we see the leaves coming on the trees, the green grass spreading over the earth like a fair mantle, and the beautiful flowers peep at us from every side waiting for us to pluck them and enjoy their sweet smell and beautiful colors. How delightful it is to roam among the cool shady bowers of green trees and to hear the sweet songs of the little birds above us! It seems as if nature would tell her songsters to greet us whenever we enter her green woods. Sometimes we sit on the green mossy banks of a sparkling stream to watch the little fishes in the waters; they seem to have such a nice time, darting about so fast that one would think they are playing "hide and seek."

During this season we have many picnics in a very nice place near the water. Sometimes we have books, and it seems as if they were more interesting when we read them there while hearing the rippling stream, the sweet songs of the birds and the rustle of the leaves.

Oh! Spring is indeed a beautiful season with her fair flowers and her other countless charms, we would like Spring to remain always with us. Welcome bright beautiful Spring, welcome again. Come to delight us with your balmy air, sweet songsters and sunshiny days.

Mary Jane Tallman. Child of Mary.

Providence of the S. H. Colville, April 16, 1884.

Dear little Friends.

No doubt you have been thinking that we had forgotten you this long time; well, I will not, nor can not blame you if you have had such a thought. I will only say I shall not give you an occasion to have the same again. Are you not very happy, little friends, when listening to, or singing the joyful Alleluias? I assure you that I am, and although I do not sing well myself, yet, I cannot remain silent when listening to my companions; so I raise my voice with theirs in very joy.

I wish I could tell you how we passed the season of Lent



especially Holy Week, and most of all Good Friday; but it would take too long. Those days have given me impressions which can never be effaced.

Are you not very glad that vacation is so near? I am. But I do not like what precedes it, and that is an examination. I do dread being questioned before so many people. I tremble only to think of it. I must not omit telling you that our kind Agent, Major Waters, visited us yesterday, and invited us all to a party at his place, (Chewelah 30 miles distant from here). The invitation was gladly accepted; we are certain of having a nice time; of course we will not go till vacation. We have not forgotten the holiday we spent at Chewelah last year when invited by our former esteemed agent, Major Simms. I am afraid now, I am making my letter too long, so I will bid you good-bye.

Affectionately, Juliana.

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Bayfield, Wis. April, 1884.

My Dear Children:

For many of you the very happy day is drawing near, when you are going to make your first communion. This indeed is the happiest day during life to all who are well prepared and offer to our Lord a heart adorned with virtues. I think it would do you much good to hear how a good Chippewa girl received her first and last holy communion. Her name was Mary Gordon; she lived and died a few years ago on our Indian Reservation, Redcliff. When we arrived here 5 years ago last fall, we found a school at Redcliff conducted by a Methodist preacher. But hardly 30 children attended the school, all wished to have Sisters there and promised to attend then regularly. For a long while however we did not receive permission from the government to have a school there with Catholic teachers. Meanwhile, when we had opened a Sisters-school at Bayfield, a great many children of Redcliff, although having to walk a distance of 4 miles, came to Bayfield almost every day. I often pitied the poor children, who through snow and rain came from so far, and even were in time for school-mass. They did not seem to get tired at all after so long a walk, being happy and glad to suffer sometimes a little for our dear Lord.




The best for regular attendance, learning and piety was the good Mary Gordon, not quite 12 years of age. She was very happy, when, on account of her good conduct, she was admitted among the small number who were going to receive first communion. How well she learned her catechism, and how often she came to church to pray at noon and after school! I think God and the angels were delighted at her devotion and love to our Lord. One day I missed her from instruction, and after inquiring about her I was told: "Mary is very sick." I went to see her and soon became aware that God had prepared her already a better home than she would ever find in this world. I finished my instruction on holy communion at her bedside, and having spoken of how great the love of our Lord is to all good children, I asked her: "Mary, would you like to receive our Blessed Lord in holy communion?" When she heard this, although being a little shy, she blushed, but full of joy she clapped her little hands, crying: "Oh yes, Father, I would."

I wish everyone of you had seen with what great devotion, recollection and ardent love she received our Divine Savior. Tears indeed filled my eyes when I saw the little angel's longing for our Lord with a desire and love as the blessed spirits in heaven. Thus in the evening, united to our Lord she hardly spoke any more, moving steadily her lips in prayer all night, her hands folded upon her breast, and the prayer-beads hardly dropped from her fingers. Next morning as her last moment was approaching and her hands were getting stiff, she called her grandfather to take the beads out of her hands and to recite the prayers in a loud voice. As the prayers had been finished, having her eyes fixed up to heaven and smiling, she lifted her hands as it were to welcome someone coming from above, and at the same time her soul left its earthly abode to enter into a better one. Her funeral was one of the most splendid ever seen at Redcliff. Besides all the people of the Reservation, the children of the Bayfield school were also there to pay the last sign of love to good little Mary, so that the nice church of Redcliff could scarcely contain all.

Yours &c. Casimir Vogt, O. S. F. Chippewa Ind. Miss.

[We are compelled to shorten this letter for want of space. Ed.]



 A business Card like the following of all papers which will either exchange with us, or publish, for a month in their advertising columns, a notice of the object and terms of the Youth's Companion, will be published *gratis* for a year in each of its monthly issues. Speak a good word for us, Friends of the Quill. It takes no water from *your* mill, but it makes *ours* run!

#### THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC,

An interesting weekly family newspaper, is published in Washington, D. C., by Henry M. Beadle. It was lately enlarged and its price reduced to \$2.00 a year.

#### THE HOLY FAMILY,

A neat monthly periodical devoted to choice Catholic reading for families and schools, is published by Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street, New York, at \$1.00 a year.

#### LE MESSENGER,



The only Catholic French weekly newspaper in Maine, is published in Lewiston, Me, by J. N. L'Heureux, & Co. at \$1 a year. Its motto is "Religion & Nationality."

#### THE LITTLE CRUSADER,

A marvel of cheapness, is published weekly by P. E. Murphy of Columbus, Ohio, at 25 cents per annum.

#### THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSE,

A staunch, outspoken, uncompromisingly Catholic weekly, published at No. 117 Erie street, Cleveland, Ohio, at \$2.50 per annum. Manly Tello, managing Editor.

 By the time this No. reaches our subscribers, we hope we will have bound in strong paper covers and ready for sale, a limited number of copies of Vol. III. of the Youth's Companion. A few copies of Vols. I. and II. are yet on hand. Price per single copy of either volume, 50 cts. Please order soon. 





# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION:

*A juvenile monthly Magazine published for the benefit of the Puget Sound Catholic Indian Missions; and set to type, printed and in part written by the pupils of the Tulalip, Wash. Ty. Indian Industrial Boarding Schools, under the control of the Sisters of Charity.*

*Subscription: 50 cents per annum.*

[ *Entered at the Tulalip Post Office as second class mail matter.* ]

Vol. IV.


JULY, 1884.

No. 38.

## PRINCIPAL FEASTS.

- 2—Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
- 6—5th Sunday after Pentecost. Feast of the Precious Blood. 1 Peter, iii. 8—15. Matt. v. 20—24.
- 13—6th Sunday after Pentecost. Rom. vi. 3—11. Mark, viii. 1—9.
- 20—7th Sunday after Pentecost. Rom. vi. 19—23. Matt. vii. 15—21.
- 25—St. James the Greater, Apostle.
- 26—St. Ann, Mother of the Blessed Virgin.
- 27—8th Sunday after Pentecost. Rom. viii. 12—17. Luke, xvi. 1—9.
- 31—St. Ignatius of Loyola.



HE anniversary of the declaration of our independence, my young readers, gladdens and as it were unites anew all truly American hearts. On this day, as the most of you know from history, the representatives of the United States, assembled in Congress after the great war with England, declared the then United Colonies free and independent States. This declaration was sealed by the blood of many heroes and has now stood for over one hundred years. Catholics poured out their blood freely in the war for American independence. Yes, history proves that our independence is deeply indebted to Catholic blood, talent and money. In that great war for freedom from England, the continental army consisted principally of Catholic soldiers, poor emigrants who, to pay their fare from Europe, had to serve a number of years in the army. The first sea battle was fought under the Catholic commander O'Brien in 1775. The first commodore of the United States, the "Father of the navy," was a Catholic, commodore Barry: and in the army Catholic officers were very numerous; among them was that glorious hero Stephen Moylan. The Catholic missionaries even assisted in their own way, for they influenced the sentiments of the Canadians, and prevented the Indians from making raids upon the Colonies in a time when such raids would have been dangerous, even fatal. Catholic France aided the cause by sending ten thousand men, and a vast amount of money and military stores. Those great men were Montmorency, Lauzon, Chastelleux, Lafayette; and again those descendants of Irish parents, Dillon, McMahon, Rochefernoy: and to Catholic Poland we are indebted for a noble hero, Kosciusko.



I must draw your attention also to a Catholic family in Maryland, which played a conspicuous part in the war of Independence; it is the Carrolls. Charles Carroll of Carrollton, a wealthy man, pledged his estates and blood, and his name is signed to the Declaration of Independence. His nephew Daniel Carroll was one of the bravest defenders of independence. His name is signed as composer of the document, and where his property once stood the capital now stands. Still more celebrated than Daniel is his brother John Carroll, the first bishop of Baltimore. Washington was our first president, John Carroll our first bishop. There is a great similarity between the first president and the first bishop. Both excelled in prudence, disinterestedness, a certain earnest friendliness, and an ardent love for their country.

There are some people, my young readers, who say they owe nothing to Catholics. Such people know nothing of history or else they would and could not say so. It is therefore good that you should know these facts, so that you, as Catholics, may be able to answer them.

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### A TRUSTY BOY.

A few years ago, a large firm in New York advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, and among them came a queer looking little fellow, accompanied by his aunt, in place of faithless parents by whom he had been abandoned.

Looking at this little waif, the merchant in the store promptly said, "Can't take him; places all full. Besides he is too small."

"I know he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful."



There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he did not see what they wanted of such a boy; he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider. But after consultation, the boy was set to work.

A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered his youthful *protégé* busy scissoring labels. "What are you doing?" said he, "I did not tell you to work nights."

"I know you did not tell me so; but I thought I might as well be doing something."

In the morning the cashier got orders to double the boy's wages; for he is willing.

Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and, very naturally, all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered in a rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the aforesaid diminutive clerk, and after a struggle was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch when all others quit their work, the reply was, "You told me never to leave the store when others were absent; and I thought I'd stay." "Double that boy's wages, he is willing and faithful." In 1869 that boy was receiving a salary of twenty five hundred dollars, and in 1870 had become a partner in the establishment.



# OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE, OF MEXICO.

37

From the French of Rev. L. G. Gladu, O. M. I.,  
by "Stella."

*(Conclusion.)*

## VII. THE MIRACLE OF ROSES.

IN the meanwhile, Juan Bernardino, an uncle of Juan Diego, fell sick, and the day after the events which we have just related, he seemed near his last end. He begged his nephew to go to the convent of Santiago at Mexico, to bring a priest, because he wished to go to confession and receive the last Sacraments before dying. Juan Diego could not refuse his uncle this service which christian charity exacted of him. He passed the day of the 11th. of Dec. with the invalid. The next morning, which was Thursday, he started out at a very early hour to seek the religious, in order that his uncle might have the succor of the Sacraments of the Church.

Day was beginning to dawn and the summit of the hill on which our Lady had appeared to him, was just becoming visible. He then remembered that he had broken the promise, made to the Blessed Virgin, on the preceding Sunday. Fearing he would be reprimanded by the Queen of heaven if he should meet her on his way, he took another path, thinking in his simplicity, that by this means he would escape her notice. To quiet his conscience he said to himself, that charity obliged him to first succor his uncle, and that the Blessed Virgin would excuse his delay. Still, he feared he had erred, and perhaps grievously. He had reached this point in his reflexions, when



suddenly he saw her before him, descending the hill and coming to meet him. She walked in the midst of a resplendent cloud; the light made her retinue and embellished all nature around her. She appeared to Juan, just as he saw her the first time. "My son," said she, "where are you going? What road do you follow?"

The Indian, confused, prostrated himself at the sacred feet of the Immaculate, and said, with the simplicity of his candid soul: "Well, beloved Virgin, my Sovereign, may God keep you and give you good health. Do not be displeased with what I am going to say. Learn that my uncle, your servant, is dangerously ill, and that I am going to the city to seek a priest, who can hear his confession and administer the holy oils. After having acquitted myself of this duty, I will return to receive your orders. Pardon me, if I pain you, and please accept the excuse I offer you. I will return to-morrow, at day-break, without fail."

The Queen of heaven, listened to his explanations and informed him that at that very moment his uncle was cured. Juan Diego believed it without a single doubt, and was ready to return to the bishop, immediately. The Blessed Virgin then told him that she would give him the sign the bishop required, one which would make known her power, and would be a proof of the mission which, she confided to him. "You will go to the top of the hill," she said, "and gather the roses that are blooming there. Put them in your cloak and bring them to me immediately; I will tell you what you must do with them."

Juan knew that the rock, to which the Blessed Virgin sent him produced no roses, only small wild flow-



ers were to be found there. Nevertheless, he obeyed without a word, and directed his steps to the hill.

Great was his surprise to find there a flower garden, embalmed with roses as fresh and brilliant as those of spring. He gathered as many of them as his cloak or *telma* could contain; he placed them on his shoulder and presented himself before the Blessed Virgin, who was awaiting him at the foot of a tree. The Indian knelt piously before the Mother of God and with joy, displayed his marvelous treasure.

Our Lady took the roses into her virginal hands and then let them drop back into the tilma. She said to the Indian: "This is the sign that you will present to the bishop, and you will tell him that these roses are the proof of the command that I give you. Be prudent, my son, do not show any one what you carry, and unfold your cloak only in presence of the bishop."

### VIII. THE MIRACULOUS PICTURE.

THE Indian left the Blessed Virgin and started for Mexico. On the way he would take an occasional glance at the flowers he carried and he refreshed himself with the sweet odor of their perfume. He was overjoyed for he knew that the bishop would now believe his words when he would show him such a wonderful proof. As yet the pious servant of Mary knew only a part of the prodigies of which he was to be the humble instrument.

Having reached the palace, he begged the favor of speaking to the bishop. His earnest entreaties were at first badly received; they mocked him and left him to wait. Juan took patience and he waited without uneasiness.



The servants remarked that he carried something in his tilma which he seemed careful to conceal from scrutiny. The Indian defended himself as well as he could, but his aggressors finished by discovering his treasure. On perceiving the roses they wanted to take them, but they were well duped, because they found, whenever they wished to seize them, only painted roses, drawn on the Indian's tilma.

The servants notified the bishop of what had taken place. He sent for Juan Diego; the latter drew near with respect and again exposed to the prelate the errand which he had orders to communicate to him, and at the same time he partly opened his tilma to show the sign which was to affirm his words. Fresh and sweet-scented roses, which were yet moist with the morning dew, rolled to the floor, and left visible an admirable picture of the Immaculate Virgin, impressed on the tilma. The bishop was surprised at the sight of this prodigy. He did not know what to admire the most, the delicate flowers at such a rigorous season, or the beautiful and marvelous picture, which seemed to be the work of angels. A reverential fear filled his soul. "The finger of God," said he, "is apparent in these miraculous events." Piously kneeling, he venerated the holy picture, and he afterwards had it placed in his oratory.

The fame of the miracle soon spread all over the city. Juan Diego spent the whole of the day at the bishop's palace. Every one gathered around him and lavished kind attentions on him, as to a man singularly favored by the Mother of God.

The following day the bishop was conducted to the hill of Tepeyacac with Juan Diego, so that the latter might show the place where the Blessed Virgin had



appeared to him, and the spot she had designated for the erection of a temple in her honor.

After he had satisfied the bishop, Juan Diego manifested the desire to go and see his uncle, whom he had left dangerously ill. The Indian had already told the bishop that the Blessed Virgin had informed him of the miraculous cure of his uncle, at the last apparition. It was a fact which deserved to be authenticated, therefore the prelate sent wise and enlightened persons with Juan Diego to take information and to report to him.

These persons found the uncle, Juau Bernardino, in perfect health. He also, had been the object of the maternal solicitude of Mary. The Blessed Virgin gave him health and appeared to him, informing him that the miraculous picture should be called: "Holy Mary, Virgin of Guadalupe." (\*)

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(\*) In Estremadura, the birth-place of Fernando Cortez, is venerated one of the most miraculous pictures of Spain, under the name of "Holy Mary, Virgin of Guadalupe." Some people pretend that this picture was painted by St. Luke, but all agree in saying that it was given by the Pope St. Gregory the Great to his intimate friend, St. Leander, archbishop of Seville. It was first placed in the cathedral of Seville where it remained exposed to the veneration of the faithful, until the invasion of the Moors. At this epoch the Christians went and hid it in the Guadalupe mountains.

After several years the Blessed Virgin appeared to a poor pastor, and made known to him the hiding place of the picture, so much venerated by the people.



Having learned all these miraculous events, the bishop was filled with admiration. He had the two Indians come to his palace, because he considered them worthy of great respect, owing to the graces with which heaven had favored them.

The prelate first kept the holy picture in his oratory, but seeing the great concourse of people who venerated it, he had it conveyed to the principal church of Mexico. It remained there until a suitable chapel was built on the hill of Tepeyacac.

It was in the midst of a grave and solemn demonstration, that the Virgin of Guadalupe took possession of the temple erected by the piety of her children, on the same spot which she had sanctified by her presence. The entire population of Mexico turned out to carry the venerated picture to its throne. Thenceforward the chapel of our Lady of Guadalupe became a place of benediction for the whole country. It is there the Mexicans have received many signal graces; it is there the Blessed Virgin fulfilled the promises to Juan Diego, by being especially merciful to the poor Mexicans who were faithful in invoking her.

#### IX. THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE MIRACLE.

THE venerable bishop Zumarraga instituted judicial proceedings on the miracle, but the authentic documents of this inquiry have been lost. Still the belief in the miracle of Guadalupe is grounded on solid and incontestable proofs. We have first the unanimous and constant tradition of the Mexican people, who accepted it as a divine and authentic fact. This tradition forms a part of their history and of their religious life.



At the time of the war of Independence in 1810, the Mexicans took up arms and marched to battle to the cry of *La virjin de Guadalupe para siempre!* When Maximilian came to take possession of the Mexican empire in 1864, the religious and civil authorities repaired to the little city of Guadalupe to welcome the emperor and empress; the political prefect of Mexico commenced his harangue by these words: "At the foot of the wonderful hill of Tepeyacac and near the temple where we venerate the protectress and the Mother of the Mexicans, the Virgin of Guadalupe, we hail your happy arrival...."

These words, taken at random from history, show how much the belief in our Lady of Guadalupe has deeply penetrated into the national life of the Mexicans.

Even our Holy Father, the Pope, has found the proofs of the miracle sufficiently convincing to grant a special office, with octave, in honor of our Lady of Guadalupe, and to raise the annual celebration of the miracle to be the patronal feast of New Spain.

If other proofs were necessary to affirm the authenticity of the miracle, we could cite the evidence of the commission of 1666, composed of learned theologians and skilful painters, chosen by the archbishop of Mexico; that of 1751, equally commendable, who certify that the holy picture was not made by the hand of man, but that it was miraculous.

Among the historians who have related all the circumstances of the miracle, we will mention Father Luis Becerra Tanco, who was parish priest at the archbishopric of Mexico, and professor at the university. He was one of the commission of 1666, and was enabled to obtain information from the most re-



liable sources. Our recital, as given above is only an abridgment of his.

The illustrious Francisco Antonio Lorenzana y Buitron, archbishop of Mexico furnishes me with details, stated circumstantially, which I have turned to good account. (\*)

L. G. GLADU, O. M. I.

Brownsville, Texas, February 1877.

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(\*) Cartas Pastorales y Edictas imprẽssas en Mexico, ano de 1770.

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### A RECEIPT FOR HAPPINESS.

It is simply when you rise in the morning to form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done: a left-off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves as light as air—will do it, at least for twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it that it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. Look at the result. You send one person—only one—happily through the day; that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of a year; and suppose you live forty years only after you commence this course, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred human beings happy, at least for a time. Now, worthy readers, is not this simple? We do not often indulge in a moral dose; but this is so small a pill, that no one needs currant jelly to disguise its flavor, that we feel warranted in prescribing it. It is most excellent for digestion, and a promoter of pleasant slumber.



OUR readers are familiar with the name of July. They know that it is in this month the great and glorious Fourth occurs,—the day that witnessed the commencement of American independence. They love to commemorate it, and think of the glorious deeds of the patriots who took part in the great struggle for liberty.

This is the month which the school-boys—yes, even school-girls—look forward to with so much anxiety. Oh! how delighted they are at the approach of July! Holiday, holiday, is the expression you can get from them for weeks. The time has arrived when the schools are closed, and books laid aside for a season, and when they are to bear home to their delighted parents the rewards of a well spent year. July is generally warm, and many persons seek refuge from its heat by retiring to the country, or visiting the springs or watering places. The farmer, however, is busily engaged in gathering his grain and hay into the barn, and in threshing out his wheat, to have it ready in time for the market.

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### THE PIOUS MOTHER AND HER SONS.

ON a certain solemn festival a lady of rank said to her two sons: “Oh! would that I could attend at church to-day, and pray to almighty God in unison with the thousands who will be there assembled! But it is too far for me to go to the town on foot; and our carriage is of no use to us, since our reverses of fortune have obliged us to sell the horses.”

The sons quickly drew out the carriage, and offered to draw their mother to the church, which was a considerable distance from the place. Their mother



stept in, and the noble youths took the place of the horses, and drew the carriage to church.

All the people were moved to tears at the piety of the mother and the filial love of the sons; they strewed their way from the town gate to the church with green boughs and fresh flowers, and cried out in delight: "Hail to the happiest of mothers, and the noblest of sons!"

Amid the joyous acclamations of the people the good sons reached the church. The pious mother knelt down weeping at the altar, and prayed in her heart; "Oh! my good God! bless my two sons, and vouchsafe to them what seems to Thee best!"

The youths drew their mother home again, and at night went cheerfully to bed. But when their mother wished to awaken them in the morning, they were both lying there, beautiful and lovely, like sleeping angels; but they awoke no more.

The mother was at first shocked at the death of her beloved sons. But she soon recovered herself, and said: "Oh! good Lord! Thou hast heard my prayer. Now I perceive that a quiet happy death is the best thing that men can wish for themselves. My sons are now with Thee. The earth was too poor to reward their filial love, and, therefore, Thou hast taken them to Thyself in heaven."

The child whose heart is pure and innocent,  
Whate'er his lot, will always be content.

The just man's lot is far more sweet  
Than all the joys that sinners meet.

A bad boy becomes a bad man about as easily and almost as inevitably as a tadpole becomes a frog.

Dare to tell the truth.



AMONG the gifts Thy hands bestow  
Each day and hour on me,  
'Tis not the least, O Lord, to know,  
That they all come from Thee.

How joyfully each day I ought  
Thy precepts to fulfil,  
Since I have been so early taught  
To do Thy gracious will!

I cannot tell Thee what my heart  
Would have me say to Thee,  
For having taught me what Thou art,  
And what I ought to be.

O Savior blest and God adored,  
Still keep me in thy fear;  
And in my teachers' words, O Lord,  
May I Thy voice revere.

\* \* \*

### THE BUTTERFLY.

THE butterfly's an idle thing,  
No honey makes, nor yet can sing,  
Like to the bee and bird;  
Nor does it, like the prudent ant,  
Lay up the grain for time of want,  
A wise and cautious hoard.

My youth is but a summer's day;  
Then, like the bee and ant, I'll lay  
A store of learning by;  
And though from flower to flower I rove,  
My stock of wisdom I'll improve,  
Nor be a butterfly.



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IN a dairy a crow having ventured to go,  
Some food for her young ones to seek,  
Flew up in the trees with a fine piece of cheese,  
Which she joyfully held in her beak.

A fox who lived nigh, to the tree saw her fly,  
And to share in the prize made a vow;  
For having just dined, he for cheese felt inclined,  
So he went and sat under the bough.

She was cunning, he knew, but so was he too,  
And with flattery adopted his plan;  
For he knew if she'd speak, it must fall from her beak.  
So bowing politely, began—

“’Tis a very fine day.” (Not a word did she say.)  
“The wind, I believe ma’am, is south:  
A fine harvest for peas;” he then looked at the cheese  
But the crow didn’t open her mouth.

Sly Reynard, not tired, her plumage admired,  
“How charming, how brilliant its hue! .  
The voice must be fine of a bird so divine,  
Ah! let me just hear it, pray do.

“Believe me, I long to hear a sweet song.”  
The silly bird foolishly tries;  
She scarce gave one squall, when the cheese she let fall,  
And the fox ran away with the prize.

#### MORAL.

Ye innocent fair, of coxcombs beware,  
To flattery never give ear;  
Try well each pretence, and keep to plain sense,  
And then ye have little to fear.



AMONG THE  
SNOHOMISH INDIANS.

No. XII.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

Dearly Beloved Children.

One beautiful Sunday morning, high mass being over, I became quite interested in listening to an address made by one of our former school boys, to several Indians sitting on the green grass, for it was late in the spring. I still preserve in my daily notes of that time a summary of that Indian's *sgwadgwad* or narration. Thinking it may also interest you, I reproduce it from my diary.

"*Tlhabotlhe, goulapo deheshen!* Friends!" said the young speaker, whose name was Thomas Yowheous. "Listen! You all know me. I have been at school; I am a Christian, and as such I will relate some incidents that I have recently witnessed, and which, I doubt not, will cheer the heart of those who worship my God, and profess my faith. *Tlhabotlhe, boku goulapo stobobsh e goulapo sladai!* Listen, all of you, men and women! A few weeks ago the priests' chief (bishop) from *Ketchuthut* (Vancouver,) accompanied by the priest of *Zizlalitch* (Seattle,) arrived, as expected, at the wharf in Tulalip. Immediately the flags, the bells, our priests, our agent and many delighted Indians, all cheerfully and religiously saluted his Lordship, and honored Christ in the person of His true representative and noble ambassador. Oh, you my friends, who come to-day from a far distance, you were at your home then; oh, how glad you would have been too, if you had seen all



this! The great priests' chief said he was glad, and implored on us all the blessing of heaven. He would have been still much more pleased if all of you had been present.

"Next day, at the rising of the sun, we all met in the house of God, where the venerable, aged bishop made a solemn offering of the divine Son to the Almighty Father, and prayed the Holy Ghost to descend into the soul of those who were prepared. *Telha, ha, telh rharha!* How grand, how imposing it was!

"On the same day, when the sun came beyond the half of its way, the great priests' chief and one of our priests took their departure, in a large canoe to visit the Swinomish Indians, who were also prepared to welcome their ghostly Fathers. The bishop appointed me pilot, and soon he called me captain Thomas. I was very proud of it, and felt much pleased. What a good soul there is in our great chief, said I, to my companions. He likes to make everyone feel merry and contented. Then we sang our canoe song, in the chorus of which our kind Fathers joyfully joined. The north wind and the waves were against us, so we had to paddle steadily, but they kept up our spirits by good words and made us forget our weariness.

"Towards the middle of a dark night we reached Swinomish. The gallant Indian agent, Mr. J. McGlinn, as a faithful sentinel, was still up, awaiting our arrival, and provided all with comfortable lodgings.

"Early in the morning, the saintly bishop, urged by his great charity and zeal, forgot his fatigue and preceded the people to the chapel, where he offered again the divine Holocaust and confirmed 39 persons. We then formed in a grand procession and he blessed the new church built by the Swinomish Indians.



"The age of our bishop is eight times ten winters, and still he maintains on his unwrinkled face the rosy color of youth, which forms a beautiful contrast with his sparse silvery locks crowning his venerable head.

"It was for me one of the most imposing sights to see the man of God, bearing with dignity the golden bishop's hat (the mitre), laying his hands on the heads of his spiritual children and imploring the Holy Ghost to descend into their hearts and souls!

"The white people of La Connor, led by their beloved pastor, welcomed in their turn the octogenarian prelate, who also distributed to some of them the precious gifts of the Great Spirit from above.

"In the evening, the indefatigable bishop determined to take his homeward passage on the steamer. The tide was low and there was a long and miry distance to traverse in order to reach the big fire canoe, which was waiting out in deep water. Then the humble great chief took a seat in a fishing canoe, and four of our robust lads carried him up to the puffing and whistling steamboat. Being now too far away to be heard, the bishop raised his hat and once more blessed the Indians and Whites, kneeling on shore. Soon after the surrounding hills echoed and re-echoed with numerous discharges of musketry and songs of adieu. The sailing signal having been given, our most beloved Father was rapidly taken far away from us. His visit was short, but every hour of it was filled with good work, and everyone, in both places, will certainly never forget these joyous, happy days."

Here ends the narrative of the young speaker, but, dear children, the love, esteem and gratitude that I owe to the first bishop of Nesqually urge me to add a few words to the above well-deserved eulogium.



In 1847-8, it was my happy privilege to travel for many weeks with our most beloved Bishop A. M. A. Blanchet, through deserts, plains, hills and mountains, from Kansas to Walla Walla. In many circumstances I have been benefited by his fatherly attention, kindness and wise counsels. It was he who gave me the power to chase the devil, and to fight for the salvation of souls with the armor of our divine Savior; for it was his Lordship who ordained me subdeacon, deacon and priest. Under the beneficent crozier of this good and faithful shepherd I have labored over 30 years, bringing to the fold some of his wandering sheep and lambs. Every year he made an episcopal visit to Priest-Point or Tulalip, and everywhere he left beautiful marks of devotedness, zeal and holiness that can never be effaced. He was always praying, always with God, even when speaking with men. I am told that at present his Lordship is enjoying a well deserved rest, but I am convinced that he is praying still more now than ever in order to obtain, from above for his worthy successor, the assistance wanted to bring to perfection the great work once confided to his care. Yes, he continues to pray for all his flock, and especially for you, his privileged flock of Tulalip. Therefore, dear children, show your gratitude towards the Founder of your diocese, by respecting, obeying and loving all your superiors, and especially he who takes his place in the field, and who is also the lieutenant of God. "Honor God with all thy soul; and give honor to the priests." Eccl. 7-33.

Adieu. I remain as ever, your most devoted friend,  
E. C. CHIROUSE, O. M. I.

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A nice story from Father Louis next month.



MAY 17.

ST. PASCHAL BAYLON.

**F**ROM a child Paschal seems to have been marked out for the service of God; and amidst his daily labors he found time to instruct and evangelize the rude herdsmen who kept their flocks on the hills of Aragon. At the age of twenty-four he entered the Franciscan Order, in which, however he remained, from humility, a simple lay-brother, and occupied himself, by preference, with the roughest and most servile tasks. He was distinguished by an ardent love and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. He would spend hours on his knees before the tabernacle—often he was raised from the ground in the fervor of his prayer—and there, from the very and eternal Truth, he drew such stores of wisdom, that, unlettered as he was, he was counted by all a master in theology and spiritual science. Shortly after his profession he was called to Paris on business connected with his Order. The journey was full of peril, owing to the hostility of the Huguenots, who were numerous at the time in the south of France; and on four separate occasions Paschal was in imminent danger of death at the hands of the heretics. But it was not God's will that His servant should obtain the crown of martyrdom which, though judging himself all unworthy of it, he so earnestly desired, and he returned in safety to his convent, where he died in the odor of sanctity, May 15th, 1592.

## DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

St. Paschal teaches us never to suffer a day to pass without visiting Jesus in the narrow chamber where He, whom the heaven itself cannot contain; abides day and night for our sake.

“Jesus, whom now beneath a veil I see,  
May what I thirst for soon my portion be:  
To see Thy face reveal'd, and find my rest  
In gazing on Thy glory manifest.”

*Rhythm of St. Thomas.*



As Paschal was watching his sheep on the mountain-side, he heard the consecration bell ring out from a church in the valley below, where the villagers were assembled for Mass. The Saint fell on his knees, when suddenly there stood before him an angel of God, bearing in his hands the Sacred Host, and offering it for his adoration. Learn from this how pleasing to Jesus Christ are those who honor Him in this great mystery of His love; and how to them especially this promise is fulfilled—"I will not leave you orphans; I will come unto you."—John xiv. 18.

"My delights are to be with the children of men."—Prov. viii. 31.

MAY 18.

ST. THEODOTUS, MARTYR.

**T**HEODOTUS was an innkeeper at Ancyra, in Asia Minor. He was a married man, but given to prayer and mortification, and on fire with zeal for souls. He led many sinners to penance, many Jews and heathen to the knowledge of Christ; and God set His seal upon his sanctity by miracles, for his prayers healed the sick. In the persecution of Diocletian he confirmed the faith of the confessors by prayer and good advice. He made even his occupation an outlet for his zeal. His inn was a place of shelter for the Christians; and he furnished the bread and wine for the Holy Sacrifice, at a time when by a special edict of the conqueror all that was sold in the market was contaminated by heathen rites.

It was this zeal for souls which won him the crown of martyrdom. Seven Christian virgins had been apprehended, and Theodotus remained praying for them, till he got the news of their victory. Next night one of these virgin martyrs appeared to him, told him how to recover her own body and those of her companions, and assured him that his own end was near. He did, indeed, recover the sacred relics; but in doing so he was betrayed by an apostate Christian. He died in the year 303, after awful torments, strengthened and confirmed by Jesus Christ. Himself the zealous Lover of souls.



## ZEAL FOR SOULS.

Resolve, by forbearance, charity, and strictness with yourself, to benefit others. You are truly merciful when you pity the spiritual necessities of your neighbor. "Blessed," says Christ, "are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."


"We owe far more to God than to ourselves; we owe as much to our neighbor as to ourselves."—*St. Augustine.*

God rewards our prayers for our brethren by inspiring them to pray for us in the hour of our need. Before Theodotus went to his trial God permitted him to spend a long time with his brethren, who prayed that he might finish his course with joy, and then parted from him with many tears. Their prayers strengthened him for the combat, and enabled him to labor even in the midst of his sufferings for the souls of others. He was torn with hooks and burnt with torches; vinegar was poured into his wounds. "See," he said, "how Christ can make a man of low condition victorious over princes." And pointing to his wounds he told the people "to look at the sacrifice we must offer for Christ, who first suffered for us."

"He hath given each man a charge concerning his neighbor."—*Ecclus. xvii. 12.*

MAY 19.

## ST. DUNSTAN, BISHOP.

 T. DUNSTAN was educated by the Irish monks of Glastonbury. He there acquired great learning, and also a cultivated taste for music, painting, and metal-work. After long hesitation between the world and the cloister a grievous sickness led him to choose the monk's cowl, which he received from his uncle St. Elphege. He now withdrew to Glastonbury, where he soon became abbot. His bold condemnation of the public vices of King Edwy drew upon him the royal anger, and he was forced to leave the country. Edgar, on succeeding to the throne, recalled him from exile, and in 960 nominated him to the see of Canterbury. At the cost of much



hatred and obloquy, but with the zealous cooperation of SS. Oswald and Ethelwold, his brethren in the cloister, whom he promoted to the episcopate. Dunstan raised the clergy of England from a state of ignorance and laxity. Nor was his zeal confined to the sanctuary. He defended the poor and oppressed, watched over the court and the nobles, and as readily chastised his patron, King Edgar, as his enemy, the profligate Edwy. On Ascension-eve he sang Pontifical Mass for the last time, thrice preached to the people, and concluded by asking their prayers, as his hour was nigh. On the Saturday following he received the last Sacraments, and after giving thanks breathed out his soul to God A. D. 988.

#### REBUKING VICE.

St. Dunstan's opposition to vice cost him his exile and the destruction of two monasteries, and his fearless rebukes of scandal on his return proved that he had conquered the world, and that he was ready again to suffer for Christ. Do we use every endeavor by word and example to check our neighbor's sin?

"If thou observe any vice in thy brother, correct him secretly; if he will not hear thee, correct him openly, for such reproofs are good, and often better than silent friendship. And though thy friend deem himself aggrieved, do thou yet correct him; for the wounds of friends are easier to bear than the kisses of flatterers."—*St. Ambrose.*

A nobleman, whom Dunstan had excommunicated for a grave public sin, came to him with an order from the king for his pardon. Dunstan replied: "When you are truly penitent I will gladly obey the king; as long as you are hardened in your sin, God forbid that any mortal man should induce me to violate the law of God and render void the censure of the Church." This unexpected rigor so affected the noble that he voluntarily repaired the scandal by a public and mortifying penance.

"Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart, but reprove him openly, lest thou incur sin through him."—*Lev. xix. 17.*





## THE FLOWERS.

LEWIS paused in the garden one day, before a rose-bush in full bloom, and said to his sisters: "The rose is certainly the most beautiful of all flowers!"

"Nay," said Caroline, "the lily in the flower-bed yonder is just as beautiful: I hold these two as the most beautiful of flowers: all others are nothing in comparison with them."

"Oh," said little Louisa, "you must not run down the lovely violets; it is they that are the most beautiful; and they gave us so much pleasure last spring."

Their mother overheard the conversation of the children. "The three kinds of flowers which please you so much," said she, "are three beautiful types and symbols of three beautiful virtues. The violet, with its modest dark blue color, is a symbol of meekness. The snow-white lily is a symbol of innocence. The red rose signifies that your heart should glow with charity and the love of God."

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HABIT is first like a spider's web; if continued it becomes a thread or twine, next a cord, finally a rope; and who can break it? Strike in time. Master your passions, or they will master you.—Strike in time. Prop the heavy-laden tree, or the fruit will fall and the tree be ruined. Mend the rent or rip; a stitch in time saves a garment. Tie the rope or the boat will be lost, then who can cross the river? The tide is rising; hurry, boys!



*(Concluded from page 31.)*



Now, my little friends, do you not wish also for such a happy death? Live as little Mary Gordon did, and you shall die as she died. Go regularly to school. Hear mass as often as possible. Pray and sing in honor of our Lord present in the Blessed Sacrament. Good children go to church also sometimes during the day to visit our dear Lord, who is waiting for His children day and night. I wish you could see how you rejoice by these visits the Sacred Heart of our Savior, and that of His holy Mother, to whom you are so dear, and your beloved guardian angels and all the heavenly spirits engaged in incessant adoration and praise of our Lord, you would find your only happiness in this world in joining them as often and as long as you could before the Blessed Sacrament. Then receiving first holy communion well prepared and with a heart full of love towards our dear Savior, you shall be filled with joy and grace, and after your last holy communion here on earth, you shall breathe forth your soul in the sweet embrace of our dear Jesus, to be united with Him for ever in a far better world. Yours.

Casimir Vogt, O. S. F. Chippewa Ind. Missionary.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rt. Rev. Bp. Blanchet, Rev. Frs Zephyrin O S F, Cesari & O'Dea, Rev. Srs of N D Chelsea, Rev. Srs of Charity Colville, Rev. Sr M Louise; Mesdames M Beesner, C McGinnis, M A Quan, M A Emerson, Beckingham & Gannon; Misses E Harper, A R Peacock, I Quinn, C Clark, M Sheehan, A Brown, M Murray, M Lawlor, A Padden & C Yates; Messrs P Reilly, J Harvey, P McMonigale, M Felton, T Quan & J FitzGerald; to whom we return our thanks.

The average attendance during the last month, at the Tulalip Indian Schools, was 56 boys and 45 girls. The actual number now is 57 and 46 respectively.

 Look at the printed address on the Companion to ascertain with what number your subscription expires. 



## A FATHER'S VISIT.

How glad we were when we heard that Father Chirouse was coming to spend a few days here in order to help Father Boulet, in taking care of the many missions which are now left to his care, but as he is not able to speak the Indian language many of the Indians are unable to make their Easter duty so he applied, and obtained the assistance of Rev. Father Chirouse, the former pastor here. The Father who also came amongst our fathers, and grandfathers and converted, and civilized them from the wild and savage life which they were living, and had this school erected in which we are now so happy, but of which some of our grand parents never had the happiness to enjoy what we do. So he is our greatest benefactor in many ways and deserves our love and good wishes before all others. It indeed brings joy to our hearts to see him once more and to have him accompany us in our excursions to increase our joy by his presence. The dear Father who so often speaks with us by writing, we see and hear now; his words are so sweet, he loves us so much that he would like to stay with us always if he were allowed to do so, and we would be extremely happy to detain him. As his coming was delightful his departure will be sorrowful, for perhaps we will see him no more, at least some of us.


I will close by asking all those who read this to say a prayer to God, that He may give to the world many priests like good Father Chirouse.

A. E. Simmons.

XXXI. THE LORD'S PRAYER IN INDIAN (*unknown*).

Noof hun kefukqut, wunneetupantam unach ko-  
owefuonk. Peyau nooutch kukkeilaffootamoonk.  
Toh anantaman ne unaj okheit, neane kefukqut.  
Afekefukokifh petukqunnegafh affaminean num-  
matchefseongafh neane matchenehikqueagig nutah  
nutahquontamanounogog. Ahque tagkompaguin-  
nean en qutchhuaonganit, webe pohquowuffinnan  
wutch matchitut; newutehe keitaffootnamoonk, ku-  
tahtaunn menuhkefuonk, fohfumoonk mieheme kah-  
mieheme. Amen.



 A business Card like the following of all papers which will either exchange with us, or publish, for a month in their advertising columns, a notice of the object and terms of the Youth's Companion, will be published *gratis* for a year in each of its monthly issues. Speak a good word for us, Friends of the Quill. It takes no water from *your* mill, but it makes *ours* run!

#### THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC,

An interesting weekly family newspaper, is published in Washington, D. C., by Henry M. Beadle. It was lately enlarged and its price reduced to \$2.00 a year.

#### THE HOLY FAMILY,

A neat monthly periodical devoted to choice Catholic reading for families and schools, is published by Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street, New York, at \$1.00 a year.

#### LE MESSENGER,

The only Catholic French weekly newspaper in Maine, is published in Lewiston, Me. by J. N. L'Heureux, & Co. at \$1 a year. Its motto is "Religion & Nationality."

#### THE LITTLE CRUSADER,

A marvel of cheapness, is published weekly by P. E. Murphy of Columbus, Ohio, at 25 cents per annum.

#### THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSE,

A stanch, outspoken, uncompromisingly Catholic weekly, published at No. 117 Erie street, Cleveland, Ohio, at \$2.50 per annum. Manly Tello, managing Editor.

NOTICE. On account of extra missionary duties our little paper will this month be later than usual in reaching its distant subscribers. For the same reason we only give 28, instead of 32 pages of reading matter and are obliged to postpone some articles intended for this No. Let our friends be patient.





# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION:

*A juvenile monthly Magazine published for the benefit of the Puget Sound Catholic Indian Missions; and set to type, printed and in part written by the pupils of the Tulalip, Wash. Ty. Indian Industrial Boarding Schools, under the control of the Sisters of Charity.*

*Subscription: 50 cents per annum.*

[Entered at the Tulalip Post Office as second class mail matter.]

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## FEASTS AND FASTS.

- 3—9th Sunday after Pentecost. Ep. 1 Cor. x. 6—13.  
Gosp. Luke, xix. 41—47.
- 10—10th Sunday after Pentecost. Ep. 1 Cor. xii.  
2—11. Gosp. Luke, xviii. 9—14.
- 14—Eve of the Assumption. *Fast-day* where the  
feast is of obligation, elsewhere *fast* next saturday.
- 15—ASSUMPTION OF B. V., a feast of obligation out-  
side of W. Ty. Eccli. xxiv. 11-20. Luke, x. 38-42.
- 17—11th Sunday after Pent. Feast of St. Joachim,  
father of the B. V. 1 Cor. xv. 1-10. Mark, vii. 31-37.
- 24—12th S. after Pent. 2 Cor. iii. 4-9. Luke, x. 23-37.
- 31—13th S. after P. Gal. iii. 16-22 Luke, xvii. 11-19.



MANY of our young friends have no doubt lately heard, through the newspapers, of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, and of the famous College of the *Propaganda*, at Rome; but as few, even among grown people, know anything about the history of the Congregation, or the object of the College, we propose to-day to give our readers a short account of both institutions.

The Pope, the successor of St. Peter, is the supreme Pontiff or chief bishop of the Catholic world. He is the channel through which the missionary receives his commission to carry the light of the gospel to pagan nations. To send clergymen to the remotest part of the earth: to direct, support and assist them in their apostolic labors, is one of the chief objects of the pastoral solicitude of the bishop of Rome. In this, however, he is assisted by the Sacred College of cardinals, and to a portion of their number, called the Sacred Congregation *de Propaganda Fide*, is committed the management of the Catholic missions.

This body owes its origin to Pope Gregory XV., who, in the year 1622, formed the institution and supplied it with the necessary funds for its support. His successor, Urban VIII., in a special manner favored the institution and appropriated a large sum of money for its success. In view of the great advantages derived from it, the resources of the institution were greatly increased by private donations. By these means, the Palace in which the Congregation holds its sessions, was erected.

The body intrusted with the management of the institution, consist of eighteen cardinals and a large number of consultors selected from among the prelates and different religious orders. The chief officers



are the Prefect, the Prefect of Economy, and the Secretary. They hold frequent meetings for the transaction of business, and the result of their deliberations are transmitted to the Holy Father for his approval. In the archives are preserved all original letters and the answers returned; all decrees and resolutions, apostolic rescripts, briefs &c. The printing establishment connected with the institution is, without exception, the most valuable in the world, in the variety of its types and the foreign languages in which its publications are issued. It is furnished with types, or characters of forty-eight different languages, by means of which the holy Scriptures, works of instruction, and other books may be printed in that number of languages. This greatly facilitates the missionary in the labor of spreading the truth of the gospel among foreign nations.

But the most important department of this institution is the College of the *Propaganda*, as it is usually called. This famous literary establishment was founded by Pope Urban VIII., in the year 1627, and may justly be considered as the seminary of the universal Church. The design of this institution is to educate for the priesthood young men from all the nations of the earth. Here may be found Chinese, Greeks, Arabians, Ethiopians, Syrians, Bulgarians, Turks, Italians, French, English, Irish, Scotch, Americans, Dutch, Germans, Flemish, Spaniards, Portuguese, Poles, Russians, with the inhabitants of various other portions of the globe—representing, in all, between forty and fifty tribes and nations of the earth. These are taught gratuitously all the branches of sacred and profane learning, and thus prepared, when raised to the holy order of priesthood, to enter



upon the duties of their mission in their native lands, or to bear the light of Christianity to pagan nations.

Each year, within the octave of the Epiphany, it is usual for the students of the College of the *Propaganda* to celebrate the festival by a solemn academical exhibition. A Latin prose composition is first read, and this is followed by a display of poetical talent in the various languages. In 1841 the poetical and oratorical compositions delivered on the occasion, were in forty-four different languages. In this diversity of languages are beautifully typified the catholicity and the unity of the Catholic Church. Commissioned to teach all nations, she trains her ministers and missionaries for every clime and every condition of life. They go into all countries to discharge their sacred and benevolent office. No dissimilarity of language or custom can arrest their progress. By means of the College of the *Propaganda*, they are enabled to speak to the various tribes of the earth in their native tongue, and in this manner can more effectually spread among them the divine truths of the gospel.

Now, this is the work which the robber-king of Piedmont and his beggarly minions, established by brute force in Rome, propose to break up by confiscating its property, amounting to several millions, contributed, for the most part, by the generosity and pious munificence of Catholics throughout the world.

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### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

*The undersigned will offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for all those who, in any way, may contribute towards his poor Indian missions.*

*J. B. Boulet.*



[It is a sad pleasure to us to publish the following very interesting letter of our poor invalid friend, dear Father Louis. In a note accompanying the present letter he says: "I have been ill constantly, especially during the last three or four months. I thought I had come to the last struggle ten weeks ago, but God has allowed me to pull through once more. \* \* \* I send you a short story this time, but I don't know when I can do so again, if ever. \* \* \*"]

Now, dear little readers, we know that all of you wish to read more of Fr. L's letters, and that soon. You must then unite and assault heaven daily with pious, persevering prayer, and our Lord, who always loved the little ones, will listen to you and surely heal our dear friend. What say you, little ones? You say, yes; don't you? Editor.]

My dear children.

I have not been able, on account of bad health, to write for the Youth's Companion, but I will to-day, tell you a story about something that happened during the war of the rebellion. It has been related to me by an eye-witness and I can vouch for its truth.

You have heard of a great general of the United States army who was renowned for his success in fighting the Indians. That officer whenever he received an order to march against an Indian tribe or nation never stopped to ask himself if it was right to go to work, and pursue and kill the poor Indians. It was not his business to study the merits of the case, nor to discuss the justice of that war of extermination which the whites, or at least a certain class of them have sworn against the Indian race. He was a soldier bound to obey, and when ordered to do so, his business was to go to work and execute the orders received from higher officers.

In that manner he waged war against the Indians from the time of the war of secession until a few years ago when he was surrounded by a large number



of Indians whom he had been sent to attack, and he, with three or four hundred officers and men were killed to the very last man. Not one was left to tell the story of that fearful battle. The Whites call that a massacre, but if the soldiers who kill the Indians can not be murderers why should the Indians who kill soldiers in the defence of their rights and homes, be called murderers any more than their enemies?

During the war of the rebellion it was the custom of a great many southern farmers, mountaineers and prairie men to assemble together and form irregular companies and fight on their own hook, as it were, against the Union soldiers. Quite a number of such companies were formed of men whose families were driven off their homes and whose houses were destroyed by the Union soldiers. These men were desperate and sometimes committed depredations which it would be hard to excuse or even to palliate.

They were called *guerillas* or rather *guerilleros* from the Spanish word *guerilla*, signifying little war, because they, not being regularly enrolled in the army, made a little war of their own and could leave off when they pleased.

On that account they were hated and very much feared by the U. S. soldiers, and one day it was decided not to give them any quarter or mercy, should any of them be taken prisoners, but to shoot them on the spot.

Towards the end of the war, the General of whom I spoke at the beginning of this letter and whom I will call Gen. C., at the head of a regiment, had a severe skirmish and ambush fight with some guerillas, and he surrounded a small village in which a num-



ber of guerillas had taken refuge. Gen. C. reminded his soldiers of the order not to take any prisoners and to shoot down every man seen with arms of any kind in his hands.

When the fight was over, half a dozen guerillas, among whom was a young boy of fourteen years of age, were brought to Gen. C.

The latter was angry to see that the orders had not been obeyed, and it was explained to him that they were found only after the fight was over, and the soldiers could not take upon themselves to shoot them in cold blood.

"Take them to the woods back of the village," say Gen. C., "and don't leave one alive."

Just as he was giving this cruel order, a woman rushed through the soldiers and throwing her arms around the neck of the young boy, she told the General, among her tears and sobs, that her boy was not a soldier nor a guerilla: that he had never been to the war: that he belonged to the village, and never saw a guerilla in his life before they came in the village pursued by the soldiers.

The Gen. inquired from his soldiers how it happened that the boy was a prisoner.

They answered that they had found him with the guerillas with a horse-pistol in his hands.

"Take him along, and shoot him with the other rascals," was the sentence of Gen. C.

The mother tried to persuade him to let her boy go. She told him that the boy had probably only given way to the foolish enthusiasm so common to many boys of his age, and had procured that horse-pistol when the guerillas came in. She acknowledged that they were all secessionists in the village, but if



that was a crime he might as well kill every inhabitant of the village.

The Gen. was inexorable.

The wretched woman pleaded as a mother only can plead. She threw herself at the feet of the General, begged of him, for the love of God, for his own mother's sake, to show mercy to a foolish boy, who had not even fired a shot, but who had only been carried away by his boyish enthusiasm.

It was all useless; the sentence could not be changed.

Then, as they led the boy away to death, the woman, dashing away her tears, stood before the officer.

"General," she exclaimed, 'in a voice which will ring in my ears as long as I live,' said the eye-witness, "I have begged for mercy for my innocent boy, but you have no mercy; I have called upon you for help to save my child, and you have been deaf. Among the many soldiers who surround me, there is not one to help me to save my son! Remember what I tell you to-day, General! One day will come when you will ask for mercy, and you will find no mercy; you will call upon heaven for help, but heaven will refuse and you will find no help. You will perhaps be surrounded by soldiers as you are now, but you will die in despair, and perhaps blacker despair than that which is my portion to-day."

She had hardly finished speaking when shots were heard in the distance. The massacre was over.

The woman fell to the ground insensible. She was carried away by some of her people and the regiment marched off.

The prophetic tone of the woman's words rang for a long time in the ears of those who were present at



that sad scene. Years passed away: the war was ended. Gen. C. fought many a battle against the Indians. He led a very active life, but no doubt that terrible scene came back to his mind many a time and haunted him awake and asleep.

At last he was ordered to attack the Indians, whose village was pitched in the mountains.

He started with several hundred soldiers, but before he came up to the village in which he intended to spread death, fire and ruin, he was surrounded by a large number of Indian warriors, who met him to defend their families and their homes from the invader.

The battle was hotly disputed on both sides, but at last the General saw that this was his last fight. As he had done himself once, the Indians took no prisoners. The soldiers and officers were falling down one by one. There was a reserve under the command of another officer a short way off. Would it come in time? No! the reserve was also surrounded and was fighting for life instead of thinking to save the lives of others.

No hope from any quarter. . . . . The sun is high yet; there is no hope of the night covering a retreat. . . . Ammunition is getting short, and the number of enemies seem to increase instead of diminishing. . . . Will not heaven send help of some kind? . . . Will not the Indians show mercy at the sight of so many corpses, of so much blood spilt? . . .

Remember, General, you have shown no mercy, why should mercy be shown to you?

Remember, General, you were asked in the name of God to save an innocent life. . . . you were deaf, will God hear you? . . . should God hear you now?



Remember, General, you were asked for your mother's sake to return a boy to his mother's love, will God allow you to go back to the love of your family? . . . .

No! General, a thousand times no! Not only yourself, but the dear relatives who are with you will be butchered without mercy, because you have shown no mercy. You have caused the despair of a poor family, despair will be the portion of the remnants of your proud family!

And so it was, dear children, every one, without exception, was killed. The Indians, infuriated by the cruel policy of the whites towards them, stripped the bodies, mutilated and cut them to pieces. A colonel, named Keogh, who was a Catholic, was among the number. The Indians, finding a scapular hung by a gold chain around his neck, respected his body and did not mutilate him. Not, however, because they were Catholic themselves, (they were heathens yet) but because they had heard that Catholics wear such things, and as they all liked the *Black-Robes*, they respected the body that belonged to them.

I have told this terrible but true story in order to show you that God, who is merciful to the merciful, refuses his mercy to those who are cruel to others; and as a proof that God will always measure unto us the same measure which we have measured unto others.

Be kind to one another therefore, dear children, be merciful, that God may be merciful to you in His turn. It is true that sometimes He waits for years before He punishes, but punishment will surely come, as it did in this instance, after many years.

I remain always your friend and well-wisher,

FATHER LOUIS.



In this bright world that God has made—

Which is perfection's own—

If this, His footstool, is so fair,

O what must be His throne!

If thrill us so the strains which float

Up from the feathered throng,

O with what rapture shall our souls

List to the angels' song!

If peace, upon extended wing,

Can make our life so blest,

How great will be her bliss when she

Shall fold them on her breast!

If earthly love, the aching of

A wounded heart can calm,

How sweet shall fall the love of God—

Like Gilead's healing balm!

If cheers us so the golden light,

That flies so soon away,

O with what rapture shall we hail

That never-ending day!

If so we cling to this poor life,

That sorrow doth alloy,

How shall we love the life to come,

The life of endless joy!

Then, little children, while we walk

Upon this lower land,

O let us keep the narrow way,

Led by our Father's hand,

And gain at last the peace and love,

The morning pure and bright,

The life that never ends, to walk

With Him, for aye, in white.



## A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

Little rills make wider streamlets,  
 Streamlets swell the river's flow!  
 Rivers join the mountain billows,  
 Onward, onward, as they go!  
 Life is made of smaller fragments;  
 Shade and sunshine, work and play;  
 So may we, with greatest profit,  
 Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,  
 Drops of rain compose the showers,  
 Seconds make the flying minutes,  
 And the minutes make the hours!  
 Let us hasten then and catch them  
 As they pass us on the way;  
 And with honest true endeavor  
 Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,  
 Cull a verse from every page;  
 Here a line and there a sentence,  
 'Gainst the lonely time of age;  
 At our work, or by the wayside,  
 While the sunshine making hay,  
 Thus we may, by help of study,  
 Learn a little every day.

## LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

"Live for something:" slothful be no longer.  
 Look around for some employ;  
 Labor always makes you stronger,  
 And always give you sweetest joy.  
 Idle hands are always weary;  
 Faithful hearts are always gay;  
 Life for us should not be dreary;  
 Nor can it, to the active, every day.



IN the Tulalip mission there are two gardens: one where plants and vegetables grow, and the other where ourselves grow, that is, our school. The gardeners of the latter are the Sisters and the teachers. The plough and spade with which they prepare the soil of our hearts and minds to receive the seeds are the rule and discipline of the house; the manure put on that soil is the exhortations and good examples they give us; the seeds are the lessons we receive.

In order that seeds may come up the soil must be good, and there must be moisture and heat; so when we receive lessons we must be willing to learn them, and there must be the moisture of obedience and the heat of work.

There is in the vegetable garden two different kinds of soil—sandy or dry, and heavy or wet; so amongst hearts and minds there are giddy or forgetful ones, and grave or reflecting ones. Light soil requires frequent watering or rain; light heads must often be admonished or reprimanded to keep them attentive to their duty.

Heavy and wet soil must be ditched and deeply cultivated or it becomes hard and beaten; steady and pensive dispositions require a generous treatment and plenty of work.

But why all these weeds? and why do they come up as fast as they are pulled out? I think the right answer to this is: "Thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy brow." These weeds seem to remind us of the curse of God upon the fall of our first parents, when He said that when man would cultivate the earth, it would bring forth thorns and thistles. These weeds then, in their peculiar way, preach us a sermon; they tell us of our fallen condition, and how



we must always be up and doing in order to keep free from sins and faults; for our defects are the weeds of our souls, and if we do not every day resist our passions, they will soon smother our good sentiments, as weeds smother the good seed.

Now, we are young plants that have reason, and therefore we should be glad and grateful if the gardeners, that is, our superiors, correct and even punish us, remembering that if we are left to grow up with all our defects, we will never be good men.

But weeds say something more; they teach us humility; they seem to say to us, "Ignorant man, God has created us for your good, if you knew our properties like Solomon, the wisest of men, we would prevent you from contracting diseases and cure you from all complaints, but now you have to throw us away as a nuisance because of your limited intellect. Consider the smallest of us and admire God's omnipotence and wisdom; He made us, He knows us by name; could you, poor man, make one like unto us?"

Terrible is the lesson those weeds teach us; they speak again and say: "You, who now tear us out without mercy, know that if you, yourself, occupy a place in the school and bring forth no good fruit, you, in your turn, shall be torn out and thrown into perdition. We see also that unoccupied or neglected spots in the garden are producing most weeds, which means that unoccupied or careless children will get into faults and bad habits more easily than diligent ones, for if it takes so much attention and strife for earnest pupils to remain good and pure, what will become of those who take no pains to avoid mistakes?"

Now, with regard to plants, there are some, which, like the carrot, go down into the earth, like miners;



to seek for their subsistence. These are the children who, in their studies and work reflect, go slow and reason. Some go up high as the pole-bean and pease; these need support, or they will creep on the ground. Such are the children, who are full of good will and enthusiasm; they must be helped and encouraged, because such children are capable of great things if they follow the advice of a wise director. So then, to secure a success, a large crop in any garden, the gardener and soil must be good, and the weather advantageous, that is, the grace of God must accompany and fertilize all our actions. These reflections, made by our teacher, were written by A. Shelton.

### AUGUST.

**A**UGUST is generally a hot, sultry month. Persons feel languid, and do not care to exercise themselves much. They seek the shade, and lay at their ease under some favorite trees.

August was so called in honor of Augustus Cæsar, one of the first of the Roman emperors. Previous to that time it was called Sixtilis, or the 6th month of the Roman year which began March 1st. It is called in many countries the harvest month, being the month in which the grain is cut. The old Germans called it *weinkoch*, the wine pressing month, because at this season the grapes were gathered and pressed.

On the 15th of this month the Church celebrates the glorious festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who, according to a very old and pious belief, was, on this day, in body and soul, taken up into heaven. This feast is of very great antiquity; it was fixed on this day by Pope Leo IV., at the request of the emperor Maurice.



CATHOLIC MISSIONS  
AMONG THE  
SNOHOMISH INDIANS.  
No. XIII.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

Dearly Beloved Children.

AS a great number of the children who read the interesting Youth's Companion have the precious advantage of being confided to the incomparable guardianship of the Sisters of Charity, it may please many to find herewith a few more lines upon the subject of these so able teachers and so devoted mothers. How happy I would be, if I could contribute, even a little, to increase in the heart of every one, the esteem, love and deference so justly due to these wise virgins, whose thoughts, words and actions are entirely and continually consecrated to the sole glory of God, and the salvation of the body and soul of the little ones confided to their care. I humbly acknowledge my inability in speaking of their high merits; nothing less than the eloquence and the pen of angels could ever do it worthily. I will however speak again of a few more of the beautiful fruits of the good-tree. Condition, religion, nationality, &c., nothing could ever cause any alteration upon the minds of the Sisters in the kind performance of their self-imposed duties towards all. Young and old, destitute and infirm, find the door of the house of Providence wide open, to offer them, at all hours, a beneficent roof and a safe shelter against all the various kinds of misfortune that will overwhelm human beings in our valley of tears.

A horrible scene which took place, some ten or eleven years ago, on the bank of the Snohomish River,



shall never be effaced from my memory. A poor little half-breed girl of five or six years of age, having had her mother taken away by death, had also the dreadful misfortune to see her father murdered by her half brother, who had the atrocity of splitting in two, with an axe, the head of his sleeping father. The murderous son was arrested and sent to jail, and the desolated little orphan girl had the happiness to be placed into the hands of those angels of Providence, that is, the Sisters of Charity, who covered the little crying face with tender kisses and tears of sympathy.

She was taken to school at Tulalip, where she has made rapid progress in the path of science and piety, and where she is still now a beautiful ornament to the institution. Oh, how God is good to the little ones. Love Him, dear children, during the whole of your life, with all your heart and soul, and never forget that the Sisters are the instruments used by the Almighty to save your soul and body.

I may say also a few words of that pious, aged widow that you all know; I mean the good old Judith. Once she became also a pupil in the house of Providence at Tulalip, and under the skillful training of the Sisters, she was soon made an able teacher in religious matters, and an admirable instrument of the divine grace for the salvation of many infidels among the tribes of Puget Sound. By her teaching and especially by her fervent prayers and good example, all her relatives became the most exemplary Christians, many of whom are now in heaven for they died in the bosom of the true Church of Christ, with the dispositions and marks of the elect of the heavenly Father. According to recent information, I am



very happy to learn that the good widow, about ninety years of age, is still lecturing and successfully catechising among those who are ignorant or forgetful of their religious duties. Like Judith of old, she has delivered her people from the tyranny of the infernal enemy.

Dear children, how admirable is the Lord in His ways! All instruments are powerful in His hands for the triumph of His cause. Let every one of you be fervent and zealous for the welfare of others, and may God grant you to be also real missionaries among your friends when you leave the school.

During my visit to Tulalip, last summer, I had the happiness to witness again the great work of mercy continued by our good Sisters of Charity, and also the rapid progress made by their pupils of both sexes. Two objects, especially, moved me even to tears. The first was the sight of a poor, crippled, paralyzed and idiotic orphan girl, who seemed to be the privileged one of all her charitable guardians, and the pet of all her good little companions.

The second object of my heartfelt sympathy was your beloved schoolmate, A. E. Simmons, who, by a sad accident, lost one of his lower limbs. This young *protégé* of Rev. Father Boulet will soon, I am told, be able to walk on two feet, and to support himself honorably with his trade of type-setting which he has learnt in the office of the "Youth's Companion." I firmly hope that, in his future career, he will prove to be not only a useful, but even an ornamental member of civilized society. I feel confident that he, as well as everyone of you, beloved children, shall be, in time to come, a shining and living evidence of the vast superiority of Catholic Godly schools over the



Godless ones of this century of impiety and of ignorance of religious and parental duties and obligations.

If I praise the tree, it is because I have had, and still have, the occasion of often contemplating the beauty and the great value of its fruits. Philomene Langley, who left the Tulalip school some thirteen years ago and was married to the young chief of the Fort Hope Indians, is at present the most perfect model of a Christian wife and mother.

While traveling among the tribes of Fraser River I have the pleasure of meeting with some of our Tulalip boys and girls, and I am happy to say that they are everywhere admired and much esteemed, by both Indians and Whites, for their good behavior.

I lately received a very sensible letter from our dear May, of Lunmi, and I am so well pleased to learn that she is doing the work of a zealous missionary among her husband's relatives.

A few weeks ago I had the consolation and the unspeakable joy to see Lucy Finkbonner and Louisa Ling receiving the bread of angels, at the holy table, and performing their Easter duty with the piety of true children of Mary.

I doubt not that after having, for years, witnessed the happy results of the Sisters' labors, both Whites and Indians of Puget Sound, especially of Tulalip, shall never forget, that those houses of Providence among them are the most precious blessings from heaven, which will really secure the temporal and eternal welfare of their children. I have, moreover, the sweet hope that God will continue to inspire the leaders of the great Republic, with that same wise and sound policy which once induced them to grant some assistance to these saviors of the offspring of



the natives of the Sound; and by doing so, they shall deserve the great credit and immortal glory of having caused the Indians of that corner of the Union, to become really civilized citizens and sincere Christians.

Dear children, in ending these lines, I will pray the divine Providence to grant you that you may, when in the world, do honor to your God, to you faith, to your country, to your parents, to your teachers and to yourselves. I remain your most devoted

E. C. Chirouse, O. M. I.

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### READING FOR CHILDREN.

Parents should give their children the advantages of a good, healthy library, and furnish them with papers that respect morality. Select the matter for your children. Take time, since the whole future of your son or daughter may depend on the literature which you may place before them. The writer knows of cases that came under his own observation, which resulted in great harm, and all the result of reading improper books. You are interested in the future of your child; take care of the reading matter. There is nothing more injurious to the development of the mind and the formation of character in young people than for them to form the habit of reading corrupt literature. It is in such books that the false side of life is given to the young, and they will get the idea that life is not the great earnest battle which each must fight for himself. It is from what we read that we derive many of our thoughts and ideas, which influence many of our deeds and actions in after life. If our reading is pure, the thoughts obtained will likewise be pure; but if it is degrading in its nature, it will pull us down to a level with itself.



PERSON, a celebrated French theologian, relates, on the authority of the bishop of Cambray, a remarkable instance of the death of a wicked young man, who had for some time indulged in the abominable sins forbidden by the sixth commandment.

The bishop says, that while he was at school he contracted a very strict friendship with one of the students, who was endowed with all the virtues that one could wish to see in a young man. Would that he had preserved that treasure of innocence! But it happened, by a misfortune too frequent among young people, that he fell into bad company, and was soon led into the commission of sins, particularly those of impurity. He soon abandoned all his pious practices, and plunged into the depth of vice. He was frequently admonished by his friends and his former virtuous companions to forsake his evil course; but to all he turned a deaf ear. As he despised all advice, God permitted that he should be made an example to the young, who let themselves become slaves of sin.

Being asleep one night, he was seized with a terrible fright, and awaking began to cry out in the most dreadful manner. The whole house was alarmed and came to his assistance. They asked what was the matter with him, but could get no answer except the most pitiful outcries. They sent for a priest who exhorted him to think of God, and beg pardon for his sins; but all in vain. After the priest had continued to exhort him for some time with much earnestness and many tears, the unhappy youth turned towards him, and looking upon him with ghastly eyes, spoke in a most lamentable voice: "Wo be to him that seduced me! It is no use to invoke the grace of God; I see hell open ready to receive me. It is too late!"



After these words, which redoubled the lamentations of all present, he turned to the other side of the bed, and continuing to repeat these lamentations for some moments, died miserably in despair. Almighty God had abandoned him chiefly on account of his sins of impurity, and gave him over to the devil, who literally dragged his soul from his body and bore it off to the unquenchable flames of hell.

Let our young readers learn from this terrible example, how grievous is sin in the sight of God. Let them fly from it as from the greatest of evils; let them dread to commit it, lest, like the unhappy youth above mentioned, they may be stricken down by an untimely death, and their poor souls lost, lost forever.

**HOARD THE MINUTES.**—Try what you can make of the fragments of time. Glean up its golden dust—those raspings and parings of precious duration, those leavings of days and remnants of hours which so many sweep out into the waste of existence. If you be a miser of moments, if you be frugal and hoard up odd minutes, and half-hours, and unexpected holidays, your careful gleanings will eke out a long and useful life, and you will die richer in existence, at least, than multitudes whose time is all their own.

#### **ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.**

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rev. F X Blanchet; Mesdames K McDonough & N Gorman; Misses L FitzMaurice & A Burr; Messrs. J Comford, P A Archambault, E P Bailer, J Richmond, P Gorman, J Baldwin & P Madden, to whom we return thanks.

The average attendance during the last month, at the Tulalip Indian Schools, was 56 boys and 47 girls. The actual number now is 56 and 46 respectively.



MAY 20.

## ST. BERNARDINE OF SIENA.

**I**N 1408, St Vincent Ferrer once suddenly interrupted his sermon to declare that there was among his hearers a young Franciscan who would be one day a greater preacher than himself, and would be set before him in honor by the Church. This unknown friar was Bernardine. Of noble birth, he had spent his youth in works of mercy, and had then entered religion. Owing to a defective utterance, his success as a preacher at first seemed doubtful, but by the prayers of our Lady this obstacle was miraculously removed, and Bernardine began an apostolate which lasted thirty-eight years. He raised his voice in turn against the civil strife, licentiousness, and superstitions of his time, and by his burning words and by the power of the Holy Name of Jesus, which he displayed on a tablet at the end of his sermons, obtained miraculous conversions, and reformed the greater part of Italy. But this success had to be exalted by the Cross. The Saint was denounced as a heretic and his devotion as idolatrous. After many trials he lived to see his innocence proved, and a lasting memorial of his work established in the Church. The Feast of the Holy Name commemorates at once his sufferings and his triumph. He died on Ascension-eve, 1444, while his brethren were chanting the antiphon: "Father, I have manifested Thy Name to men."

## DEVOTION TO THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

The life of St. Bernardine was St. Philip's favorite among the Lives of the Saints and the last he read before his death. Let us learn from it, as he did, the power of the Holy Name in life and death.

"O my Jesus, crucified for me, pour our Thyself, upon me, and with the nails of Thy love attach my whole being to Thyself."—*St. Bernardine.*

St. Bernardine, when a youth, undertook the charge



of a holy old woman, a relation of his, who had been left destitute. She was blind and bed-ridden, and during her long illness could only utter the Holy Name. The Saint watched over her till she died, and thus learned the devotion of his life. To understand the mysteries of Jesus, we too must become familiar with His friends—the poor, the suffering, and the sick.

“Therefore God also hath exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above all names, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow.”—Phil. ii. 9.

MAY 21.

### ST. FELIX OF CANTALICE.

**S**T. FELIX was born in 1513. His boyhood and youth were spent in keeping cattle and in the labors of the fields. In these occupations he was able to lead a nearly solitary life, and by continual prayer and much penance reached a high degree of contemplation. His greatest joy was to visit the Blessed Sacrament; and often when he left his flocks to go to Mass, angels watched them till his return. At the age of thirty years, hearing of the lives of the Desert Fathers, he longed to imitate them, and asked admittance as a lay-brother into the Capuchin Order. He redoubled his prayers and thanksgivings, and added many austerities beyond the rule, walking barefoot and wearing a shirt of iron links studded with spikes. He spent most of the night in prayer, but took a little rest while the Fathers recited Matins saying Jesus was not then alone. For forty years he daily collected alms in Rome, but his recollection was so unbroken that he often knew not who had been his companion on his rounds. St. Philip greatly loved Felix, and when the two Saints met they would wish each other great sufferings for God, or remain speechless with interior joy, and part again without a word. It was by the advice of St. Philip that St. Charles Borromeo induced Felix to revise the rules he had drawn up for his Oblate Fathers. Felix expired, full of joy in 1587.



## CONTINUAL THANKSGIVING.

Ask St. Felix to help you to acquire the habit of thanking God every moment in your heart. By so doing, without changing any of your outward circumstances, you will lead the lives of angels rather than of men.

"If you look at the present, it is by God that you are now living; if the future, He is the hope of everything you expect; if the past, you would never have been had He not created you."—*St Gregory of Nyssa.*

St. Felix always greeted others with the words, "Deo gratias;" he taught the children he met to repeat them, and when they saw him they would joyously cry, "Deo gratias." He was more generally known as Brother Deo gratias than by his own name. He once perceived two gentlemen fighting a duel; he called to them from afar, "Deo gratias, my brothers; say, both of you, Deo gratias." In the heat of their quarrel they stopped short, and, making the holy Brother arbitrate between them, sheathed their swords and became excellent friends. His last wish on his death bed was that others should say "Deo gratias" for him when he could no longer speak.

"I will sing to the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise to my God while I have my being."—*Psalm ciii. 33.*

MAY 22.

## ST. JOHN BAPTIST DE LA SALLE.

**F**ROM his earliest childhood John Baptist longed to be a priest, but the loss of his parents and family cares interrupted his course at St. Sulpice, and he was twenty-seven years of age before his ordination took place. He was appointed to a canonry at Rheims, his native town, and there God inspired a pious layman to seek his aid in founding a free school for boys. The Saint devoted himself eagerly to the work, and took the teachers under his own charge. Schools multiplied and demanded a constant supply of teachers, whom John Baptist had to train; and for them he drew up a rule of life. Thus commenced the institute of the Christian Brother-



for teaching the faith to the ignorant. The schools multiplied rapidly, and teachers and scholars led holy lives. Among the latter were young hardened criminals whom no earthly punishments nor fear of hell could move, but who were softened and won by the patience and sweetness of John Baptist. Yet the Saint had powerful enemies. The Jansenists hated him for his devotion to the Holy See, and used all means to ruin "the Roman priest." Through their influence he was deposed from his superiorship, deprived of his revenues, and a rebellion stirred up among his subjects. He left his cause in the hands of God, and after ten years' patient waiting found himself unanimously elected general, and his institute firmly established. He died A. D. 1719.

#### TEACHING CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

Our Blessed Lord, we are told, "began to do and to teach;" and all His servants, who have taught with effect, have been living examples of their own doctrine.

"The Brothers should be animated with an ardent zeal to bring up their children in the fear of God, to preserve their innocence, and to guard them from sin. Hence they must endeavor by prayer, instruction, and example to educate them in the rules and maxims of the Gospel law." — *Ven. John Baptist de la Salle.*

In the beginning of the Brotherhood some of the pupil-teachers were much disquieted by the uncertainty of their future, owing to the absence of endowments. John Baptist exhorted them most eloquently to trust in God. But his words produced little effect, for he still had his canonry and patrimony, and his pupils told him at last that when he was as poor as themselves they would be more easily persuaded. The Saint, seeing that his preaching was indeed useless without example, resigned his benefice, gave his patrimony to the poor, and lived to his last hour in absolute poverty with his brethren.

"Take heed to thyself, and to doctrine: be earnest in them. For in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee."—1 Tim. iv. 16.



# ALCORNER

## THE LION AND THE SLAVE.

A POOR slave, who had run away from his master, was recaptured and condemned to death. He was brought into a large enclosure, and a savage lion was there let loose upon him. Many thousand spectators were looking on.



The lion rushed fiercely at the poor man, but suddenly stood still, wagged his tail, jumped round him full of joy, and licked his hands affectionately. The people were amazed at the occurrence and inquired of the slave how it was.

"When I ran away from my master," said he, "I hid myself in a cavern in the desert. While I was there, this lion came into me whining, and holding up to me his paw, in which a sharp thorn was sticking. I drew the thorn out for him; and, from that time, the lion supplied me with venison, and we lived amicably together in the den. At the hunting party, which lately was held, we separated from one another, and both were made prisoners: and now the good beast is delighted to find me again."

All the people were charmed at the gratitude of the good beast, and cried aloud: "Long live the kind-hearted man! Long live the grateful lion!"

The slave was released and richly rewarded; and the lion accompanied him ever afterwards, as tame as a dog, without doing any one mischief.

Learn here, my child, the power of gratitude;  
It tames to meekness, even the savage brood.

 Please send us a hundred subscribers more or less. 



# ROLL OF HONOR

## — OF THE —

### TULALIP INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Good conduct, Christian doctrine, obedience and  
general application to study.

HENRY STAUTS,	AGATHA BAGLEY,
A. E. SIMMONS,	M. KWINA, M. LYLE.
HENRY CHARLES,	MARY FRANCIS,
ATHAN. SHELTON,	JULIANNA KWINA.
EDDIE PRESTON,	SOPHIA BASTIAN,
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P. Thomas, J. Brown.

Application to sewing  
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J. KWINA,  
MARY JOSEPHINE,  
J. HENRY, J. SIEBERT,  
MAGDALEN, E. CHARLES,  
AUGUSTINE, E. & H. DAVIS.  
House-work and cooking.  
M. JEROME & MARTHA.



Devil's Lake Agency, June 4, 1884.

Rev. J. B. Roulet.

Kind Father.

This morning I was reading the nice stories that are in the "Youth's Companion." We are always glad to read the news every month, and the letters that the girls write at the Tulalip school. It is two years since I wrote to you, and after the house was burnt two of my schoolmates wrote to you. I think you are always pleased to see the letters from the Indian children at Devil's Lake school. Charlie White, who wrote to you the last time went away with Right Rev. Bishop Marty to Yankton in the month of March. We are very glad that we have a church now; three carpenters came and they began to build on the 5th of April, and they finished three weeks ago. They painted it white, and the roof is red, and there are six windows all painted red, yellow, blue and green, and the altar is nicely made; there is a cross on the top of the steeple and two smaller ones on each side. The church is fifty feet long and thirty wide. We hear the bell ringing every day.

How nice it is in the month of May, every thing is growing well, the green trees and the flowers too. How lovely it is to hear the birds singing from morning till night, because we know that God made them to praise Him. The children always pick flowers for the Blessed Virgin. One of our schoolmates, Magdalen, died on the 12th of May, she was seventeen years of age and she had been sick over a year, and when she was going to die she told her parents that she never forgot what the Sisters had done for her, and she said that she was going to heaven, and told them to be good, and that they would see her again.

The Indian men here have a Society of St. Joseph. Last Sunday, the feast of Pentecost, was a nice day; there were twenty-four men wearing red badges trimmed with silver, and following a banner. They came, two by two, from Rev. Father Jerome's house to the church. When they came in we sang a hymn to the Holy Ghost, in Sioux; the banner was placed before the altar-rail, where Rev. Father Jerome blessed it, the Society standing two by two in the



middle of the church. Before mass the Rev. Father spoke to them a little while, and told them what the members should do. This week we have competition in composition and I think another girl will send you a letter next month. I have the honor, &c., Nancy Akicitamani.

[The two following letters were written by pupils of the Indian school of Keshena, Menominee Reservation, Wis. In a note accompanying these letters, Rev. Fr. Zephyrin, O. S. F. the superior of the mission, says: "Of this fire," which occurred on the 22nd of last February, "you must have heard. It was terrible. The two bells of church and school melted and disappeared in drops. The cast iron, such as stoves, melted partly to an unrecognizable mass. The children were saved through the heroism of the Sisters; they themselves, in their underwear."

—We beg to assure our three little friends, whose letters we gladly publish, that they will always be most welcome to the pages of the Youth's Companion. Thanks! Ed.]

We don't know how our school took fire. The girls in our dormitory heard some one saying, "Come quick, Sister, too much light in the little girls' dormitory." Sister got up and told us not to get up, that she thought it was the lamp. Sister went down stairs and saw the fire coming out between the boards, far away from the stove. In a little while Sister came back and told us to get up, dress and get in our ranks, but not to leave our dormitory because she had to get all the little girls out of bed. Then she came and took us all down stairs.

The boys were sleeping over our dormitory, and their Sister heard us, girls, walking around. She got up and looked out of her room, and saw the blaze. Sister called the boys and told them to run down stairs as fast as they could, so they were out as soon as we were. The boys went to Father Zephyrin's house, and our Sister brought us to the church; but in a little while it took fire, so we too had to go to Father's house.

All the girls were frightened when Father was getting the Blessed Sacrament out of the Sisters' chapel. He had to climb up to the window with a ladder, and the men had to throw water to keep Father from getting on fire. We



were so glad when Father got down all safe. We felt sorry when we saw our school burning down, and the men and women cried when the church was burned.

Many of us had to stay at Father's till dinner time, till we got clothes. All the little girls were barefooted and the boys in their night clothes; and Father could not get any from the Agent, so he had to buy them. The Sisters from Shawano brought out clothes for our Sisters, for they had no dresses on either. The Sisters then went to Shawano and stayed three days; they came back again, and we have school every day; about fifty-two children attend.

Father is having another school built for us, and we are all very glad. When in our new school, perhaps you will hear from us again.

Louisa Shawano.

[A boy sends the following additional particulars.]

That night we said our prayers and went to sleep. I woke up and heard somebody calling. I got up and found it was one of our Sisters. Then we all got up and ran down stairs, and some of the boys fell down the stair-way, but nobody got burned.


The next thing the church took fire and burned down. Then we went into the Father's house and helped him to take the flowers out of the church before it burned down. There were forty-one girls and thirty-one boys. They are building another school, larger than the other, and I think they will finish it by September.

Frank Gauthier.

### XXXII. THE LORD'S PRAYER IN HOHAMED.

Sath Ban letchurhle ta tchitchelh, litchok kwakwas-soot to mok mestio tashwa iwanei, ei chorh to mok mestio testalowa iwan siam, etla temurh estastorh tashwa skwalowen stastastashurhtas, tsa mestio leta tchitchelh temurh. Acoustalochor telal debalh tela-while koyas setlen, emelkeltchorh tesalhkhal skwirh-soot, stashurhtas emamelkelkesh ta kel skwirhtalewas, ta letcho mestio, ekwamtchorh tesh skwalowen shawatlamet rholam kha khel, ei kwa siashamta sa-outessasset. Eitchurhsta.



 A business Card like the following of all papers which will either exchange with us, or publish, for a month in their advertising columns, a notice of the object and terms of the Youth's Companion, will be published *gratis* for a year in each of its monthly issues. Speak a good word for us, Friends of the Quill. It takes no water from *your* mill, but it makes *ours* run!

### THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC;

An interesting weekly family newspaper, is published in Washington, D. C., by Henry M. Beadle. It was lately enlarged and its price reduced to \$2.00 a year.

### THE HOLY FAMILY,

A neat monthly periodical devoted to choice Catholic reading for families and schools, is published by Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street, New York, at \$1.00 a year.

### LE MESSENGER,

The only Catholic French weekly newspaper in Maine, is published in Lewiston, Me, by J. N. L'Heureux, & Co. at \$1 a year. Its motto is "Religion & Nationality."

### THE LITTLE CRUSADER,

A marvel of cheapness, is published weekly by P. E. Murphy of Columbus, Ohio, at 25 cents per annum.

### THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSE,

A stanch, outspoken, uncompromisingly Catholic weekly, published at No. 117 Erie street, Cleveland, Ohio, at \$2.50 per annum. Manly Tello, managing Editor.

The *Archangel* of Portland, Ogn., has just been *resurrected*. May it now be immortal! *Per contra*, the *Catholic Sentinel* dies of a complication of mismanagement and too much trusting to *friends* (?). Its editor may well exclaim: "From *such friends*, good Lord, deliver us!" The *Companion* is daily learning to keep this class of *friends* out in the cold.





# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION:

*A juvenile monthly Magazine published for the benefit of the Puget Sound Catholic Indian Missions; and set to type, printed and in part written by the pupils of the Tulalip, Wash. Ty. Indian Industrial Boarding Schools, under the control of the Sisters of Charity.*

*Subscription: 50 cents per annum.*

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Vol. IV. SEPTEMBER, 1884. No. 40.

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## FEASTS AND FASTS.

- 7—14th Sunday after Pentecost. Ep. Gal. v. 16—24.  
Gosp. Mark, vi. 24—33.
- 8—Nativity of the B. V. M. Ep. Prov. viii. 22—35.  
Gosp. Matt. i. 1—16.
- 14—15th S. after Pent. Exaltation of the holy Cross.  
Ep. Gal. v. 25—vi. 10. Gosp. Luke, vii. 11—16.
- 17, 19 and 20—*Fast-days.* The ember days.
- 21—16th S. after Pent. St. Matthew the Apostle.  
Ep. Eph. iii. 13—21. Gosp. Luke, xiv. 1—11.
- 28—17th Sunday after Pentecost. Ep. iv. 1—6.  
Gosp. Matt. xxii. 35—46.
- 29—Feast of St. Michael the Archangel.



[For the Youth's Companion.]

IF you visit the Catholic countries of Europe, you will often see at the entrance of the churches, blind, lame or old people begging alms from the pious worshippers. For many years an old man had thus been earning a wretched living in one of the villages of France. He was known to every body by the name of old Jim. He was usually crouched on the steps of the main door of the church sunk as it were in the recollection of a sombre past. He bore a sad and gloomy look, spoke little, and expressed his thanks by a simple nod of the head when anything was given him. His clothing was ragged, and the only thing of value about his person was a fine gold cross which was suspended from his neck.

In this Church officiated a young priest, who never passed by the poor beggar without giving him pennies. This priest was born to high rank and fortune but despising honors and riches, he had consecrated himself to God in the priesthood and all his income found its way to the poor and unfortunate. The old beggar loved much his young and reverend benefactor, though he knew him not. One day the pious priest did not see Jim at his usual place, and after a few days waiting he began to feel anxious about his favorite beggar. He found out where he lived and went to pay him a visit. He had to go up six flights of stairs and found the poor man in a little garret. There was Jim, stretched out on a heap of straw and rags, with death in his ashen face and in his sunken eyes.

Ah is it you good father, how kind of you to come and visit a wretch like me, I deserve it not.



But Jim, we are old acquaintances, said the priest in order to console the dying man, and you know that the priest is the friend of the unfortunate.

Oh, Father, if you knew....if you knew me.... you would not thus speak to me. No, no, do not speak to me so kindly. I am a wretch. The curse of God is upon me.

The priest shuddered at the sepulchral tones with which these words were uttered. "Cursed of God! Oh, think of it, poor Jim; never say such things. If you have done wrong, be sorry for it, confess your crimes; God, who is goodness itself, always forgives the repentant sinner."

—"Oh, no, He will not forgive me."

—"And why? do you not repent?"

—"Repent, repent," cried out Jim, whilst he gathered all his strength to sit up; "Do I repent?" why, dear Father, for these last thirty years I do repent, but still I feel that I am damned."

The good priest tried with affection to encourage him, but in vain. A terrible mystery was hidden in that despairing heart. The priest prayed most earnestly whilst the dying sinner was oppressed by remorse and agony. Finally, with a stifled voice, he began this awful recital.

"I was steward at the castle of a noble family when the bloody revolution of the last century agitated all France. My masters—the count and countess, their son and two daughters—were most amiable and kind. I owed them my position, my education, everything I possessed. The reign of terror came, and I betrayed my good masters. They had concealed themselves from the men who thirsted for the blood of all that was noble and holy. I knew their hiding place. I



was promised the possessions of my masters if I betrayed them, and I delivered them up. They were all massacred, except the little Paulian, who was too young....”

A sudden cry escaped the bosom of the terrorized priest; a cold sweat ran from his forehead; the beggar continued his lamentable story:—

“Father, I have heard their death sentence; I have seen them carted to the place of execution; I have seen their innocent heads roll from the block.... I am a monster, a reprobate.... Since the cursed day of my treason I have had no peace, no rest. I weep, I pray for them. I see them constantly before my eyes; yes, there they are before me now, there, behind that curtain.... Oh, mercy! mercy! kind master! I suffer the tortures of the damned for my evil deed.... That crucifix on the wall was my master’s; this little gold cross on my neck, the countess used to wear. O God! what a crime! what horror! what sorrow! Rev. Father, have pity on me; do not reject me; pray for the most criminal and most unfortunate of men.”

The priest was kneeling besides the beggar, unable to utter a word; his heart crushed by sorrow and horror. After a lapse of half an hour he calmly rose, making the sign of the cross. He removed the curtain covering the wall, and there hung two pictures.

Jim howled like a madman when he saw them, and fell back upon his couch.

A flood of tears now rushed from the eyes of the priest. He turned to the poor beggar and sobbingly said: “Jim I came to forgive you, I will now hear your confession;” and, kneeling down again, the beggar made his confession, and was absolved.



"May the Lord forgive you, Jim," added the heroic minister of mercy, "and I forgive you also for the love of God; for let me tell you that I am Paulian, and you have murdered my father, mother and two sisters!...."

Whilst the priest was thus speaking, the beggar opened wide his eyes and mouth; he uttered some distressful cry and sank upon his bed. The shock was too terrible; the beggar was dead!

"EMILE."

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### FILIAL AFFECTION.

**A** DOLPHUS WINGOLD, a man rendered praiseworthy by his good qualities, held one of the principal posts in the province where he was stationed. He took advantage of a respite which the king allowed him to frequent the baths; and he set out in the beginning of July to settle himself for two months in a beautiful house in the country, which he had hired at a short distance from the baths. His wife attended him, together with his three children, Ferdinand, Alfred, and Amelia—all three of them between ten and sixteen years of age. He possessed a very splendid fortune, of which he made a most noble use.

Some days after his arrival at his country-house, he took a walk accompanied by his small family to view the surrounding country. They had now arrived at the entrance of a wood. Ferdinand begged his father to allow him, as well as his brother and sister, to go and gather strawberries. Wingold took out his watch, and observing the time, said to them, "I allow you half an hour to look for strawberries,



but upon condition that you will not go far out of the road, so that you may not expose yourselves to any accident. You must answer me every time I call you." The children promised to obey, and ran immediately into the wood. When the half-hour had expired they returned, each carrying with him a fine heap of strawberries which they delivered to their parents.

"Sit down here," said their father to them, "and listen to me. I can never see or eat strawberries without calling to mind an event which would interest you too deeply for me not to relate it."

The children formed a circle around their father and listened to him with open mouths.

The father thus begun: "It is now about thirty years since, on the feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin, that the inhabitants of a small town at a short distance from the Rhine, overjoyed at being at last delivered from the presence of a body of soldiers, who had long been stationed about the country, and whose officers had dwelt in the town itself, went out in a crowd to go and inhale the fresh air. They accosted each other with joy on their lips, they shook hands, and congratulated each other on being at length delivered from this military watch, which had caused them so much expense, and imposed upon the country so many taxes. Outside the town were prepared lofty masts, theatres, and gaming tables; an enchanting music echoed around a sweet melody; it was, too, a splendid day, and it seemed to invite the inhabitants to go and enjoy themselves.

"Whilst every one was thus engaged in gratifying himself with these pleasures, a poor little boy about ten years old was sorrowfully seated upon a gatepost,



in front of a very splendid house, offering to sell strawberries to the passers-by, and crying out every moment, 'Buy my strawberries, ladies and gentlemen, they are very fine ones.' Nobody, however, paid any attention to him. This child was clad in the dress of a hussar (cavalry-man), with blue breeches, and on his feet he had a pair of worn-out shoes; an old threadbare hat covered, or rather hid his head, for the hat had not been made for him, but was the gift of some charitable man.

"All the clocks in the town had now sounded the hour of midnight, and the little hussar remained there all the while holding out his strawberries, without finding any purchasers. He was greatly disappointed, and began to weep at not being able to sell his berries. Nevertheless he waited there for some time longer, and at last, seeing that no one wanted his strawberries, he became inconsolable. His eyes were filled with tears, and he was cruelly tormented by hunger, for he had eaten nothing since morning, and still he durst not beg. 'My God!' said he at last, in a heart-rending voice, 'take pity on my poor father; for him was intended the money which I thought I would get from the sale of these strawberries; it is to carry to him a little white bread, and to get him a drop of wine to drink, that I gathered these berries to-day: Thou knowest, O God, that I speak nothing but the truth! Have mercy on the unfortunate old man!'

"These words were overheard by the master of the house, who was standing at a window just above the little hussar, and who immediately came down and went to the boy, and said to him: 'Give me these strawberries, together with the basket. Here is a



crown for you; go and buy some bread and wine for your father, and tell him to pray for me. Good bye, my little friend."

"The boy gladly gave up his basket to his generous friend, thanked him for the gift he had just bestowed upon him, by giving him much more than the strawberries were worth, and then departed. He did not long delay, but bought a white loaf, some eggs, and a bottle of wine, and flew to the forest where his father was."

Here Wingold paused to wipe away a tear; it might be seen that he felt an extraordinary sensation. His children were likewise moved: the father thus continued after a few moments:

"The little hussar then returned to his father. Represent to yourselves, my children, an invalid lying upon a wretched bed, in a hut covered with moss, half in ruins, and supported by an oak-tree. An old rusty musket, a sabre, and a log of wood—these were the furniture of this dwelling. In one corner lay an old knife and a bottle of water, and beside them might be seen scattered some crusts of black bread, without doubt the leavings of their frugal nightly meal.

"The invalid was greatly agitated at not seeing his little boy return. He feared lest any accident might have befallen him, especially on that day when the whole town was celebrating the feast of its deliverance from the soldiery. This man had once distinguished himself in war, and had lost a leg. Obligated to beg leave to retire, he obtained of the king a small pension, which was paid to him with great regularity, until on the day when the enemy had seized on the revenues of the state, he saw himself deprived of this scanty support. At a loss how to act in future, he



betook himself to the forest, where, with his son, he fixed his abode in this hut. There he made brooms and basquets of rushes and osiers, which the little hussar went and sold. He had scarcely wherewith to support himself, but he never lamented his lot, always hoping that the Lord in His mercy would grant him better times, and come to his succor. For ten years he was unable to raise himself from his bed; one of the wounds he had before received on the field of honor had reopened; his pains, still more increased through a total want of care, were extreme. He had been waiting for his son a long time, and seeing that he did not return, he recommended himself to God, and went to sleep.

"Scarcely had he commenced to taste the sweets of a refreshing sleep, when his son arrived quite overjoyed to inform him of his good fortune in having made so good a sale; but when the boy saw that his father was asleep, he placed himself quietly at the side of the bed, and laid upon the ground what he had brought. In about a quarter of an hour the old man awoke. 'O you are here,' said he to his son, 'why have you remained so long in town? I was much afraid that some accident had befallen you.'

"'O my father,' replied the boy, 'God has taken great pity on us to-day, and has been most merciful to us. A generous man bought my strawberries, and paid me for them ten times more than their value. I have bought a white loaf, a bottle of wine, and half a dozen eggs, and I have still some money left.'

"'God has been good thus to have touched the heart of this generous man,' replied the invalid; 'let us not fail to thank him for his gifts. I will willingly take a small morsel of bread and a drop of wine.'



Do you know the charitable man who has given you this money?" 'Here he is,' said at the same time a man who had been listening at the door, and who could not help entering to convince himself of the state of the old man.

"The boy looked round and recognized his benefactor. 'Yes,' cried he approaching the unknown man, 'this is truly the case, sir;' and he covered with kisses the hand which had given him the crown.

"'Good night, my friends,' said the unknown man; 'it is I, in truth, who gave this boy the crown. I had heard his lamentations, and his filial affection moved me. I wished to convince myself if all that was true which he had said about the state of his father, and I followed him hither, and I perceive that he even fell short of the reality. I am happy that I have come into this hut, to be able to alleviate your misery. You are sleeping here to-night for the last time; to-morrow I will send a carriage to receive you both, and conduct you to my house. God has blessed my undertakings, and enabled me to become possessed of a good fortune; and I cannot make better use of it than by sharing it with an old warrior who has shed his blood for his country, and with a boy so affectionate and devoted to his father. See, keep yourselves in readiness: to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, the carriage will be here.'

The invalid and the little hussar thought they were dreaming, when they heard these words of the generous man. 'Could it be true,' cried out the old man at length, melting into tears, 'that the Lord has at length deigned to take pity on us? Oh! hallowed be his name a thousand times! Never will we abuse the gifts he is pleased to bestow upon us. And you,



generous man, who are willing to interest yourself in our lot, receive beforehand all our gratitude for that which you have been willing to do for us. God will reward you one day for your charity, and will restore to you a hundred-fold all that you give to unfortunate beings who will never cease to pray for you.'

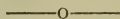
"The unknown man seemed greatly moved by these words of the invalid, placed himself by his bed, put to him a number of questions, and at last departed.

"The next day there arrived accordingly in the forest a carriage which received the old man and his son; the old musket and the sabre were not forgotten. The generous man received the two unfortunate beings with the kindness of a father, and assigned to them for their dwelling-place an apartment situated at the extremity of the court of his house. He ordered a surgeon to be called in to dress the wound of the old soldier, and paid such attention to him as moved this brave man to tears. The little hussar was no less the object of his care; he got him dressed, gave him a master, and having learnt that the boy had good inclinations, he caused him to be instructed as if he had been his own son.

"Ah! how many times did this father and this son in gratitude cover with kisses the hands of this charitable man! He, thinking he had done nothing, stole away from their tenderness and went to enjoy in silence the pleasure arising from the consideration that he had made his fellow-creatures happy. Six months rolled away; the two unfortunate beings thought themselves transported to another world, and great was their excess of joy when they compared their



actual situation with the deplorable state in which they formally passed their lives. But this happiness, which they then experienced, could not be of long duration; the invalid again fell sick, and was seized with a slow fever, which carried him, little by little, to the gates of the tomb. He was aware of the state in which he was, and prepared himself to die a true Christian. After having made his confession, and received the last Sacraments of the Church, he called to him his son, and said to him in a dying voice:—  
(*Conclusion in our next.*)



GOOD COUNSELS.—Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if a trouble come upon you, keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one. If the sun is going down, look up at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven! With God's presence and assistance, a man or a child may be always cheerful. Mind what you run after. Never be contented with a bubble that will burst, or a fire-work that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping. Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come; but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may cause you to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury. If you have an enemy, act kindly to him and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have reached your end. By little and little, great things are accomplished.



SEPTEMBER is the first of the autumnal months, and one of the most pleasant of the year. True, it does not possess the life and freshness of May, yet it has many things that charm the eye. The trees are still robed in green, and bending with ripe and yellow fruit; the vines are covered with purple grapes, and the fields decked with many pretty flowers, peculiar to the season. The sultry heat of the summer has passed away; the days begin to grow shorter, and the cooler nights permit us to enjoy sounder sleep.

During this month the farmers plough the ground and prepare it for the winter crops. They are busy too in gathering the apples and in making cider, of which the young and old are generally fond.

The approach of September is very unwelcome to the boys, and even the girls would put it off, if they could, a few weeks later. It brings in the close of vacation, and terminates those rounds of pleasure, which, for the last six or eight weeks, they have so much enjoyed. Kites, balls and tops must be laid aside, and the labor of study must be resumed. The books and slates, which have been pitched away on the highest shelf, nearly two months ago, and never looked at since, must now be got down and dusted off, and be held in readiness for the "first Monday in September."

Let our young readers hasten to the school room, salute their kind teachers with a joyous smile, and enter upon the duties of another scholastic year, firmly resolved by their good conduct and attention to their studies, to repay, in some small degree, the kindness of their beloved parents, who have so generously provided for them the opportunity of improving their minds.



INNOCENCE is purity and simplicity of heart. It is a lovely virtue, and one all should cherish. Look at little children in their plays; how beautiful they are; all innocence and loveliness. Their innocence you can read in their smiling eyes, their ready confidence, and tender affection. How lovely a virtue must that be that so beautifies the whole nature. You might say that children are almost angels; for what are angels but pure and innocent spirits? And little children, are they not pure and innocent? How beautiful to be like angels! I am just thinking—I have seen many a little one who was so lovely, that it would seem all they would need to constitute them real angels would be the little wings. Our Saviour said to His disciples, when He was on earth, “Amen, I say to you, unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter the kingdom of Heaven.” So we see that not only every true-hearted person in the world loves innocence, but God, greater than all, delights in it. The Blessed Virgin, too, loves innocence and simplicity more than any thing else; and for these virtues little children, when they die, will go to Heaven. There is so much intrinsic beauty in innocence, that every one is constrained to love it; and any one who possesses devotion to the Blessed Virgin loves it also, for she was innocent from the time of her birth until her death. It was her innocence and purity that made God favor her in so high a degree, as to cause her to become the Mother of Jesus, His divine Son. This shows how much God loves innocence and purity.

Let our little friends ever remember this saying of our Lord: “Blessed are the clean of heart; for they shall see God.” Matth. 5—8.



WHY should you fear the truth to tell?  
Does falsehood ever do so well?

Can you be satisfied to know  
There's something wrong to hide below?

No; let your fault be what it may,  
To own it is the happy way.

So long as you your crime conceal,  
You cannot light or gladsome feel;

Your heart will ever feel oppressed,  
As if a weight were on your breast;

And e'en your mother's eye to meet  
Will tinge your face with shame and heat.

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### THE DISOBEDIENT DOVES.

Two little doves, Ruby and Pearl.  
On a sunny September day.  
Stood on the roof of the cottage to see  
The cat and her kittens at play.

"My dear little children," the mother dove said,  
"Don't go near that cruel old cat:"

They turned up their eyes, and looked very wise,  
And said, "We're too cunning for that."

"Don't venture too far, for fear of the hawks,  
Who always are hovering high;

You will know they are near whenever you hear  
The kingbird's sentinel cry.

"When you are older and have learned to fly,  
To soar, to dive, and to whirl,

I will take you with me and show you what snares  
And dangers there are in the world.



"Poor cousin Fantail's baby is sick,  
And sits curled in a heap like puss on a rug;  
The doctor says he is sorely afraid  
It has swallowed some poisonous bug.

"Try and remember what I have said,  
And maybe, when I return,  
I will fetch in my bill a grasshopper fine,  
A big fat bug, or a worm."

So saying, she flew to a neighboring farm,  
Her motherly duties pursuing;  
The little doves flew to the ridge of the barn,  
Just to see what the old cat was doing.

She bade them good morning with a very sweet  
And sat washing her jacket of grey, [smile.

Saying: "I am neither a lion, a tiger, nor bear,  
And I am not half so bad as folks say.

"I don't blame your good mother for being so strict,  
I am sorry such mothers are few;

I have babies of my own, and never could think  
Of harming such creatures as you.

"But the troublesome rats, who make so much noise  
After folks have retired to bed,

And the mischievous mice that nibble the cakes and  
'Tis my duty to bite off their head. [the pies.

You have nothing to fear; come play for awhile  
With these harmless kittens, Tortoise and Jack;  
Your pretty red feet will be tired and stiff,  
If you stand there till your mamma comes back."

The little doves listened and listened,  
They forgot all the danger and harm;

The cat gave a jump and a horrible growl,  
And ran off with Pearl under the barn.



AMONG THE .

## SNOHOMISH INDIANS.

No. XIV.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

Dearly Beloved Children.

ON the 11th of August 1868, after having been over nine years on the Reservation, expecting for the aid of female teachers, we were at last blessed by heaven, in the arrival of three Sisters of Charity from Vancouver. Sisters Blandine, Mary of the Faith, and Mary Hyacinthe, were the three angels sent to teach, and to lead in the path of learning and wisdom, the young Indian girls of Tulalip. Soon after their arrival, many orphan girls were presented to be placed under their guardianship, and the good Sisters accepted them all with their usual kindness. But they were not yet prepared for a large number of pupils. Provisions, clothes, books and many others objects necessary in a school, were wanted, even the buildings were not quite finished, so the zealous and devoted Sisters had to contend with many difficulties, being deprived of the ordinary comforts of life at the start of their boarding school. But the three noble-hearted ladies, representing faithfully the theological group, constantly bore their heavy cross with the most admirable patience and a full trust in the divine providence.

For many years, I had the happiness to be an eyewitness of their heroic devotedness in their hard labors, and to be much edified in admiring their continual efforts to advance in the path of religious perfection. Their earnest zeal to procure the spiritual



and corporal welfare of the poor children of the forest, could never be surpassed. Nothing more touching than to witness the attention and kindness exhibited by our charitable Sisters in the performance of the difficult task they had voluntarily imposed upon themselves, to reform, to clean, to dress, to feed and teach those poor ignorant children, taken from the lodges, where they were growing in dirt and nakedness, and very often starving and devoured by vermin. They would nurse them, I may say, day and night, and no mother however tender and loving, could ever display a greater anxiety for the proper training of her own children. Further more, these children being the offspring of unhealthy parents, were often subject to chronic diseases, and sometimes visited by the angel of death. By their great skill and knowledge in pharmacy and medicine, and still more by their peculiar inherent charity and powerful prayers the Sisters restored the health and saved the life of many young natives, who, had it not been for them, would have joined, long ago, their ancestors in the grave.

I am happy to repeat that I have never seen our Sisters of Tulalip growing tired in watching, day and night, by the bed-side of their little patients, soothing their pains, wiping their tears and procuring them all sorts of comforts and consolations, like the most loving mothers. I have often heard little children saying that they felt glad to be sick because they had the Sisters to nurse them. Some others before expiring would say they were happy to die at school, because they had the firm and sweet conviction that the Sisters by their prayers would surely convey their soul to heaven. They had good reasons to say



and believe so, for I am confident that every child who dies in the institution of Tulalip, under the motherly care of the Sisters of Charity, is assured to have a place in the kingdom of God. Many of those children, who long ago, would have died pagans had they been left among their wild friends, are now good men and women possessing *sana mens in sano corpore*, and raising healthy and happy children. The pupils under the beneficent roof of the House of Providence, generally experience so happy and wonderful a transformation, that after a short space of time, their parents and friends scarcely recognize them.

The other Sisters who came afterwards to labor in that same little corner of the vineyard of the Lord, have always been and are still animated with the same spirit of God, have continued and still continue the great work with the same zeal, offering joyfully to God the daily sacrifice of their own will, health and life. They have watered with an abundant and generous sweat, and still cultivate with new success, the seed of salvation and true civilization, they first planted in the wilderness of Tulalip, and cause the same to produce the fruits which are so much admired, by all those who know you, dear children, even in the capital of the United State and, I may say, nearly in the whole world. The presence of those devoted ladies, as that of guardian angels, among the Indians, is certainly one among the greatest blessings bestowed from heaven upon the tribes; and it is for all of you, dear children, a sacred duty of gratitude to appreciate the gift from above, and to respect and love the Sisters as your best mothers, being always conscious of what they have done and are still doing for the welfare of your soul and body.



Never forget my young friends that you are the most privileged children of the Divine Mercy. What a great number of boys and girls in the world are deprived of Christian instruction, and have the great misfortune to be brought up in certain schools, whose system has been invented and dictated by the cunningness of the infernal enemy of mankind, with the concealed design of sapping at its very roots the tree of true life and genuine civilization, among the coming generations. In those schools, pupils are not even permitted to know their Creator, but on the contrary, they are allowed, and very often induced by the words and the examples of their teachers, to drink freely at the cup of corruption and eternal damnation. It is certain that children brought up without the knowledge, and fear of God, shall inevitably become unprincipled men and women, walking without fear whatever, in the wide road of sinners, and defying with arrogance and scorn, all laws, both human and divine. Such scholars shall fill penitentiaries, and supply the gallows in this world and the hot dungeons of hell in the next.

My dear little friends, beware of false prophets. Once in heaven, the father of lies presented himself as a teacher, and all his hearers made rapid progress in the science of rebellion, and the tremendous eternal fire of hell was created to be their reward, as well as that of all men who would, by choice, live and die in following their steps. Afterwards, the same hypocrite Lucifer went into the terrestrial paradise to teach our first parents how to become like to God; unfortunately they listened to his lessons, and I need not mention the terrible consequence of their learning. Many men and women, have since graduated



at that great devilish university, and nowadays, his satanic majesty is endeavouring to supply the whole world with able professors, who can teach everything, even the annihilation of the Creator of all things. Those atheistical lyceums are at present open, nearly among all nations, and children are called and often compelled to enter them in order to be trained for the great war against God, and to learn how to become fearless destroyers of social order, and of all that is holy, just and right.

If I go a little beyond the limits of my subject, it is because I love you, dear children, and it seems as a duty for me, to warn you and to put you on your guard against the leaven of the pharisees, and all the snares of the devil. I know some boys, Indians and half-breeds, who came out of those institutions, and who are now black-sheep, gangrenous members, and stumbling-blocks among their good, Catholic friends. Oh, dearly beloved children, notwithstanding all that may be said by the partisans of those schools, never forget that "one thing alone is necessary," that is to know, love and serve God. Therefore never consent to enter any house or congregation wherein you may be in danger to become unbelievers, impious and reprobates; but, hearken, my little friends, to the voice of those who have been appointed by the Son of God to be the teachers of all nations, for they are the salt of the earth, and the light of the world. Harken to the call of the divine wisdom, which speaks to you through the medium of the royal prophet saying: "Come children; hearken to me and I will teach you the fear of the Lord. Ps. xxxiii. 11." Yours truly in the Lord Jesus.

E. C. CHIROUSE, O. M. I.



ONE lovely May morning, George and Michael went into a wood, just as the cheerful note of the cuckoo was heard for the first time.

"That is a lucky bird," said the superstitious George; "his cry promises me luck—at the least, a pocketful of money."

"Why to you especially?" said Michael, who was just as superstitious as the other; "I do not see why you should stand higher in the cuckoo's favor than I. I am still better than you; and I maintain that it is to me it promises luck."

In this way, instead of enjoying the beautiful morning, they began to quarrel; from quarreling they came to blows; and after punishing each other severely, they separated at last in great anger with each other.

The wounded boys met once again at the surgeon's. While he was dressing their wounds they told him how the quarrel commenced, and asked him to which of them the cuckoo would really prove the lucky bird. The surgeon laughed.

"You pair of fools!" said he, "it was not to either of you but to me. For the cuckoo has sent you both home with bloody noses, but it has put some money into my pocket."

Strife, to its author, brings but pain,  
Though others, at his cost, may gain.

### XXXIII. THE LORD'S PRAYER IN ACAGCHEMEM.

Chana ech tupana ave onech, otune a cuachin, chame om reino libi yb chosonec esna tupana cham nechetepe, micate tom cha chaom, pepsum yg car caychamo y i julugcalme cai ech. Depupun opco chamo chum oyote. Amen."

*Vols. I. II. and III. of Y. Companion for sale at 50 cts. a copy.*



MAY 23.

B. CRISPIN OF VITERBO.

**B**ORN in 1668 of humble but pious parents, Crispin was nurtured in sentiments of tender devotion to the Mother of God, who gave him many visible proofs of her protection during his childhood. Although he had received a liberal education, his humility made him fear to become a priest, and at the age of twenty-four he craved admission as a lay-brother amongst the Capuchins. He was at first repulsed on account of his weak and sickly appearance; but once received, he soon proved that a hearty good-will can more than compensate for want of bodily strength. Frequently employed to gather alms for his convent, he would teach the Christian doctrine to children in the streets, together with little canticles he himself composed in Mary's honor. For this reason he was commonly called "the Apostle of Mary." Oil from the lamp which he kept burning before his simple image of Mary, or flowers from her altar were so efficacious in sickness that it was commonly said, "The oil and flowers of Brother Crispin do more good than all doctors' stuff." Consumed at length by labors and suffering, he died in Rome at the age of eighty-two. He rejected all marks of respect on his death-bed, but repeated constantly, "In a few days my Lady Mother will make me rich, and how truly rich!"

## DEVOTION TO THE MOTHER OF GOD.

True devotion to Mary, whilst it is grounded on our sense of her dignity as the Mother of the Incarnate Word, should also show itself by constant recourse to her in our daily needs.

"My brothers, be devoted to the Virgin Mary, the great Mother of God, for she is our most sure hope and powerful advocate."—*B. Crispin.*

Our Saint made in the convent garden a little shrine of boughs in which he placed his image of Mary. Some of the religious said that the first rain or wind would destroy it, but he replied, "What rain? what wind? The very mountains will be thrown down rather than this little



covering of my Madonna, who commands the winds and the storms and the whole heaven." And so it was, for the storms came and the trees of the forest were blown down, but his little chapel stood as firm as a rock in the midst of a raging sea. Before this shrine Crispin would say his prayers, and round about it he strewed grain to entice the birds to come and sing with him in honor, as he said, of his beloved Queen.

"In me is all grace of the way and of the truth; in me is all hope of life and of virtue."—Ecclus. xxiv. 25.

MAY 24.

ST. MARY OF EGYPT.



AT the tender age of twelve, Mary left her father's house that she might sin without restraint, and for seventeen years she lived in shame at Alexandria. Then she accompanied a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and entangled many in grievous sin. She was in that city on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, and went with the crowd to the church which contained the precious wood. The rest entered and adored; but Mary was invisibly held back. In that instant her misery and pollution burst upon her. Turning to the Immaculate Mother, whose picture faced her in the porch, she vowed thenceforth to do penance if she might enter and stand like Magdalen beside the Cross. Then she entered in. As she knelt before our Lady on leaving the church, a voice came to her which said, "Cross the Jordan, and thou shalt find rest." She went into the wilderness, and there, in 420, forty-seven years after, the Abbot Zosimus met her. She told him that for seventeen years the old songs and scenes had haunted her; ever since, she had had perfect peace. At her request he brought her on Holy Thursday the sacred Body of Christ. She bade him return again after a year, and this time he found her corpse upon the sand, with an inscription saying, "Bury here the body of Mary the sinner." She had passed over the Jordan of death into the rest which is promised alike to the penitent and the pure of the people of God.



## AVOIDING THE OCCASIONS OF SIN.

Blessed John Colombini was converted to God by reading St. Mary's life. Let us too learn from her not to be content with confessing and lamenting our sins, but to fly from what leads us to commit them.


"Strength is vouchsafed us from on high only on condition that we fear danger, not if we rashly expose ourselves to it."—*St. Cyprian*.

He that loves danger, says the Holy Spirit, shall perish in it. Our Saint, after her generous surrender of herself to God, after forty-seven years' fasting and silence in the wilderness, fled at the sight of Zosimus, though she knew he was a priest. He could scarcely come to speak with her. After he had heard her story, she only spoke with him once again when he gave her the last Communion. And we who like her have left our Father's house, with our half conversion and scanty penance, go on risking that Father's favor because we will not avoid some plain occasion of sin.

"Flee from sins as from the face of a serpent; for if thou comest near them, they will take hold of thee."—*Eccclus. xxi. 2.*

MAY 25.

## ST. GREGORY VII.

REGORY VII., by name Hildebrand, was born in Tuscany about the year 1013. He was educated in Rome. From thence he went to France and became a monk at Cluny. Afterwards he returned to Rome, and for many years filled high trusts of the Holy See. Three great evils then afflicted the Church: simony, concubinage and the custom of receiving investiture from lay hands. Against these three corruptions Gregory never ceased to contend. As Legate of Victor II. he held a Council at Lyons where simony was condemned. He was elected Pope in 1073, and at once called upon the pastors of the Catholic world to lay down their lives rather than betray the laws of God to the will



of princes. Rome was in rebellion through the ambition of the Cenci. Gregory excommunicated them. They laid hands on him at Christmas during the midnight Mass, wounded him, and cast him into prison. The following day he was rescued by the people. Next arose his conflict with Henry IV., Emperor of Germany. The monarch, after openly relapsing into simony, pretended to depose the Pope. Gregory excommunicated the Emperor. His subjects turned against him, and at last he sought absolution of Gregory at Canossa. But he did not persevere. He set up an anti-pope, and besieged Gregory in the castle of St. Angelo. The aged Pontiff was obliged to flee, and died in exile A. D. 1085.

#### LOYALTY TO THE HOLY SEE.

Eight hundred years are past since St. Gregory died, and we see the same conflict renewed before our eyes. Let us learn from him to suffer any persecution from the world or the State rather than betray the right of the Holy See.

“Let those who are raised to power prefer always God’s honor to their own. Let them not seek to subject the Holy Church as a bond-maid to their will; but let them strive, as befits them to honor her eyes—that is, the priests of the Lord—as their masters and their fathers.” *St. Gregory VII.*

On May 25, 1085, about the seventy-second year of his life and the twelfth of his pontificate, Gregory entered into his rest. His last words were full of a divine wisdom and patience. As he was dying, he said, “I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile.” His faithful attendant answered: “Vicar of Christ, an exile thou canst never be, for to thee God has given the Gentiles for an inheritance and the uttermost ends of the earth for thy possession.”

“The God of heaven will set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed, and His kingdom shall not be delivered up to another people, and it shall break in pieces and shall consume all these kingdoms; and it shall stand forever.”—Daniel ii. 44.



On account of the many recent newspaper failures throughout the country caused by the unsafe and too prevalent credit system among publishers of periodicals, we have concluded to do business on an altogether different basis—the only practical one for both publisher and reader. Our kind friends are therefore respectfully notified that, until further notice, *all subscriptions will be stopped as soon as they expire*, unless special arrangements to the contrary are made.

### **THE YOUTH'S COMPANION**

Is published at the following rates:

From 1 to 9 copies,	50 cents per yearly subscription.
" 10 to 24 "	45 " " " "
" 25 to 49 "	40 " " " "
" 50 to 99 "	35 " " " "
" 100 and upwards,	25 " " " "

All subscriptions for the future will be strictly payable in advance, as after the past three years' experience I am fully convinced it is the only safe way of reaching the object in view, viz: the welfare of my poor Indian missions.

Remit by registered letter or by money order. Fractions of \$1 may be sent in postage stamps, and money orders to be made payable to the Seattle, W. T. Post Office. All communication and correspondence to be addressed to

(Rev.) J. B. Boulet,

Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co., Wash.

### **ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.**

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rev. Father Frei, O S B; Mesdames L. Auzerais & S Ryder; Messrs. P O'Donnell, T Kane, J Callahan, B Bloom, J Gerber & J Alexis, to whom we return our best thanks.

### **IMPORTANT NOTICE.**

*The undersigned will offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for all those who, in any way, may contribute towards his poor Indian missions.*

**J. B. Boulet.**



# ALPHABET.

## LEARNING TO READ.

LITTLE EDMOND was a good boy, and kind to all his play-mates, and was always willing when he could do them a good turn. He was fond of his books, and by the time he was eight years of age, he could read well, and took great delight in reading to his father and mother.

His sister, Ellen, was two years younger than himself. Edmond tenderly loved her and did everything in his power to please and delight her. Even before she could talk plain he tried to teach her how to spell and read. If he got a picture book, he would sit down with her, and show her all the picture, and explain them to her. He would then try to teach her to read, by reading a short lesson for her, and then letting her read it after him. By this means he soon taught Ellen to read without troubling her father or mother with the labor of teaching her.

From the example of little Edmond, our young readers may learn a good lesson. Most of them have brothers or sisters, younger than themselves. Now they cannot do anything more pleasing to their parents, than to instruct their little brothers or sisters, and try to teach them how to spell and read. They will in this manner relieve their parents from much trouble, and while they are doing a good office to the little members of the family, they are at the same time improving themselves, and meriting the good will of all who know them.

To say little and do much is the way of great minds.



— OF THE —

## TULALIP INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Good conduct, Christian doctrine, obedience and  
general application to study.

A. E. SIMMONS,  
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darning and cutting out.

Application to manual  
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MARY FRANCIS,  
ELIZABETH SAM,  
S. MAGDALEN,  
LIA PRESTON.

House-work and cooking.

M. JEROME & MARTHA.



TO ALL WHO MAY READ THESE LINES, GREETING!

THE Catholic Indians of the Puyallup Reservation have been trying, for the past three years, to raise the funds necessary to erect a small chapel in place of the rickety, moss-covered, old hovel in which, for want of means, they have found themselves obliged to worship their Maker for so long. They have so far succeeded in collecting among themselves and a few outside friends the small sum of about two-hundred dollars, which they have already expended in procuring a part of the required material. More lumber, also windows, paint, oil, &c. are yet wanted, a carpenter has to be hired and paid for his services; in a word, three-hundred dollars at least remain yet to be raised before these poor Indians can see their long-cherished hope realized. I greatly fear that it will take them a very long time to collect this sum unless you, kind, christian readers, come to the rescue with your charitable alms, were it but the price of a few pounds of nails. Any help towards this laudable object will be thankfully received by J. B. Boulet.

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Tulalip Mission, August 4th, 1884.

Rev. and dear Father Louis.

Nothing could have grieved us more than to hear that you were so very sick. It seems to us that those who love children and the Indians as you do, should be *spared* to work for years and years for their salvation. We prayed for your recovery and if our humble supplications are heard you will get strong and healthy again. Dear Father, oh, how much we would like to see you!

Dear Sister Eugene, of Seattle Hospital, said one day, that our Lady of Perpetual Help has already obtained wonderful cures, and that gave us much confidence. Since that our dear teacher had us begin a novena in her honor and we all have hopes that you will recover. We would be so happy if we could be good enough to obtain that



grace, but, we promise, anyhow, our dear Mother that we will be good if she cures you. We beg of you, dearest Father, a little *memento* in your fervent prayers. Hoping soon to hear of your improving health, we remain,

Your respectful children, the girls of Tulalip.

Written by Mary Lyle.

Tulalip Mission, August 5th, 1884.

Dear Lucy Finkbonner.

After having had such a nice time at school, I cannot help from relating to you some of our enjoyments. The best of all is the visit of our kind Father Chirouse who came to see us in the beautiful Month of June.

During the Month of May we prayed the Blessed Virgin to obtain us that great favor and she did listen to us; it is useless to tell you that we tried our best to profit of those happy days. Oh, what a good Father! he thinks so much of our Lord, who says, "Let little children come unto me;" so we had to go to him, for he is a true Father to us.

Twenty-eight children had the happiness to be prepared by him for their first communion. Myself and all those who know you wished very much that you had been here during the two short weeks he spent with us. It is true good time flies fast, only the time of heaven remains.

On the eve of the grand Fourth of July we gave a very nice entertainment in honor of Rev. Father Boulet's saint's day which had to be postponed on account of absence in his outside missions. He was very much taken by surprise and we were mighty glad to have succeeded in getting him into the room.


The next day being the first Friday of the month, we were very happy to keep company to our Lord, who was so offended by so many; for it was the Fourth of July, a day on which many sins are generally committed. We also found time to amuse ourselves very well.

I think it is about time to come to a close. May the B. Virgin protect you as long as you live.

Your affectionate Agatha Bagley, C. of M.

The average attendance during the last month, at the Tulalip Indian Schools, was 54 boys and 45 girls. The actual number now is 56 and 46 respectively.



 A business Card like the following of all papers which will either exchange with us, or publish, for a month in their advertising columns, a notice of the object and terms of the Youth's Companion, will be published *gratis* for a year in each of its monthly issues. Speak a good word for us, Friends of the Quill. It takes no water from *your* mill, but it makes *ours* run!

### THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSE,

A stanch, outspoken, uncompromisingly Catholic weekly, published at No. 117 Erie street, Cleveland, Ohio, at \$2.50 per annum. Manly Tello, managing Editor.

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A neat monthly periodical devoted to choice Catholic reading for families and schools, is published by Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street, New York, at \$1.00 a year.

### THE LITTLE CRUSADER,

A marvel of cheapness, is published weekly by P. E. Murphy of Columbus, Ohio, at 25 cents per annum.

### THE ARCHANGEL,

A neat literary monthly published by the students of St. Michael's College, Portland, Ogn., at 50 cts. a year.

## PAMPHLETS FOR SALE

### IN AID OF THE INDIAN MISSIONS OF WASH. TER.

Vols. I. II. and III. of Youth's Companion, each 50 cts.  
 Eugene Drolet, or the model scholar, . . . 13 cts.  
 The same with photograph, - . . . 20 cts.  
 The same with "A little saint of nine years," 20 cts.  
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Postage stamps of 1 and 2 cents taken in payment.

Address (Rev.) J. B. Boulet, Tulalip, Wash. Ty.





# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION:

*A juvenile monthly Magazine published for the benefit of the Puget Sound Catholic-Indian Missions; and set to type, printed and in part written by the pupils of the Tulalip, Wash. Ty. Indian Industrial Boarding Schools, under the control of the Sisters of Charity.*

*Subscription: 50 cents per annum.*

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## FEASTS AND FASTS.

- 2—Holy Guardian Angels.
- 5—18th Sunday after Pentecost. Feast of the holy Rosary. Ep. 1 Cor. i. 4—8. Gosp. Matt. ix. 1—8.
- 12—19th Sunday after Pentecost. Maternity of the B. V. Eph. iv. 23—28. Matt. xxii. 1—14.
- 15—St. Theresa, virgin.
- 19—20th Sunday after Pentecost. Purity of the B. V. Eph. v. 15—21. John, iv. 46—53.
- 26—21st Sunday after Pentecost. Ep. Eph. vi. 10-17. Gosp. Matt. xviii. 23—35.
- 28—St. Simon and Jude, Apostles.
- 30—Vigil of All Saints. *Fast-day.*



## 126 ORIGIN AND FEAST OF THE ROSARY.

THE devotion of the Rosary, or the *Beads*, as they are commonly called, was instituted by the great St. Dominic, in the beginning of the thirteenth century. This devotion, as our young readers already know, consists in reciting fifteen tens or decades of the *Hail Mary*, with one *Our Father* between each decade, in honor of the principal mysteries of our Lord's life and passion. In saying the *Beads*, we usually say five decades, or one-third of the Rosary.

Long before the time of St. Dominic, it was customary for Catholics to use small stone, or grains, to number the prayers which they were accustomed to say: but this saint was the first who established the devotion such as we have it at present. The circumstances which gave rise to the introduction of this devotion, are the following:

St. Dominic was sent to labor for the conversion of a set of heretics, called Albigenses, who desolated the south of France. He preached among them for a long time with little success. The people were extremely ignorant and would not hearken to his words. At this the holy man was much afflicted, and in his distress he turned for assistance to the Blessed Virgin. He formed the Rosary, and taught the people to pray, using these most beautiful prayers, the *Our Father* and the *Angelical Salutation*, stopping at the end of each decade to meditate on some one of the mysteries in the life of our Lord. The most wonderful change was immediately produced. They hastened to hear his instruction and to join in the recital of the Rosary; and the saint, in a short time, had the happiness of seeing thousands of these unhappy people forsake their errors and return again to the Church.



St. Dominic, seeing the happy fruits produced by the Rosary, established the devotion among the faithful in many places before his death. In a few years after its introduction, it spread through all countries, and has continued to be one of the most favorite devotions in the Church.

The Festival of the Rosary, which is kept on the first Sunday in October, was instituted in 1571 by St. Pius V., in thanksgiving to Almighty God for the miraculous victory gained by the Christians over the Turks in the great battle at Lepanto. It was at first celebrated under the title of St. Mary of Victory, but in 1573, Pope Gregory XIII. gave it the title of the Rosary, and granted an office to all the churches having an altar bearing the title of our Lady of the Rosary. Another great victory gained by prince Eugene of Savoy over the Turks near Belgrade in 1716, induced Pope Clement XI., in thanksgivings for the event, to extend the festival of the Rosary to the whole Church.

The Sovereign Pontiffs have enriched this devotion with many indulgences; but our space will not permit us to enter into further details. We will conclude in the language of a beautiful writer, who after exhorting youth to frequent and fervent recital of the Rosary, exclaims: "Children of Mary! will you refuse this increase of accidental glory to your Mother? One *Hail Mary* can give it, and the third part of the Rosary will repeat it fifty times. If you say it every day during a month, you will work wonders in heaven more than fifteen hundred times. Mary will be your debtor, and never will her gratitude be satisfied until she welcomes you in heaven.

*Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us!*



THE second of the autumnal months is passing before us. Nature begins to assume new beauties worthy of contemplation. No longer the bright and verdant color of the leaves is seen, yet the various tints of red and yellow which deck the forest present a pleasing contrast. The appearance becomes more striking as autumn advances, and the process of decay becomes more visible.

This visible change which is gradually extending over the face of nature at this season, is well calculated to remind man of the change which he too is shortly to undergo. Even the young may learn from it many lessons. They should reflect when they see the signs of decay upon the plants and trees, that thus it will be with themselves. That, though now they are full of life, and vigor, and strength, the time will come when the freshness of youth will fade, and all the infirmities of age will settle upon them.

On the first Sunday of October, the Church celebrates the festival of the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, and invites her children in a special manner on this occasion, to come and enrol their names in the service of Mary; to offer to her the Rosary as a crown of roses, and to honor her as loving children by imitating her virtues.

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[The following letter, written expressly for the Y. Companion, was, during our absence, spirited away and sent to the S. F. Monitor for publication. No doubt the motive which prompted the act was a very good one. As to dear Father Chirouse and our good friend Mac of the Monitor, we fully exonerate them from any participation in this pious theft. Ed.]



[For the Youth's Companion.]

Friday, May 30. was a day of great rejoicing among the Indians and school children of Tulalip, for the beloved Father Chirouse then arrived to pay a visit to his old mission. The news of his coming had been announced some time ago and the faithful Indians from seven different villages had come to see the old Father. Two lines of tents were pitched in the space before the church, and numerous canoes covered the gay waters of Tulalip Bay. In the evening a formal reception was tendered the gallant pioneer of the Cross by both departments of the school. Whilst the merry songs echoed in the hall, the father shook hands with every one of the children, and was visibly affected, for most of these young people had been regenerated, through his ministry, by the holy waters of baptism, and so had been their fathers and grandfathers. No wonder, then that the heart of the venerable old man was overflowing when he beheld the fruit of thirty years' labor.

On Saturday more canoes glided into the bay, and the Father passed all day in his confessional or in the tents of his old friends. Sunday, Pentecost, a large number of communicants approached the holy table, whilst the confessionals were yet crowded with penitents. In the afternoon an open-air gathering took place at the Agency; hundreds of Indians were seated on the grass to hear the old, familiar voice which for over thirty years had imparted to them the Word of Life. Father Chirouse harangued them in the Indian tongue, and in his own earnest manner spoke on the laws of God and of the land, until the enthusiasm was general. Then the good and worthy



agent, Major Buckley, to complete the joy of the day, released four prisoners, who gladly paid their fines and promised never to approach again the cursed whisky shop.

On Monday the number of Indians still increased, and thus the Father was saved a great amount of traveling, because he intends to see all the Indians of Puget Sound. On Tuesday the work continued with the same vigor; there were twenty-three baptisms and eleven marriages celebrated. On Wednesday, Father Chirouse, in company with the Rev. pastor of Tulalip, Father Boulet, went to visit Puyallup Indian Reservation. Here again his old flock crowded around him, the lukewarm and indifferent ran to meet him, all with eagerness performed their Easter duties.

On Thursday, Feast of Corpus Christi, both priests were back at Tulalip. After High Mass the procession of the most Blessed Sacrament took place. Evergreens had been planted on both sides of the road leading to the beach, where a most beautiful repository had been erected. The school children and Indians divided into four groups, each headed by a banner, formed the procession. The Sisters of Charity and their pupils with the Indians alternately sang the praises of God's love for men.

The ceremony was most impressive; perfect order was observed and the humble belief of the worshippers shone forth in the piety with which they escorted the hidden God of the Eucharist. What a subject for contemplation! On this lonely spot of His creation, the Lord of all things, winding His triumphal march, escorted by this often despised portion of His flock. Oh happy children! Oh happy Indians!



Whilst Egyptian darkness covers three-fourths of this mighty Republic, whilst three-fourths are plunged in guilty ignorance of God's truth, you, humble children of the Catholic Church, walk in the light of the One Who shines in darkness and Whom the darkness does not comprehend. You possess the true science and knowledge of the one necessary thing: soul saved, all saved: soul lost, all lost.

On the following Saturday, the boys of the school had an excursion in honor of Rev. Father Chirouse. Chief Charley Jules with some of his friends, came from Kweltseda with five large canoes and took the Father, Sisters and boys to his place. The kind chief entertained his guests most gentlemanly at his house, which is tastefully furnished and neatly kept, and which agreeably surprised some of the visitors.

On the 17th of June, the girls of the school had their picnic also in company of Father Chirouse, who was for the last three weeks the point of concentration of the entire place. Feast followed upon feast. Sunday night following, the girls' department gave the Father an entertainment which pleased him exceedingly. Wednesday night the boys' department presented the Father a farewell address. It is with the boys that the good Father finds particular delight. On this occasion they displayed so much affection and gratitude towards him that he was moved to tears. He thanked everyone. He spoke as only a heart on fire with love for God and his neighbor can speak. Many children did violence to themselves to conceal their emotions. The good Father said he wished to be young again, to be a boy among the boys of Tulalip. He took with him the address, read in a most sentimental manner by Walter Wale, one of the most



advanced pupils, with the names of everyone at school in order to remember them expressly at the Altar of the Lamb.

Friday, June 20th, was the day of parting. All earthly joys are of short duration, the longest day comes to an end, and it seems it was only yesterday that the Father appeared amongst us. From Tulalip he went to Swinomish and Lummi to bring there also the blessing of his presence, many good things for the souls. From Lummi he will proceed to New Westminster, the motherhouse of the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate, in British Columbia.

He is gone, the lover of children and Indians, gone once more to fields where the harvest is plentiful and the laborers few, but which he had left, with charitable zeal, to give a helping hand to Rev. Father Boulet, and oh, how plentifully he has gathered in the granary of the Master! Who shall tell the good he has accomplished? God knows how many bleeding heart he has healed, how many disturbed consciences he has restored to peace, how many weak souls he has confirmed in their faith. Father Chirouse knows the secret to attract to him the Indians, he loves them, they feel it, therefore, they have full confidence in him. He is become one of them. He is more than disinterested concerning temporal gains. After forty years of most devoted and arduous laboring, this true apostle has nothing which he can call his own. Such men civilized the Indian, and such men only can ameliorate his condition. Had the Government confided the fate of the Redmen to hands like these, always extended to do good, never stretched out to grasp at lucre, how many flourishing Indian Reservations had been in existence to-day? how



many noble lives? But let us pass over this most sad chapter of our history and return to Tulalip.

It is a subject of consolation for Father Chirouse to see his old hunting ground converted into a little oasis, to see the change operated by his own hands, to remember what the Indians of Puget Sound were thirty-seven years ago, and to witness what they are at present. Plunged in the deepest ignorance of the rules of decent living, they were also addicted to all the grossest vices of paganism. What undaunted courage, what heroic patience, what toils and hardships has it cost to make the Indian abandon his savage ways, and shoulder the yoke of Christ. Now, among those who received the faith, polygamy is unknown, idleness, the mother of all vices, is fast disappearing, and many, through their industry, have made for themselves and families comfortable homes. Superstition, which had such an iron grasp on the Indian mind, is becoming extinct, and the younger generations make sport of the old medicine-man. As to drunkenness, there are some cases, although very rare, but where shall we lay the blame? Certainly at the white man's door. It is the latter who, for a vile gain, tramples upon the laws of the land and disregards Christian charity, in giving the damning liquor to the weak native; did the white man fulfil his own duty, there would never be found such a scandal as a drunken Indian.

Comparing the Indians of Puget Sound to the white people in regard to civilization we can say the Indian is ahead; for what is true civilization, but to know what is good and to do it. If progress consists in having rocking chairs, pianos and telephones, then woe to the poor; but it is no shame to be poor,



it is no shame to have a tanned skin or rough hands, but it is a shame to be ignorant of that short lesson which the Catholic Church teaches to her children: you are not made for earth, but you are made for heaven. Yes, our Indians of Puget Sound might teach a lesson of gentlemanly behavior to many Americans; in their conversation cursing or vulgar language is never heard, in their sports and games, quarrelling never occurs; as to honesty, these Indians are models; never is another man's property molested; doors remain unlocked, cattle roam everywhere, canoes lay scattered on the beach as secure as under lock. Compare to the happiness and peace of these thrifty, humble people, the boasted civilization of our large cities. I will not mention the famous slums of that great centre of modern progress, the capital of enlightened England, nor those of New York, but in the best, young ladies cannot venture unaccompanied in the streets after dark; murders and burglaries are daily occurrences, drunken brutes wallow in the street gutters, while the more obscene and abominable crimes are screened by the silken drapery of opulence or the dark curtains of the public dens.

Thanks be to God, and glory to the Catholic religion, the Indians ignore all these abominations and will remain untainted and happy as long as they are taught by good and zealous pastors like the Rev. Father Boulet, as long as they have the gentle Sisters of Charity to bring up their children in the fear of God, and in respect for authority as long as the Government keeps men at the Agency like the kind and firm agent, Mr. Buckley, who so wisely, justly and disinterestedly directs the Indian affairs at Tulalip.

Yours sincerely, A LOOKER-ON.



*(Concluded from page 104.)*

“‘You see, my child, that all is now coming to a close with me in this world. At the age to which I have now arrived, overwhelmed with infirmities, I cannot but thank the Lord for delivering me from my sufferings. Yes, I own to you, that I should die tranquil, were I less solicitous about your lot. Poor child! what will become of you—alone, without fortune, and abandoned by every one? You see that your situation is very unfortunate, but if you remain faithful to God—if you fulfil well the duties which religion imposes upon you—if you continue to walk in the paths of virtue, as you have done to this day, your lot will not be so deplorable, and the Lord will protect you. Promise me then, my child, never to break the commandments of God, to shun vice, and to avoid sin as the only evil which can afflict man. If the Lord sends you trials, receive them as coming from a father, who knows what is proper for his children better than they know themselves; if, on the contrary, he takes pity on you, and grants you favors, be grateful for them, and never abuse them; ingratitude to God leads to many evils. Thus, my son, your happiness depends in a great measure upon yourself. I entertain a pleasing hope that you will be docile to the last desire of your father, and that one day we shall have the happiness of being united to each other in heaven.’

“The little hussar melted into tears, and took the hand of his father, which he covered with kisses. He promised the dying man never to forget his advice, and to live always a good Christian. Whilst he was speaking, the door of the apartment was opened, and the generous man who had received them



entered. The invalid thanked him once more for what he had deigned to do for them, and let slip some words of uneasiness about the lot of his son.

“‘Be quite at ease on that point,’ replied the charitable man; ‘I take upon me the charge of this boy, whom I look upon from this day as my son. Providence has allotted riches to me, and I reserve them for him, if he knows how to merit my confidence by his affection and virtue. After your death I am going to give him a complete education, in order one day to send him even to carry on my affairs, which shall be his also, if, as I said before, he renders himself worthy of my confidence.’

“At these words the little hussar threw himself at the feet of his benefactor, and made a solemn promise to obey, respect, and love him as his father. This good-natured man kindly raised him up, pressed him to his bosom, and renewed to him his promises. This touching scene drew tears from the invalid, who cried out in a transport of joy that he would die content, since his son was safe with regard to his lot. After the lapse of a few hours, he expired, leaving his son inconsolable for his loss.

“After the funeral rites of the invalid, all measures were taken to give his son the instruction and education suitable to the rank which he would hereafter hold in the world. This boy was well acquainted with the importance of his station, and he made it a duty to satisfy his benefactor, who, in truth, held the place of a father to him. Skilful masters initiated him into the secret of all the knowledge which a young man of a good family ought to possess; and, at the same time, they formed his heart and his mind. At the age of eighteen, he took part in the manage-



ment of the affairs of the house, and became from that moment the friend and confidant of his adopted father. Devoted heart and soul to the interests of his benefactor, the young man gave him on all occasions proofs of his fidelity, and contributed by his zeal and activity to increase still more the prosperity of this beneficent man. But this prosperity exposed *him* to the darts of jealousy and his base enemies. Public confidence and the esteem of all good men, without doubt, compensated for the hatred which some envious obscure persons bore to him, he ridiculed their clamors, and although he had been frequently warned to be on his guard, he did not wish to take any measures which prudence suggested to him. Strengthened by his innocence, and the testimony of a good conscience, he continued to live as he had ever done, when one day he received a fresh warning, and this warning was conveyed to him by his adopted son.

"This young man, who was then twenty-three years old, walking one day near the town, heard several individuals forming together their plan of attack against this estimable man. They meditated nothing less than to wait for him some days after at the moment when he should come out of a neighboring house to go to his own, and to stab him with a poignard. The danger was immediate. This brave man, foreseeing that although he might this time escape the sword of his enemies, he would still be exposed sooner or later to become their victim, not wishing to live in continual restraint, resolved to leave the town which he had inhabited for forty years, and to settle himself in a neighboring state. He gave his young friend power to sell all that he left behind; he himself, taking with him a sufficient sum of money, set



out the next day to put his life in safety, and to escape the tricks and malevolence of his persecutors. As he required rest, and as his age did not permit him to engage much in business, he renounced it entirely, and spent a very tranquil life, enjoying the fruit of his economy. His adopted son followed him some weeks after, and did not quit him. They lived together for some years in the most intimate union, never ceasing to thank God, who had deigned to protect them in so visible a manner.

"At last the generous man went to receive in heaven the reward due to his virtues; but, before his death, he appointed his young friend heir of all that he left. In this manner the young man saw himself in possession of a very splendid fortune."

"Now, my children," said the father, after remaining in silence for some moments, "I must give you the key of the enigma, and acquaint you with the names of the persons, which now comes to be the question. Well, the invalid who has been spoken of was *my father*, and the little hussar is *myself*."

"Oh?" cried the children, quite astonished, "who could ever have thought that?"

"Yes, and the man to whom we owe our fortune, was the worthy Mr. Maintann, over whose tomb we sometimes go and pray."

"I am very glad to know it," said Amelia, "and in future I will pray for him much more fervently."

"And why did you not relate all that to us before?" asked Alfred.

"Because I was waiting for a favorable opportunity to acquaint you with the origin of the fortune which we possess," replied the father. "You see, my children, that we have no reason to be proud of our



richness, since we owe them to another who labored for us; or rather, it is to God that all the glory of them returns—it is to him who took pity on us, and conducted everything. Never forget then, my children, that your grandfather was a poor soldier, and that your father was obliged to go and sell strawberries, baskets, and brooms, at the market, to gain a few miserable halfpence, and thus to support the old invalid, whom everyone had rejected. This recollection will always inspire you with modesty, and you will learn never to abuse the gifts of the Lord. It will teach you also to be good and merciful towards the unfortunate, since those from whom you received your being, have themselves been poor and unfortunate.”

“I,” cried Ferdinand, “I shall love strawberries better than I have loved them hitherto, since they were the first occasion of our happiness.”

“It is to God before all,” replied the father, “that we must return thanks; for if his grace had not touched the heart of the brave Maintann, my strawberries would have produced nothing. Let us thank Him for His bounty on the spot.”

The whole family knelt down at the foot of the aged trees, to send up to heaven the homage of their lively gratitude, for the benefits which the God of bounty and love had heaped upon them by means of a *basket of strawberries*.

## EVENING HYMN.

O LORD of perfect purity,  
 Who dost the world with light adorn,  
 And paint the fields of azure sky  
 With lovely hues of eve and morn:

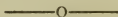


Upon our fainting souls distil  
 The grace of thy celestial dew;  
 Let no fresh snare to sin beguile,  
 No former sin revive anew.

Keep thou our souls from scenes of crime,  
 No guilt remorseful let them know;  
 Nor, thinking but on things of time,  
 Into eternal darkness go.

Teach us to knock at heaven's high door.  
 Teach us the prize of life to win;  
 Teach us all evil to abhor,  
 And purify ourselves within.

Be thou our guide, be thou our goal,  
 Be thou our pathway to the skies:  
 Our joy when sorrow fills the soul,  
 In death our everlasting prize.



## DUTIES OF CHILDREN.

LET children who would fear the Lord,  
 Hear what their teachers say;  
 With rev'rence meet their parents' word,  
 And with delight obey.

Have you not heard what dreadful plagues  
 Are threatened by the Lord,  
 To him who breaks his father's law,  
 Or mocks his mother's word?

But those who worship God and give  
 Their parents honor due,  
 Here on this earth they long shall live,  
 And live hereafter too.



AMONG THE  
SNOHOMISH INDIANS.

No. XV.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

Dearly Beloved Children.

I firmly believe in the communion of saints, and I may say with an entire certitude: Blessed are those who have some relatives and friends in heaven, for they shall plead in their behalf and secure for them a crown and a throne in the kingdom of God.

Our parents and friends who loved us so much for God's sake while in this world, are still living and their soul did not lose one particle of its loving faculty. Their memory is more powerful than ever, and they do not forget these sacred words of Jesus: "This is my new commandment that you love one another as I have loved you." St. John xiii. 34, and as you all know, dear children, the saints in paradise always comply with the will of God, therefore they intercede for us because they continue to love us even with more strength and perfection than when they were our dear companions in this valley of tears.

Since I reached the age of reason, I have witnessed the death of many persons, old and young, rich and poor, either among the whites or among the Indians, and I have always remarked that those who had some relatives or friends previously gone to heaven, would surely die the death of the elect; and those I have seen dying a miserable death were generally persons who had neither relatives nor friends previously gone to heaven. What I say in regard to individuals can be said of nations, cities and tribes. It was the souls of her numerous martyrs and other



saints that caused Rome to become the capital of christendom. Austria, Spain, Italy, France, Ireland, Canada &c., owe their perseverance of over 18 centuries in the Catholic faith, to the intercession of their forefathers, who after their conversion, nearly all died like saints and never have ceased interceding for their descendants. The same fact is very noticeable among the Indians. I know many fathers and mothers who were converted, as by miracle, soon after the departure of their beloved little ones for the land of the living. I have heard many others saying that they had great confidence in the prayers of their children, parents and friends, who had gone to swell the ranks of the elect in heaven, and that they would never consent to offend God any more, in order to obtain the happiness of meeting them again in the bosom of their common Almighty Creator; and the grace of final perseverance was always granted to them.

Some tribes are more prosperous than others, because they possess many powerful intercessors in heaven, whilst others have none or only a few, and are any thing but prosperous. These tribes who have resisted the grace of God and who did not permit the missionaries to baptize even their dying children, are all fast passing away and disappearing in the whirlpool of degradation; on the contrary the faithful Catholic tribes are encreasing in number and daily progressing in the path of religion and civilization.

Your institution of Tulalip, dear children, has also its little intercessors in heaven. Let me remind you here of one among those happy children who have died in the arms of their pastors and teachers,



provided with the sacraments of our holy Church.

One day during my late visit to Tulalip, I took a walk to the cemetery, where I had the satisfaction to say a little prayer for my old and young departed friends; and when I came to the grave of little Robert Roilannuh, many sweet recollections filled my mind and my heart. Here, said I, reposes a sweet little school boy whose soul is in heaven, interceding for the success of his dear school of Tulalip, where he found once the knowledge and the love of God and his own eternal salvation. Little Robert Roilannuh was the second son of David Roilannuh the head-chief of the Lummi. Twenty-five years ago David and all his people were yet pagans, or what we call, wild Indians. But having been converted by the grace of God to the Catholic faith, David became a truly religious chief and one of the most zealous members of the Catholic Church in Puget Sound. He was earnest and true, when at his baptism he renounced the devil and all his pomps and works. He took the temperance pledge and never broke it. He generously threw in the fire all the instruments of tamanwassing, gambling, &c. He was a true apostle, and by his exhortations and good example, all his tribe soon followed his solid steps in the true path of religion and religious civilization. He continually urged children to go to school, and at Tulalip we have always counted more pupils from Lumini than from any other tribe. To set the example, he sent the three children he had: Justine, Gregoire, and little Robert. The two former are still living, but little Robert took the best part, and emigrated to the land of the living, before the age of seven years. His companions used to call him the little saint, and he



deserved the title for he was a model of obedience, patience and kindness towards all and especially of true love for Jesus and Mary. He was like a young sweet and fragrant violet that God loved and transplanted early in the spring, into his heavenly flower garden, where he shall be eternally blossoming among the beautiful chosen lilies of the immaculate queen of angels. "We want to take you home," said one of his friends to him, when he was very ill. "No, no," answered little Robert, "if God wants me to recover, He will sooner grant me the favor at school than at home, and if His holy will is to take me away from this world, I prefer to die in His house than anywhere else." A few days after this, without pain and with a smiling face, he returned his innocent soul to his Creator, having his pale lips pressed closely to the feet of the crucifix. The teacher then took him in his arms, and weeping, he kissed him tenderly, for little Robert was his beloved one.

Our little Indian saint was the first school boy buried in the new church-yard at Tulalip, by the side of a young willow twig which has grown wonderfully since, and is, at present, as I have seen in my late visit, a good size tree, forming a very pleasant grove over little Robert's grave. I must say, my beloved children, that I felt really interested at the sight of many pretty little birds which after sunset, were retiring into the thick green foliage of that willow, and gladly chirping together as if they had been saying their evening prayers. These little birds seem to understand that God is their Creator and that His divine providence alone takes care of each one of them. In the morning, anticipating the rising of the sun, they all seem exact and anxious to praise the Author of all



things, by singing their merry songs before leaving the resting place of their departed little friend. I say, their little friend, for it is a fact that Robert, while living, had always been very kind even to animals, and would never dare to disturb little birds. So the little saint at his grave has still many dear little companions, innocent and happy like himself, and who are the striking emblem of the numerous angels in whose company he shall sing for ever the glory of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy-Ghost in the fresh and ever-green paradise of the heavenly Jerusalem.


My dear children, do not forget that in heaven little Robert loves everyone of you. Please ask good Sister Superior to give you permission to cultivate some beautiful flowers upon his grave, and be assured that in return he shall remember Tulalip, and obtain for you, from Jesus and Mary, the love for those beautiful virtues he practiced so well during his short sojourn at school. Adieu.

Your most devoted E. C. CHIROUSE, O. M. I.

### *THE YOUTH'S COMPANION*

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Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co., Wash.





## MARIA AND HER PLAY HOUSE.

MARIA was a good little girl, and was always kind and obedient to her parents. She lived in the country, and had but few companions to play with; but she was of a contented mind and seemed to be as happy and joyful when alone as when she had company.

Not far from her mother's house there was a large tree, under the shade of which she was accustomed to play whenever she was allowed to do so. Around this tree she built a play house, and arranged it in the most beautiful order. Near this she erected a wooden cross, which she made with her own hands. Now her mother had taught her that it was a beautiful practice to begin and end everything with prayer. So little Maria, whenever she went out to her play house, before she began to play, would kneel down before the little wooden cross, and say a short prayer, offering to God, with all the fervor of her innocent heart, the time she was about to spend in play.

God heard her prayer and blessed her. She was not only happy in childhood, but also throughout her life. From this practice of offering to heaven her moments of recreation, she acquired the habit of offering to God every action she performed; and as she well knew that bad actions were displeasing to God, she took care never to do any action that was not acceptable to Him. Let children imitate the good little Maria, and like her offer every action to God, and ask His blessing upon it.



MAY 27.

ST. BADEMUS, MARTYR.

**T**OWARDS the end of Sapor's reign, about the year 377, persecution was still raging against the Christians in Persia. Nersan, a prince of that empire, was among the confessors, but he failed under torment, and became an apostate instead of a martyr. This, however, was but the beginning of his misery. He had denied Christ for love of life. Love of money was his next temptation, and he was now without the strength to resist it. It happened that a great confessor, Bademus, was in prison at the same time; and when the emperor heard of Nersan's fall, he bade the officers lead Bademus to Nersan's cell, and offer the latter liberty and wealth if he would slay the Saint. Nersan took the sword into his hand; but he trembled as he advanced, till at last he stood still, mastered by remorse. He was a layman; Bademus, the abbot of a monastery. He was about to commit murder for avarice; Bademus had left rank and wealth for the poverty of a religious life. He was an apostate; Bademus all but a martyr. The Saint himself was touched with pity. "Poor man," he said, "I am ready to die, but not at your hands." But it was all in vain. Again and again Nersan struck Bademus with trembling hand till the work was done. The chalice of Nersan's iniquity was full, and the martyr's sacrifice complete.

## DREAD OF MORTAL SIN.

We ought to have a dread of mortal sin, and make a good confession at once if we have unhappily fallen into it. To serve God is to reign; but once let us lose the grace of God, and we become, not our own masters, but the slaves of the devil. There is no sin and misery which may not be in store for us.

"Thou hast lost thy soul: thou walkest on the earth, carrying thine own corpse. And thou dost not weep bitterly, or groan continually."—*St. Cyprian*.

Even in this world no peace or happiness is to be found save in the service of God. And those who desert this blessed service open the flood-gates of misery. The very



heathens were struck with amazement at the patience and tranquillity of Bademus while he was hacked and mangled by the unsteady hand of Nersan, and devout men collected the relics of Bademus, preserving them for the veneration of the faithful. Nersan did not live to enjoy his ill-gotten wealth. He was overtaken by the vengeance of the God he had deserted, and perished miserably by the same kind of death which he had inflicted on St. Bademus.

“What fruit, therefore, had ye then in those things of which you are now ashamed? for the end of them is death.”  
—Rom. vi. 21.

MAY 28.

VENERABLE CÆSAR DE BUS.



**A**FTER a blameless youth Cæsar de Bus fought under Charles IX. against the heretics in Provence, and preserved his innocence unsullied amidst all the license of war. When peace was made he repaired to Paris, and there gradually lost his fervor and fell into evil ways. Two holy persons determined to pray for his return to God, and their prayers were heard. One day he left his house on some purpose of pleasure, and fell fainting to the ground. This was the moment of his conversion. It cost him much to confess Christ where he had hitherto denied Him, but by the grace of God he triumphed over his fear of the world and became a priest. With the help of Archbishop Tarugi, the disciple of St. Philip Neri, he founded at Avignon the Congregation of Christian Doctrine, a community of secular priests for the education of the poor. Fiery trials tested his constancy. Some of his subjects rebelled and deserted him. For twenty-five years he was haunted with the memories of his evil life, and while thus tempted became completely blind, so that he lost his one consolation, the Holy Mass. But Cæsar bore all his sufferings in penance for the past, and when the devil reproached him on his deathbed with his former sins, the dying Saint replied: “True, I have sinned, but I have since borne the cross.” He died A. D. 1607.



## OVERCOMING HUMAN RESPECT.

The fall of Cæsar proves the danger of worldly companions, and his conversion shows us how, by trampling on human respect, we can make the world itself a ladder to reach heaven.

"He who cannot stand the loss of his honor is incapable of spiritual things."—*St. Philip Neri.*

Cæsar, after his conversion, went away to Avignon to gain the Jubilee there. Some of his old friends, ignorant of his change, chancing to meet him, invited him to a ball. He consented through human respect, and found himself again in the midst of dissipation instead of beginning his penance. Stung by remorse of conscience, he stole away unperceived, and on his way home passed a convent of Poor Clares, who were chanting their midnight Matins. Their sweet voices sounded like heavenly music after the strains of revelry which were still grating on his ear, and he resolved boldly to confess his Lord. An opportunity soon occurred. One day when he was in church, the sacristan called him to accompany the Blessed Sacrament to a sick man. Cæsar was in his court-dress, with plumed hat and rapier; but he took the taper, faced the sneers of his old companions whom he passed in the street, and completed his conversion.

"If I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ."—*Gal. i. 10.*

MAY 29.

## ST. SISINNIIUS AND COMPANIONS.

**T**OWARDS the end of the fourth century the people of the country around Trent were still pagans, and St. Virgilius, Bishop of that city, was full of apostolic zeal for their conversion. His own duties kept him at home; but he found three Cappadocian strangers—Sisinnius, Martyrius, and Alexander—ready for the work he had at heart. He ordained Sisinnius deacon, gave minor orders to Martyrius and Alexander, and then sent them forth to preach the Gospel of peace. Converts were made, and the first Christian church arose; but God willed that its walls should be cemented with



the blood of the missionaries. The heathens tried to make the Christian converts join them in an idolatrous procession through the fields, and when the missionaries forbade this they rushed in fury to the church. It was evening when they made their assault, and the Saints were within singing the praises of God. They were beaten with cudgels, and Sisinnius died that night. But next morning his two companions were again in the church and again singing the Divine Office, as if nothing had occurred. They fled as the pagans entered. Martyrius was discovered in a garden hard by, and dragged over sharp stones till he expired. Alexander saw the dead bodies of his two companions burnt, and when he refused to deny Christ was himself thrown into the flames.

#### ZEAL FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

In every age the Catholic Church is a missionary Church. She has received the world for her inheritance, and in our own days many missionaries have watered with their blood the lands in which they labored. Help the Propagation of the Faith by alms, and above all by prayers. You will quicken your own faith, and gain a part in the merits of the glorious apostolate.

“If to save a man from a death, which he must some day die, deserves an ample reward, what must be his merit and reward who saves a soul destined to life eternal?”—*St. Gregory the Great.*

The apostles of the Faith triumph by defeat. Even the ashes of St. Sisinnius gave light to the blind—a token of the spiritual light which was to visit those among whom he had labored, and who sat as yet in darkness and in the shadow of death. Shortly after his martyrdom the people of Milan received his relics with great devotion, and in the crowd there was a blind man who had come all the way from Dalmatia. A vision had sent him on this long journey to meet the relics of St. Sisinnius, and his journey was not in vain. He touched the case in which the relics were borne, and received his sight.

“Yes, verily, their sound hath gone forth into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world.”—Rom. x. 18.



## PUPILS OF THE TULALIP SCHOOLS FOR 1883—84.

## BOYS.

A. E. Simmons, W. Wale, W. Herndon, Celestine, G. Washington, W. Ross, F. Ross, E. Damian, A. Ben, W. Jones, C. Jones, P. Thomas, H. Charles, J. Visor, J. Wheksdah, C. Lyle, I. Johnson, J. Julius, A. Shelton, J. Long, J. Skwailh, F. McLane, P. Tittselanooh, A. Jameson, L. Jameson, B. Tyng, J. Clover, J. Maurice, J. McKenney, H. Finkbonner, F. Finkbonner, G. Finkbonner, P. Kwina, D. Johnson, F. Pearce, P. Martin, J. Brennan, J. Reed, Charles, W. Cornelius, H. Stauts, J. Pratt, D. Tobey, Michael, B. Shelton, E. Preston, J. Bob, A. Balthazar, A. Winayelh, H. George, J. Brown, T. Charles, J. Fulton, F. Solomon, J. Taylor, H. Sam, M. Seattle, V. Jacob, R. Henry, P. Taylor, R. James and William. Total of boys 62.

## GIRLS.

L. Ling, A. Bagley, J. Siebert, A. Wale, S. Lake, A. Smith, R. Wages, E. Haggerty, E. Davis, H. Davis, E. Pearce, J. Pearce, M. Ursula, E. Sam, Z. Ben, Lucy, Josephine, A. Jackman, R. Jones, Margaret, Adeline, J. Kwina, M. Kwina, M. Francis, M. Frank, M. Jerome, M. Josephine, M. Augustine, M. Ellen, B. Magdalen, L. Preston, S. Bastian, S. Magdalen, M. Shelton, M. Kanim, M. Sarah, E. Charles, M. Lyle, A. Lyle, E. Dick, M. Campton, A. Campton, Nancy, Elizabeth, B. Mary, L. Sam, Z. Lavoie, Theresa, A. Mitchell, Philomena, Lena, M. Warbass, Martha, A. Kanim, Isabella, Julia, J. Henry, A. Henry, C. Scott, M. Scott, Amelia, L. Tom, R. L. George and V. Brouillard. Total of girls 64. Grand total 126.

*Vols. I. II. and III. of Y. Companion for sale at 50 cts. a copy.*

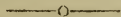


A sweet legend tells us of a guileless boy, who grieved much because he could not compete with his fellow-students in the composition of verses; not that he deemed the art of any intrinsic value, but that notwithstanding his proficiency in other studies, his deficiency in this particular branch deprived him of the literary honors for which he was ambitious solely for the sake of his dear mother, whose hopes all centred in him as her only child.

Into the heart of that gentle mother he poured the sorrowful tale of his repeated trials and attendant failures; of his master's displeasure and his companions' taunts; of his humiliation and disappointments; and from her loving lips he learned where lay his remedy. "Remember, my son," she said, "that no one ever applied in vain for help to the Blessed Virgin. I know you have a Rosary, though I cannot say I have often seen you use it. Take it henceforth every morning before school, to the altar of Mary, and there recite it devoutly, and depend that, before long, the source of your tears will be dried, and the cause of your dejection removed." And the prophecy was verified. In all simplicity and loving truth, the boy knelt daily at the feet of his blessed Patroness, and while his innocent heart poured out his supplication in the Rosary, her gracious eyes beamed on him in their love; her maternal heart expanded as his prayer grew warmer; a powerful mandate went forth from the lips which never opened but in words of sweetness or petition for mercy, and at once, as if by a magic spell, a marvellous transformation was wrought in his intellectual being. His imagination glowed; his ideas dilated; his whole nature seemed spiritualized. Images of superhuman beauty filled



his mind, and verses of musical sweetness put them into words; and he who had been remarkable for his inferiority of position among his schoolmates, now took his place high above them all, and gave promise of renown so great that it seemed as if he had but to select at pleasure one among the many paths to literary fame so miraculously opened before him. And when he was questioned as to the manuer this strange alteration had been effected, he merely replied, with great simplicity, that he had learned all he knew in the Rosary, where others might, if they pleased, learn the same; and so he came to be called "the scholar of the Rosary." Full well did Mary reward his confidence, not merely by gaining him brilliant mental endowments—which in themselves are, in truth, of little real value—but in this, that she took her pupil to her arms before he had begun to learn his lessons of the evil world, and bore away his spirit in heaven while his young innocence was yet fresh and its baptismal purity unstained. All through the tedious illness which preceded his death, still was his beloved Rosary twined around his fingers, and still did his heart find rest in the repetition of its well-beloved prayers. Intent on its sacred mysteries to the last, he said just before his eyes closed forever on this world: "The sorrow is all gone now; there is nothing left but joy and glory." These were his last words on earth; his next were breathed in heaven, into the ear of her who had loved him so well and proved her love so effectually.



On account of vacation our Roll of Honor and our little friends' letters have to be omitted in this issue, but we look for a bushel-basketful very soon.



"If I had known in the morning  
 How wearily all the day  
 The words unkind  
 Would trouble my mind  
 I said when I went away,  
 I had been more careful, darling,  
 Nor given you heedless pain;  
 But we vex our own  
 With look and tone  
 We may never take back again."

How true, how *directly* these words come home to many of us:—

"Hearts have been broken  
 By harsh words spoken,  
 That sorrow can ne'er set right."

We rise in the morning from our couch of rest, refreshed by the hours of sleep allotted to us, leave our homes, and seldom or ever give a thought to the last word spoken. It may be that the "good-bye" to the wife of our bosom is one of thankfulness for the blessing of a happy home. At times it is otherwise. Some little thing may have irritated us; the "even tenor of our way" has been disturbed, and a cross look, an angry frown, is the last impression left behind. We go about our daily routine of life, little thinking—sometimes little caring—for results. But, reader, you have a conscience, and it *must* trouble you. *It does.* You enter on the daily duty. You have subordinates under control—those who look up to you for example; those who follow you; you are their "General." It matters but little whether you are employer or employee; the manner in which you receive your less fortunate brethren has its weight—makes its impression for the day. A kind glance, a friendly word, spoken in the "nick of time," does its good work, and enables them and you to carry



on your several duties with a better grace than a surly look, or an unking sentiment, so often too freely expressed, could possibly do.

“Speak gently, it is better far  
To rule by love than fear.”

We do not stop to think how much weight an unkind word carries with it; how it fastens itself deep into one's heart, and leaves the impression that cannot be eradicated.

“Love your neighbor as yourself,” is not the ruling order of the day—were it so, more than one-half the difficulties of our daily life would be removed, and we should lead a happier and a more improved life. All men's tempers are not alike, but it is possible, nay, it is more than probable, that a little forethought—ere the words escape our lips—a *“put yourself in his place”* would remedy the evil so prevalent amongst us.


There have been instances (and they are not a few) where untold gold would be inadequate to the sufferings of the tortured for words carelessly spoken—words that cannot be recalled. Often, in a moment of passion, the word we would so gladly recall has escaped our lips, the poisoned arrow has gone home, has stung, and the result is death; the cursed word rankles in the breast, it haunts, it gradually, like a canker-worm, eats up the heart. All that human power can do will never recall to life the now inanimate form that once we loved.

Cruel, unkind, harsh words, once spoken, are seldom recalled, and even if time can efface them from memory, the effect remains there still. The lips are the door of the heart; guard them diligently. Keep watch and ward over them, that no evil escape them. The poisoned arrow of the wild Indian can do no more fatal injury than words without thought or care.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rev. Fathers Croquet & Hermann; Rev. Sisters of N D Columbus; Mesdames L Giard & E Clark; Messrs. S Allen, J Anderson, T Ewye & P Kokwapilt, to whom we return our best thanks.



 A business Card like the following of all papers which will either exchange with us, or publish, for a month in their advertising columns, a notice of the object and terms of the Youth's Companion, will be published *gratis* for a year in each of its monthly issues. Speak a good word for us, Friends of the Quill. It takes no water from *your* mill, but it makes *ours* run!

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# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION:

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## PRINCIPAL FEASTS.

- 1—ALL SAINTS, a feast of obligation. Ep. Apoc. vii. 2—12. Gosp. Matt. v. 1—12.  
2—22nd Sunday after Pentecost. Ep. Phil. i. 6—11. Gosp. Matt. xxii. 15—21.  
3—All Souls. Ep. 1. Cor. xv. 51—57. G. John, v. 25—29.  
9—23rd Sunday after Pentecost. Patronage of the B. V. Ep. Phil. iii. 17—iv. 3. G. Matt. ix. 18—26.  
16—24th Sunday after Pentecost. Ep. 1 Thess. i. 1—10. Gosp. Matt. xiii. 31—35.  
23—25th and last Sunday after Pentecost. Ep. Col. i. 9—14. Gosp. Matt. xxiv. 15—35.  
30—1st S. in Adv. Rom. xiii. 11—14. Luke, xxi. 25—33.



GRANDPA, please tell us that long-promised story about Hallow Eve. You said that you would tell us a real story when we had finished our tasks. Grandma has just sent Ella in, and now, do please tell us a pretty tale, dear grandpa," pleaded the sunny-haired child, as she drew a small stool up besides the old gentleman's easy-chair, while the other two little ones, were seated on the soft rug at grandpa's feet.

"Well, my dears, what kind of a story do you want?" asked the good man, smiling kindly down on the eager, upturned faces, with their eyes shining brightly, waiting for the promised treat—a story from grandpa. "Tell us a story about Hallow Eve, and we shall listen very quietly," responded the eldest of the tiny party, Minnie, aged ten summers.

"Well, children," commenced the happy old gentleman, "some fifty years ago, long before either you or your parents were inhabitants of this big world, there was living in yonder town a very happy little family. There were but two children, Charles and Fannie. Those two little ones were a great comfort to their friends, and many a time Charles and Fannie were a great help to their parents, for they were good children, and, as their parents were quite poor, they continued in many ways to be of great use to them.

"As you are well aware, it has always been the law of the Church of God to set aside a day which shall be dedicated to praying for the happy repose of deceased friends. Now, Charles and Fannie had been early taught that the laws of the Church must be strictly observed, and they looked forward to the coming of 'All Souls' Day' and the fun in store for them on Hallow Eve.



"Many of the village children had been invited to come and help Charles and Fannie enjoy the good things which their kind parents had so carefully prepared for them.

"Now, it happened that the long-looked-for day had dawned at last, bringing most beautiful weather, and the children were just as bright and happy as the weather.

"‘Dear mother,’ said Fannie early in the morning, as her mother was busy baking delicious apple pies, ‘last evening when I was saying the Rosary for the repose of the souls of our dear departed friends, I was repeating ten Hail Marys and five Our Fathers, for the peaceful repose of the soul of Mrs. Cannon who, you recollect, died last summer, and it appeared to me as if some sweet, gentle voice was continually whispering in my ear, ‘Don’t forget lame Sallie Cannon,’ and dear mother if you will allow me, I shall run right over and ask lame Sallie to my Hallow Eve party. May I, mamma?’

"It was a sweet, low voice that asked the question, and the soft grey eyes were shining with eager, unselfish thoughts.

"For an instant the mother glanced down at the fair little pleader, then she answered—‘Yes, Fannie, you may ask lame Sallie; and before she goes home, I wish that you would let me know, if you please, daughter.’

"‘Indeed I shall, and oh! dear mother, I can never say how thankful I am that you allowed me to ask the poor little, lame girl.’

"It was a merry little party that gathered round the bountifully spread supper table at Fannie’s home; and the happiest little soul of that gay group was



lame Sallie. Her blue eyes fairly danced as she received the rosy-cheeked apples, rich cakes, cranberry tarts, and, better than all the dainties, was the large piece of mince pie, given to her, by Fannie's own good-hearted mother.

"When at last the supper was over, the children, together with the older folds, gathered together and, kneeling, they repeated the Rosary and then sang many beautiful hymns to Our Mother in heaven—the Blessed Virgin Mary.

"Warm, woolen caps and heavy shawls were quickly donned by the tired children, who had romped and enjoyed themselves all the afternoon, and they were all ready to start for home in the farmer's wagon.

"Lame Sallie, who was rather timid and always waited for the last, was standing back waiting for a chance to get into the wagon, Fannie came quietly over to her and slipped into her arms quite a large bundle.

"What is it, Fannie?" asked the astonished child.

"A warm shawl, dress, shoes and cap that mamma bought for you. Stop when you come home from Mass to-morrow and tell mamma if they are comfortable. Good-night."

"Fannie kissed the orphan child, down whose pale cheeks the warm tears were streaming, and ran away to say a pleasant good-night to all of her little friends.

"They were off, and amid the merry peals of laughter, the kind good-nights were spoken, and the sound of happy children's voices rang out on the clear, frosty air of this bright October evening.

"Fannie was very tired, and after she had repeated her prayers for the night, and asked God and His holy angels to take care of her during her sleep, she



laid her head down among the soft pillows, and in a moment she was fast asleep and her thoughts were wandering through dreamland.

“Early in the morning, just at the peep of day, Fannie opened her eyes; jumping up, she dropped on her knees and offered up her morning prayers.

“Dear mamma, I had such a beautiful dream last night. I was in heaven with the beautiful angels, and among the number was lame Sallie’s mother, wearing a lovely crown of white flowers, and—and oh! mamma, the Blessed Mother was there, and she was radiantly beautiful, surrounded by thousands of sweet angels who were continually singing the most beautiful music that I ever heard, and the stars were shining like great diamonds around the heads of all the angels and saints. And, oh! mamma, what do you think the Blessed Mother held in her hands? That nice shawl, dress and cap that you bought for lame Sallie, and Sallie’s mother was holding the shoes high above her head; and, mamma, they were the grandest boots that I ever saw. I could not tell you how very fine they were. Heaven is a beautiful place; and do you know what our dear sweet Mother told me to do? She told me to ask you to take lame Sallie home to live with us. Will you take her, dear mamma?”

“The good lady smiled as she kissed her little daughter, and said quietly: ‘Yes, darling, I shall take her home this very day, and you may tell the Blessed Mother, when you are saying the Rosary, that lame Sallie shall never need her mother’s kind care as long as your mamma has her health.’

“‘Thank you, thank you, dear mamma, I shall always pray for you and ask God to protect my dear mamma and papa.’”



ly would I represent to them the anguish and suffering I now experience on account of my disgraceful conduct in college. I am sorry above all because, before dying, I cannot see nor speak once more to my kind professor, who loved me dearly, and to whom I have also caused so much pain. I beseech you, be so kind as to express to him my hearty sorrow and deep gratitude. I humbly and sincerely crave his pardon. I promise to pray for him in a special manner in heaven, if the Lord have mercy upon me.

I ask pardon, in general, of all the professors and pupils who have known me. I openly declare that if I had to begin my school days over again, I would, with God's help, act quite differently.

To-day, Feb. 18th, 1834, I feel extremely weak; I heard the doctors say: "There is no time to be lost; he should at once receive the last Sacraments; the disease is on the increase." They spoke in Latin in order not to be understood by me; but I understood it all, and I am not alarmed; on the contrary I thank God for it, for I know that I am now past recovery.

A most heart-rending scene has just taken place. I am just after begging my father and mother's pardon. The three of us wept bitterly; my mother had to leave the room after she had said: "I forgive you from my heart." I stop writing for to-day. I will now try to prepare myself for confession. My Father confessor, whom you know, will come this evening to bring me the Sacraments of the dying. If I feel better to-morrow, I will continue to write; if I die during the coming night, I leave it to my parents to send you my letter as it is, and I hope and pray that you will read it before all the pupils. X.

[The poor boy died that very night!]



TWO little boys were once keeping watch over their father's cows upon the mountains of the Tyrol, and towards midday, when the sun was hot and burning, they found that two of the herd had strayed away from the rest. Quickly they started in search of them along the steep, narrow mountain paths, but the cattle were not to be seen; and as the hours passed and their labor continued vain, they began to shed tears of fear and distress. But all at once the thought of the Blessed Virgin came to one young heart, and the boy begged his brother to kneel down with him and offer some prayers to their Mother in heaven for help in their great trouble.

As they fell upon their knees and invoked the name of Mary, a bright light shone all around them, and a lady of sweet and gracious countenance appeared close by their side, and in gentle tones bade them wipe away their tears and be consoled, for the two cows had gone home to their stalls. Then, gazing pitifully at the weary children, she said, "Drink and refresh yourselves, my little ones, for the heat is great and you have wandered far."

"Drink!" cried the boys, "there is no water here, good Mother, else we would gladly take it, for we are thirsty and tired."

As they spoke, the bright vision disappeared, but in the place where she had stood, a clear, bubbling stream welled up between the rocks, and the little shepherd-lads drank and were refreshed.

It was time then to return homewards with the rest of their herd, so the boys left the spot which seemed to them now so holy; but as they went, they spoke in low and reverent tones of the favor which had been granted them; and though they feared to



room was already locked, never more to open to me.

From that moment I became the scorn of the pupils; all turned away from me; my comrades, my seducers insulted me and would no more speak to me. Thus deserted by everybody, and not being allowed to stay any longer, I went home alone, to that home where I was to bring shame and sorrow. After a long walk of thirty-six miles, during which I often asked myself, "What will father and mother say?" I finally reached home. O, how painful and bitter was my arrival; I feared it more than death!

When the cause of my return home was known, my father showed a severe and angry countenance, and left the room without saying a single word. My mother was so overcome that she fell into a swoon. The servants came in and filled the house with cries and lamentations. When the first commotion was over, my parents allotted me an isolated room, and forbade me to come into their presence.

After eight days of tears and despair, finding my parents still unrelenting, I went, full of melancholic thoughts, to my uncle's, with the hope of receiving there, at least, some consolation. My uncle, my aunt and my cousins were at table, and received me coldly. After a few moments of silence, my uncle stood up and left the room, saying: "Your conduct dishonors us all; eat, if you wish, and then return home."

These words made such an impression on me that my whole frame shook like a leaf on a tree; I tried to utter a few indistinct words and, full of confusion, I hurried back to the solitude of my room.

My parents did not prevent me from going out, therefore, when the grief caused by the visit to my uncle had subsided, I went to see some of my old com-



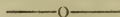
rades; but, alas, instead of finding comfort or amusement, I met with new disappointment and regret, for they told me plainly that they were not permitted any more to keep company with me, as my parents had positively forbidden it to them.

Overwhelmed by grief I now retired to my room, and laid down upon my bed. I then felt the first symptoms of the sickness which, I feel, is hurrying me to a premature grave. Since that day I languish, and my life is full of bitterness and suffering. It is now two months that I am ailing and obliged to keep my room, and for a week I have not left the bed. I know that death will soon put an end to all my misery; therefore, very respected and dear Father Superior, I bid you farewell! I die in the prime of life. Scarcely have I begun to live than death snaps the thread of my days! I cannot enter upon my eternity without asking your pardon for the trouble I have caused you, and for the scandal I have given at the college. I can assure you that I have always loved you; even when I was most unruly, the bottom of my heart was yours. Forgive then your unfortunate pupil; forgive me for the love of our Lord Jesus Christ. I am truly and sincerely repentant. O, if it were but given me to go and see you, and show you publicly how much I regret my past conduct! But now my wish is vain, my strength would fail on the way. I am entirely exhausted. The writing of this letter fatigues me much, although I write but little at a time. It is already three weeks since I began it. Farewell, then, my good, dear and venerated Superior, farewell forever! Death is advancing with great strides; it is the fruit of my disorderly life. I wish I was at the college in the midst of my companions; how eloquent-



162    LETTER OF A DYING STUDENT,  
WHO HAD BEEN EXPELLED FROM COLLEGE,  
TO ONE OF HIS SUPERIORS.

From the French, by "Emile."



[Dear young readers, this letter, written just fifty years ago, has been preserved for the edification of coming generations, that by the reading and consideration of the same, many a thoughtless youth may profit by the example of the unfortunate young man who penned it. The at once sad and edifying event happened in Catholic France, and most undoubtedly, if the untimely end of the young student has, in spite of such a bad beginning, proved a blessed one, it must be ascribed, after a most special favor from God, to the influence of the Catholic principles which had been inculcated into his soul in his childhood, as well as to what may be called the stern, but well-meant, conduct of the parents towards their wretched son. Violent diseases call for violent remedies. Had his parents, through mistaken love of their child, allowed him to go unchecked in the mad career he was just entering upon, they would, no doubt, soon have had to shed bitter tears, not only for the loss of his body, but also for the irreparable loss of his immortal soul. The consoling thought of his repentant death must have gone far to sweeten the pangs caused by his sad and premature end. TRANSLATOR.]

THE LETTER.

My very dear and respected Director.

Why could I not be happy under your guidance? It was so easy to follow the rules of your college. I have neglected them, I have gone astray. I became disobedient, unruly and ungrateful. I left off the



straight and easy road to walk in crooked and slippery paths. I fell. What sorrow and trouble did I not give to my kind professor and thus afflict you also. How I regret my bad conduct now, how I detest it. Shame covers my face when I think that I had to leave your house under circumstances so disgracing to my family and to me. Folly made me despise your advice which would lead me to happiness. I avoided among my schoolmates those whom you recommended to me as worthy companions, whilst I chose those whom I had every reason to suspect, and who, little by little, have seduced me and caused my ruin, by turning my mind from virtue and study.

I first began to criticise the regulations of the house and the conduct of my masters. I went farther; I neglected prayer, or I prayed with carelessness. My good professor reprimanded, exhorted and punished me; but I heeded no exhortations, I scorned his reproofs, and I rebelled against his punishments.

Your threats, it is true, made me tremble more than once; your kindness and patience often touched me, and would have opened my eyes, but my bad companions, who knew better than I did how to conceal their depravity, diverted me from further reflection and plunged me deeper into vice. Finally, tired of my stubborn resistance, you forbade me the college. "My friend," you said, "I have loved you as a father; day and night I have tried to make you happy, but you refused; I declare to you to-day, with heartfelt sorrow, that you are no longer a pupil of this house. I send you back to your parents, and may God grant you to do better in the future."

These your words struck me like a thunderbolt. I wished to beg your pardon, but the door of your



tell it to their parents and friends, they cherished their secret in their hearts, and never went that way without going to visit the wondrous spring of water, which still continued flowing, saying a prayer there in thanksgiving to God and love to His Blessed Mother.

So fifty years passed, and the little lads had grown old—one was so infirm that he could never leave his home—the other still watched his herds with the help of a boy who had been deaf and dumb from his birth. The lad had often seen the old herdsman turn aside to visit the miraculous spring, and kneel and pray there; and at last, one day, he also knelt and raised his heart to God, although he scarce knew why. But when his master drank of the clear water, the poor deaf and dumb boy drank too, and lo! no sooner had it passed his lips than he could speak as well and plainly as any other. This miracle could not remain unknown, and many others followed, and before a year had passed a chapel, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, was raised upon the spot where once the little troubled shepherd-boys had knelt and told their grief to that pitiful Mother, and received an immediate answer to their prayer.

—O—

—Once a teacher put the following question to a scholar in a country school: "How do you parse, 'Mary milked the cow?'" The last word was disposed of as follows: "Cow is a noun, feminine gender, singular number, third person, and stands for Mary."

"Stands for Mary!" exclaimed the teacher; "how do you make that out?" "Because," added the intelligent pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could Mary milk her?"



HERE comes bleak November, with frosty locks announcing the approach of winter. Its cold and chilly blasts rustle among the trees and scatter their foliage to the ground. One after another the leaves fall to the earth, teaching in their downward course many a salutary lesson.

In this country, during the month of November, the governors of the several States proclaim a day of Thanksgiving. Religious service is given in the Protestant churches. Catholics, however, do not make much parade on these days. With them, every day is a day of thanksgiving. Every day their churches are open and the adorable sacrifice of Mass is offered in thanksgiving to God for His infinite favors and blessings.

Though this day bears the name of thanksgiving, it is in reality a day of feasting. On it, the table bend with every luxury that the market can afford. It is customary on thanksgiving day to gather together all the children of the family to dine with their parents and grand parents.

The Church celebrates on the first of this month, the great festival of All Saints, in honor of all those holy souls who have triumphed over the trials and temptations of earth, and are now rejoicing happily in heaven; and on the second of November she invites the faithful to the graves of her departed children, and bids them kneel and offer a prayer for the repose of their souls. Let our young readers join in this good work, and kneeling beside the tomb of a father, a mother, brother, sister, or some near and devoted relative, or friend, silently pray that the souls of the faithful in purgatory may be released from their suffering.



O MARY, help of sorrowing hearts,  
 Look down with pitying eye  
 Where souls, the spouses of thy Son,  
 In fiery torments lie;  
 Freed from their pains, and safe with thee  
 In Jesus' presence blest,  
 Oh, may the dead in Christ receive  
 Eternal light and rest!

—o—

### THE GHOST.

JIM stole into a garden at midnight, filled two sacks full of fruit, and set about carrying one home.

Just as he was cautiously going on with it along the garden wall, the town clock struck twelve. The wind whistled with a melancholy sound through the leaves, and Jim suddenly saw a black man by his side, who seemed to be carrying the other sack for him!

The terrified thief uttered a cry, let his sack fall, and ran as fast as he could. The black man let his sack fall with equal speed, and ran just as fast by Jim's side as far as the end of the wall, when he disappeared.

The next morning Jim told everybody about this ghost, but said nothing about his stealing. In the evening, however, he was arrested. "You were stealing fruit last night," said the judge; "the sacks, stamped with your father's name, convict you. I shall have you sent to prison. And the ghost you thought you saw, was nothing else but your own shadow, which, as the moon rose at twelve o'clock, you beheld on the newly-whitewashed wall of the garden."

The evil doer is never without fear. He is afraid of a rustling leaf, and runs away from his own shadow.

The soul's worse source of terror is within:

He fears no evil, who has known no sin.



DEAR Saints, who, far above,  
Rejoicing in God's love,  
Do praise His name,  
Oh, pray that of His grace  
We too may see His face,  
And with Him reign.

This holy day, so dear,  
Brings us with prayer and tear,  
Your feasts to keep;  
For hearts must weep their loss,  
Though souls in faith rejoice,  
When loved ones sleep.

Oh, holy Saints, how fair  
Are the bright crowns you wear—  
How sweet your rest!  
Pray that, life's labors done,  
We too may find our home  
Among the blest.

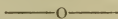
All praise to God on high,  
Whom His Saints glorify  
By lives sublime!  
And may His kingdom come,  
And may His will be done  
Throughout all time.

### THE NAME OF MARY.

How sweet the sound of thy loved name,  
Mary, our Mother dear!  
Our souls with love it does inflame,  
With gladness does it cheer;  
To thee we bring our hearts to-day,  
Oh! keep them, Mother sweet, we pray.



'Tis true we oftentimes have grieved  
The loving Heart, so kind,  
Of thy dear Son, but we repent;  
Receive us, Mother mild!  
From thee we'll never more depart,  
But find a shelter in thy heart.



### REMEMBER THY MOTHER.

LEAD thy mother tenderly  
Down life's steep decline;  
Once her arm was thy support,  
Now she leans on thine.  
See upon her loving face  
Those deep lines of care;  
Think—it was her toil for thee  
Left that record there.

Ne'er forget her tireless watch  
Kept by day and night,  
Taking from her step the grace,  
From her eyes the light;  
Cherish well her faithful heart,  
Which, through weary years,  
Echoed with its sympathy  
All thy smiles and fears.

Thank God for thy mother's love;  
Guard the priceless boon;  
For the bitter parting hour  
Cometh all too soon.  
When thy grateful tenderness  
Loses power to save,  
Earth will hold no dearer spot  
Than thy mother's grave.



AMONG THE  
SNOHOMISH INDIANS.

## No. XVI.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

Dearly Beloved Children.

I never had the happiness of knowing my good mother, for the angel of death took her to heaven on the day I was born. I was also very young, only six years of age, when another misfortune befell me, in losing my most beloved grandmother. The untiring motherly care she bestowed on me is still deeply imprinted in my heart, and I always remember, like a sweet and consoling dream, the many salutary counsels she endeavored to give me, but more particularly before dying. "My little son," said she to me, "love God above all things, all the days of your life. Be kind to every one, but more especially to the little ones like you, and should you ever reach manhood, forget not that once you were a child, a poor, crying, little orphan, and then love little children as Jesus loved them; assist them as much as you can, and always give them good counsels for the welfare of their souls and bodies. Do so, my child, and the Lord shall bless you...."

My grandmother, I am glad and proud to say, was a wise and holy woman, and I feel that I am in duty bound to comply, as far as I can, with her last request as long as I live. Therefore, dear children, you will please accept and read with a good heart, the following counsels, maxims and proverbs, mostly taken from holy Writ, and presented to you by the Spirit of God, through the poor instrumentality of my pen.



This little variety in my correspondence may not be considered as foreign to my subject, for when I was among the Snohomish, I used to repeat to them frequently these, or other similar sentences, which seem to have imparted, to some of them, many solid and lasting spiritual and temporal benefits. I hope the same divine seed may not remain barren, but on the contrary, may it second the daily efforts of your zealous, and so much devoted teachers, and help the growth of beautiful flowers and sweet fruits in the garden of your souls.

- 1.—Love God above all things.
- 2.—Be kind to all, but especially to little ones.
- 3.—Love feels no burden.
- 4.—Be of good will, and cultivate peace.
- 5.—Humble boys and girls are protected by the Lord.
- 6.—Suffer now a little, to escape eternal torments.
- 7.—Be wise, and let vain things for vain people.
- 8.—Bear the defects of others, considering your own.
- 9.—The time of tribulation is the time of merit and victory.
- 10.—A merciful and tender mind  
Mercy from God will ever find.
- 11.—Keep your passion down, however dear, lest it enslave you.
- 12.—Wear a smile, and never become crabbed.
- 13.—Cease from anger, leave rage, and have no emulation to do evil.
- 14.—He is not worthy to live, who lives only for self.
- 15.—Man is prone to evil from his youth.
- 16.—Pray, that you may not fall into temptation.
- 17.—Quarrel not, mock not, for every mocker is an abomination to the Lord.
- 18.—Beware of tepidity or lukewarmness.



- 19.—A wise child shall hear and be wiser.
- 20.—If sinners entice you, consent not to them.
- 21.—Restrain your feet from their path.
- 22.—Blessed is the man who hath not walked in the council of the ungodly.
- 23.—He hath good judgment, that relieth not wholly on his own.
- 24.—Keep your tongue from evil, and your lips from guile.
- 25.—With the holy thou wilt be holy.
- 26.—With the perverse thou shalt be perverted.
- 27.—Your father and mother may have deserted you, but the Lord hath taken you up.
- 28.—Be grateful, for it is pleasing to the Lord.
- 29.—Knowledge is a fountain of life.
- 30.—He that loveth correction, loveth knowledge.
- 31.—He that hateth reproof is foolish.
- 32.—Poverty and shame to him that refuseth instruction.
- 33.—The slothful hand wrought poverty.
- 34.—The hand of the industrious getteth riches.
- 35.—The devil is the father of lies.
- 36.—Woe to them who are of a double heart.
- 37.—Better is a child that is poor and wise than a king old and foolish.
- 38.—A proud man is an abomination to the Lord.
- 39.—Hear the question out before you answer it.
- 40.—Avoid dangers; prevention is better than cure.
- 41.—Good deeds remain; all else perish.
- 42.—Bear all things patiently, in a spirit of penance.
- 43.—Murmuring and complaining will not lessen suffering.
- 44.—Be in time for every call;  
If you can, be first of all.



- 45.—Be always ready to do your duty.  
46.—Better is one that feareth God than a thousand ungodly children.  
47.—Be not faint-hearted, and forget not to pray.  
48.—Love not sleep, lest poverty oppress thee.  
49.—Honor the Lord and His priests.  
50.—With all watchfulness keep your hearts.  
51.—It is vanity to follow the lusts of the flesh.  
52.—Love to assist the sick and the needy.  
53.—Respect your elders and yourselves.  
54.—Far better honest poverty  
    Than wealth without integrity.  
55.—Contention leads to sorrow, shame and misery.  
56.—A man that is a drunkard shall never be rich.  
57.—A diligent and pious girl is a crown to the house.  
58.—A gossip speaks ill of all, and all of her.  
59.—A selfish heart and stubborn will,  
    Will work his own and others' ill.  
60.—Be not disorderly in your carriage, dress, or manners,  
61.—But with modesty, walk, dress and make answers.  
62.—Do manfully, and know that you are doing much when you do one thing well.  
63.—Do not play when you go to pray.  
64.—Labor is honorable; be not ashamed to work.  
65.—Pray the Almighty Son, forget not His Mother,  
    And you shall inherit happiness for ever.  
66.—Oh! ye happy selected children of Mary,  
    In loving your Mother never become weary.  
67.—May the Lord add blessings upon you all,  
    And never permit one of you to fall.

Your most devoted in Jesus and Mary,

E. E. CHIROUSE, O. M. I.



MAY 30.

## ST. FERDINAND. KING.

**F**ERDINAND was son of Alfonso, King of Leon, and cousin of St. Louis of France. When he was nineteen, his mother resigned to him the crown of Castile, and his training for his work in the Church began. Notwithstanding a rebellion amongst his subjects and the hostility of his own father, Ferdinand secured his throne and entered upon the fulfilment of his heart's desire, the expulsion of the Moslem from Spain. Every spring, after spending the winter with his family, he took the field. By his skill and daring, and by his earnest prayers to the Mother of God, the chief cities of Spain were wrested one by one from the polluted grasp of the infidels, who either fled or became his vassals. In each newly captured city he replaced the Crescent by the Cross; and with the spoils of his conquests founded bishoprics and built and restored churches, convents, and hospitals. When at last Seville fell, the richest stronghold of the Moors, the governor said that it was useless to fight against a Saint who had God on his side. Ferdinand was preparing to follow the infidels into their own land, when he was seized with his last illness. He flung himself on his knees, with a cord round his neck, to receive the Holy Viaticum, and died with his blessed taper in his hand on May 30th, 1252, the model of a Christian soldier and of a saintly king.

## ZEAL AGAINST THE ENEMIES OF THE CHURCH.

There can be no truce between truth and falsehood, between the Church and heresy, between God and Satan.

"Thou, O Lord, who searchest the secrets of hearts, knowest that I desire Thy glory, not mine; and the increase of Thy faith and holy religion, not of kingdoms which pass away."—*St. Ferdinand.*

The zeal of this holy king was no passing enthusiasm, but solid love of God, attained, as we may attain it, by mortification, prayer, and devotion to our Blessed Lady.



Ferdinand had one image of Mary carried in his army and wore another on his breast. He often spent the night in prayer: he would never oppress his people under pretence of devotion. "I fear more," he said, "the curse of one poor old woman than the whole army of the Moors." This true zeal rendered him so dear to God that once, when the Christians were engaged at Xeres with a troop of infidels six times their number, the Apostle St. James, patron of Spain, fought visibly for them, and they won the victory with scarcely any loss. So let all Thy enemies perish, O Lord!

"His enemies were driven away for fear of him, and all the workers of iniquity were troubled; and salvation prospered in his hand."—1 Mach. iii. 6.

MAY 31.

ST. ANGELA MERICI.

**A**NGELA Merici was born in 1474. From her earliest years she practised the most cruel austerities, and was granted in reward familiar intimacy with the saints and angels. Having learnt in a vision that she was to found a society for the instruction of the young, she entered the Third Order of St. Francis, and prepared by redoubled penances for her mission. Persons from all parts came to visit the holy maiden, who in her twenty-fourth year spoke with a more than human wisdom, and lived almost like an angel on the Bread of Heaven alone. Yet these favors brought her no nearer to the fulfilment of her holy project. Her youth and prime passed by, while war and troublous time both prevented its execution and increased its need. It was not till 1535, after forty long years of discouragement and delay, that Angela was able, with twelve young companions, to lay the first foundation of her institute. Her children, she says in the rules, are to be true virgins of Christ, living in their own homes, but sacrificing themselves for the poor, the ignorant, and the afflicted, as Christ their Spouse had given Himself for them. Then, that her own name might remain unknown, she placed the institute under



the care of St. Ursula. The society was still in its infancy when Angela was summoned to her reward. She died A. D. 1540, leaving her children with perfect confidence in the hands of Jesus Christ.

#### PATIENT WAITING ON GOD.

To will is for us; to accomplish for God, who chooses the times and the means. After Angela's death her children were gathered into communities and established as the Ursuline Order, which is now spread over the old and the new world.


"He who, when he has once knocked is angry because he is not forthwith heard, is not a humble petitioner, but an imperious exactor. However long He may cause thee to wait, do thou patiently tarry the Lord's leisure."—*St. Peter Chrysologus*.

During her long period of uncertainty, Angela started on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land to obtain light from God. When off Crete she was suddenly struck with blindness. She visited, however, the Holy Places, and the keenness of her faith made good her want of sight. On the homeward voyage her sight was miraculously restored. When the vessel was almost lost, Angela's perfect calm inspired the very sailors with heart and courage. And when, on her landing in Italy, Pope Clement VII. offered her an asylum in Rome, Angela preferred to return to Brescia, and wait there till God should make known His will.

"Be you therefore also patient, and strengthen your hearts."—James v. 8.

JUNE 1.

#### ST. JUSTIN. MARTYR.

T. JUSTIN was born of heathen parents at Neapolis in Samaria, about the year 103. He was well educated, and gave himself to the study of philosophy, but always with one object, that he might learn the knowledge of God. He sought this knowledge among the contending schools of philosophy, but always



in vain, till at last God Himself appeased the thirst which He had created. One day, while Justin was walking by the seashore, meditating on the thought of God, an old man met him and questioned him on the subject of his doubts; and when he had made Justin confess that the philosophers taught nothing certain about God, he told him of the writings of the inspired prophets and of Jesus Christ whom they announced, and bade him seek light and understanding through prayer.

"The Scriptures and the constancy of the Christian martyrs led Justin from the darkness of human reason to the light of faith. Henceforth, as he says himself, he gloried only in the names of Christian, and desired only to bear it well. In his zeal for the Faith, he travelled to Greece, Egypt, and Italy, gaining many to Christ. He defended the Faith in learned books and was almost the first of the many "scribes and wise men" whom Christ sent according to His promise. At Rome he sealed his testimony with his blood, surrounded by his disciples.

#### CUSTODY OF THE FAITH.

We have received the gift of faith with little labor of our own. Let us learn how to value it from those who reached it after long search, and lived in the misery of a world which did not know God. Let us fear, as St. Justin did, the account we shall have to render for the gift of God.

"The word of Christ is full of majesty which strikes fear into those who wander in error; it is full of sweetness which is the rest and the consolation of those who are obedient to it.—*St. Justin.*

"Do you think," the prefect said to Justin, "that by dying you will enter heaven and be rewarded by God?" "I do not think," was the saint's answer; "I know." Then, as now, there were many religious opinions, but only one certainty—the certainty of the Catholic Faith. This certainty should be the measure of our confidence and our zeal.

"Scio cui credidi, et certus sum,—I know in whom I have believed, and I am certain."—2 Tim. i. 12.



# MORNING.

## THE PIOUS SISTER.

JAMES and Anne were once alone in the house. "Come," said James to Anne, "let us look for something nice to eat; and let us thoroughly enjoy ourselves."

"Very well," replied Anne, "if you can take me to a place where no one can see us, I will go with you."

"Well, then," said James, "come with me into the dairy, and let us have a dish of the delicious cream."

"No, no," said Anne "our neighbor, who is cleaving wood in the street, can see us there."

"Well, then, come into the kitchen," said James. "There is a potful of honey in the kitchen press, and we will dip our bread into it."

"You forget," Anne replied, "our neighbor who sits spinning at her window can see in there."

"Well, let us eat some apples down in the cellar," said James; "it is so pitch dark there, that no one can possibly see us."

Anne replied: "Oh! my dear James! do you then really think that no one sees us there? Do you know nothing of the Eye above, which pierces through the walls, and looks into darkness itself?"

James was struck with terror.

"You are right, dear sister," said he. "God sees us, even where no mortal eye can reach. We will not, then, do evil anywhere."

Anne was delighted that James took her words to heart, and gave him a pretty picture. The Eye of God was represented surrounded with rays; and below was written: "*God sees all things.*"



Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rev. Father J Ranw; Mesdames M C Brown, E Quill, M Kane & S Doyle; Misses M L Flynn, M Lovette, A Greth, A E Thorpe, J Courtney, M E Sullivan, A Heina, S Bard, C Otterbein, M Steigerwald, T Nurnberg, A St. Pierre, L M Leduc & M A Rowe; Messrs. L Kensewitz, J FitzSimmons, E B Moore, D Deselle, W H Vanbebber, J Sherar, M Burke & A Guasscheta, to whom we return thanks.

### THE PUYALLUP CHURCH FUND.

In answer to our "Appeal" of last month, we gratefully acknowledge the reception of the following amounts.

X. Y. Z. sends \$1. saying, "I wish I could make it three hundred times that." \$ 1.00

The best friend of our poor Indian missions sends \$10 "in response to a call for 'nails' in the Youth's Companion for September. As I know nothing of the price of that article in your far-off region, I would like, at least, two pounds to be bought as my donation, then if any change be left, a little glue, or a few shingles would be in order." 10.00

[The wishes of our kind friend have been complied with. After buying the "two pounds of nails" ordered, a balance of \$9.91½ remains, which will be used in purchasing the "glue and shingles."]

T. B. O'Hara, Esq., \$5. Mrs. Blood, \$3.= 8.00

Miss Mary A. Rowe writes, "I send the small sum of 25 cents to help to build the chapel for the poor Indians. I am sorry I have not any more to send now, but I hope, by the help of our dear Lord, to be soon able to send some more." .25

Total, \$19.25

The *mite* of the poor are as acceptable to "our dear Lord" as the *abundance* of the rich. He is the Giver of both. Let all, but especially the little ones, bear that in mind.


### THE SIMMONS FUND.

Amount already acknowledged, \$115.35

Sisters of Charity, \$6.00; Mr. P. McMackin, \$1.50;

Mr. J. Flynn, \$1.00.

Total, \$123.85

 We are sorry to find the interesting Letter of a dying Student somewhat marred by the mixing up of pages 162, 163, 166 and 167, in this number of our paper.



[The following letter, dated July 15th, came a few days too late to be inserted in our October number. This plainly shows how far out of the world Tulalip is, or else what kind of *boys* Uncle Sam keeps in some of his Post-Offices. But, by the way, what became of the bushel-basketful of letters we expected last month from our little friends?]

### THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

We are again approaching the month of October, the second month of Autumn. The beautiful days of Summer are gone, for such is life: everything comes to an end. If our Summer joys are passed, others await us which we hail with pleasure.

The days of October are mild, the trees that were in their vesture of green have changed into many beautiful colors that charm the eye of the lover of nature, of him whose greatest delight is to admire the work of Almighty God. The fruit trees are loaded with delicious fruit that children love to gather in baskets and eat.

The month of October is the month of the holy Guardian Angels; we should never let a day pass without asking our dearest friends' protection. Our Guardian Angels, who never leave our side, and who night and day, from our infancy, watch over us, are so faithful to their charge that we should never fear their abandoning us, although we very often cause their beautiful faces to grow sad and tearful by our bad conduct; these beautiful companions so good and kind, are always advising and cheering us on the way to heaven which they desire so much for us. We should do all in our power to do only what is pleasing to God, to please our Angels.

During the month of October let us say every day a little prayer to our Guardian Angels.


Adele, Child of Mary.

St. Ignatius Mission, M. T.

*Intentions for Masses will be thankfully received.*

Extra work and protracted absence oblige us to give only a 28-page paper this month. Let our friends please renew their subscriptions and send at least another along. It is of our Christmas box we are already thinking about; and Christmas, this year, comes on the 25th of December!



 A business Card like the following of all papers which will either exchange with us, or publish, for a month in their advertising columns, a notice of the object and terms of the Youth's Companion, will be published *gratis* for a year in each of its monthly issues. Speak a good word for us, Friends of the Quill. It takes no water from *your* mill, but it makes *ours* run!

### THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSE,

A stanch, outspoken, uncompromisingly Catholic weekly, published at No. 117 Erie street, Cleveland, Ohio, at \$2.50 per annum. Manly Tello, managing Editor.

### THE HOLY FAMILY,

A neat monthly periodical devoted to choice Catholic reading for families and schools, is published by Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street, New York, at \$1.00 a year.

### THE LITTLE CRUSADER,

A marvel of cheapness, is published weekly by P. E. Murphy of Columbus, Ohio, at 25 cents per annum.

### THE ARCHANGEL,

A neat literary monthly published by the students of St. Michael's College, Portland, Ogn., at 50 cts. a year.

### PAMPHLETS FOR SALE

#### IN AID OF THE INDIAN MISSIONS OF WASH. TER.

Vols. I. II. and III. of Youth's Companion, each 50 cts.

Eugene Drolet, or the model scholar, . . . 13 cts.

The same with photograph, - . . . 20 cts.

The same with "A little saint of nine years," 20 cts.

A little saint of nine years, alone, . . . 13 cts.

The christian father, The christian mother, each 25 cts.

Notes on Ingersoll, Life of Martin Luther, each 25 cts.

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# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION:

*A juvenile monthly Magazine published for  
the benefit of the Puget Sound Catholic Indian  
Missions; and set to type, printed and in part  
written by the pupils of the Tulalip, Wash. Ty.  
Indian Industrial Boarding Schools, under  
the control of the Sisters of Charity.*

*Subscription: 50 cents per annum.*

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## FEASTS AND FASTS.

7—2nd S. in Advent. Rom. xv. 4-13. Matt. xi. 2-10.

8—IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, a feast of obligation.

Epistle, Prov. viii. 22-35. Gospel, Luke, i. 26-28.

14—3rd S. in Advent. Phil. iv. 4-7. John, i. 19-28.

17, 19 and 20—*Fast-days.* The Ember days.

21—4th S. in Advent. 1 Cor. iv. 1-5. Luke, iii. 1-6.

24—Christmas eve. *Fast-day.*

25—CHRISTMAS DAY, a feast of obligation. Epistle

and Gospel, 1st Mass, Titus ii. 11-15, Luke, ii. 1-14.

2nd Mass, Titus, iii. 4-7, Luke, ii. 15-20. 3rd Mass,

Heb. i. 1-12, John, i. 1-14.

28—Holy Innocents. Apoc. xiv. 1-5. Matt. ii. 13-18.



HAIL, eldest of the monthly train!  
Sire of the winter drear,  
December, in whose iron reign,  
Expires the chequered year.

December, the first of the winter months, is generally reckoned one of the most gloomy months of the year. The days during this season are shorter than at any other; the weather is very changeable; rain and snow are frequent, and generally about the close of the month the weather is very cold. During the winter every thing wears a gloomy aspect.

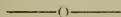
At winter's numbing touch, the fields  
Lie withered to a waste,  
The trees their naked boughs extend,  
Obnoxious to the blast.  
The lifeless leaves blown here and there,  
The sport of every wind,  
And here and there the snow birds flit,  
But can no shelter find.  
Shorn of his rays, scarce dares the sun,  
His glaring orb reveal;  
But sudden sets: Night fast behind,  
Unfolds her sable veil.

Though December be cold and dreary, it is not without its pleasures, especially for children. The happy and joyous festival of Christmas comes during this month. At this time cakes and candies, apples and raisins are handed round in abundance; at this time St. Nicholas visits the homes of the good boys and girls, erects there his Christmas tree, and from its branches distributes his favors to children that have been kind and obedient to their parents and teachers; to children that have been good, attentive to their books and lessons, and constant in the practice



of virtue. But St. Nicholas has no favors for children that have been rude, quarrelsome and disobedient; for those that have been unkind to their parents, and neglected their lessons; for those that pout and cry about trifles, and for those that neglect their prayers, or tell lies. For all these St. Nicholas has a rod well seasoned, and wo to them on Christmas morning, if he finds them still disobedient, still bent on doing those things which they know to be wrong.

At this time too, good children may expect Christmas gifts from their parents and friends. Toys and picture books will be the reward of their good conduct. Let our young readers then, by their virtuous deportment, merit the affection of their parents, and greet them with a smile on Christmas morning, and accept those gifts which are *bestowed* as a reward of the past, and *received* as a pledge that the future will witness a continuance of their good conduct.



“BEHIND TIME.”—The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the well of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is “behind time.” There are men who always fail in whatever they may undertake, simply because they are “behind time.” There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever “behind time.” Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being *behind time*.



## HOSPITALITY.

**C**HRISTMAS was approaching, and the wind blew in cold fierce gusts piercing to the very bones. The inhabitants of the farm of Tourbiers had fastened their doors and windows, and sat down before the blazing wood fire to enjoy the comfort of contrasting the roaring fire within to the roaring wind without, when a gentle tap was heard at the door, and a young voice demanded which was the way to Alençon. James, the farmer, opened the door, and invited the wanderer to come in and warm herself. Shivering with cold she stopped a moment on the threshold, then timidly approached and stood in a corner stretching her long thin fingers towards the blaze, and drawing back a sort of hood that covered her raven tresses, she displayed the countenance of a child of thirteen.

"The night is coming on, my poor little girl," said the farmer, "and you have five long miles ere you reach Alençon, you had better stay where you are till morning, unless you have some particular reason for pushing on. What say you, grandmother, had not the child better remain?"

The old lady, to whom this was addressed, had brought up James and his wife Martha, from their infancy; and he knew her kind heart too well to doubt her acquiescence. But nothing could be done without her approbation, who for forty years had been the oracle of the family. The good woman's heart had been touched by the apparent misery of the young girl, and she joined in urging her to remain.

With the most grateful thanks the girl accepted the proffered hospitality, and a comfortable supper speedily smoked upon the table. When they had



finished, they began asking questions, which soon made them acquainted with the girl's history.

Her father had been a horsedealer, but having sustained great losses, he determined to emigrate to America. He would not, however, carry his daughter with him until he was comfortably settled, he had, therefore, determined to leave her with an aunt at Paris, and they were journeying thither when he was attacked by fever at Rennes, where, after lingering a few weeks, he died. She did not know the street in which her aunt lived, but she knew her name was Mrs. Abraham, and had no doubt she would find her! Poor child—how little she knew about a large town!

"What!" said the old grandmother, "you do not know the name of the street in which your aunt lives, and you think you could find her out in such a large city as Paris? The thing is impossible.

"But what can I do, then?" asked the girl.

"Why," replied the dame, "if James and Martha are agreeable, I think you might stay with us. We are all getting old, and we have no little ones to help us. God seems to have sent you to us, my poor orphan, that we might supply the place of the parent you have lost. What say you, my child? Will you be a daughter to us?"

James extended his hand to his grandmother, which spoke as plain as hand could speak. "You have uttered the sentiments of my heart." Martha's eyes filled with tears of tenderness. The old cousin (for there was an old cousin, though I forgot to introduce her at the beginning of my story) nodded her admiration like a Chinese mandarin, and poor little Suzan, (so was the child called,) struggling with the feelings of wonder and gratitude, sobbed out her thanks as



she best could. James shook her heartily by the hand. Martha laughed, while the tears ran down her cheeks, and the old dame smiled with the calm satisfaction of a heart that has made another happy; while the cousin took a pinch of snuff to preserve her equanimity in the midst of the general excitement, and then handed the box to little Suzan. A small chamber was assigned to the stranger, and all retired to rest, satisfied with the occurrences of the day.

It was Christmas-eve, and the inhabitants of the farm were not in bed; although it was ten o'clock. James and Martha were as busy as possible. The servants were dressed in their Sunday's best, and bustling about a long table covered with dainties. The spit was taking a turn with a fat turkey. They were performing a species of waltz before the fire, and the hissing of frying-pans served for music. Bottles of cider, and perhaps something better, glanced merrily as the light shone on them, and this was all because the parish priest had promised to sup with them after the midnight mass. The priest had won all hearts by his virtues. Nothing was considered too good for him. A marriage-feast could not have been more sumptuously provided for, nor could the servant girls have decked themselves with more brilliant colors, had it been their own wedding-day.

Eleven o'clock struck, it was time to go, for the snow lay thick on the ground, and the church was a good mile distant. None remained at home but the old cousin, who, had she belonged to a church where martyrs were scarce, would have been called a martyr to rheumatism, and the young Suzan, who was suffering from the effects of exposure to cold two days before. Besides, it was necessary to watch the dance



of the spit and turkey, that the latter might not overheat himself, or some misunderstanding occur between them that required winding up. The burning zeal of the fritters also needed looking after, so that there were more reasons than one why these two should remain at home.

Two hours had elapsed, when the clamping of wooden shoes on the hard trodden snow, announced the return of the party. They were gay, and yet they were recollected—it was a season of rejoicing, but their joy was mingled with awe and veneration. Escorted by his servant, the good priest soon made his appearance. He was a venerable old man, who had followed the camp in the Vendean wars to give spiritual assistance to the valiant men who fought for their God and their king.

“Let us begin, my friends,” he gaily said, and approached the table; “since my weakness prevents me saying more than two Masses on this blessed night, and I have provided a substitute for the morning, I can partake of your hospitality. But who is this pretty child, whom I have never before seen?”

Suzan’s history was soon told, and then the signal was given, and all stood round while the benediction was pronounced by the priest. Every hand was raised to make the sign of the cross, every lip moved to say, Amen, with one single exception. Suzan’s hand hung listlessly by her side, Suzan’s lips remained motionless. The priest perceived it, and was astonished. James sighed but said nothing; the cousin looked wise and took snuff; while the others were too busy with the priest to notice any one else.

The smoking pudding circulated, the roasted turkey was cut up. The priest was first helped, but



he passed his plate until every female was served, before he would eat a morsel.

"You eat nothing, my young friend," said the priest addressing Suzan, "you look askant at this fine slice of bacon, as if you were a Jewess."

"I am a Jewess, sir," said the child.

Hardly had the words escaped her lips, when the good folks of the farm started to their feet in horror. "A Jewess! Good God!" cried the old dame. "A Jewess—and have I slept under the same roof with thee! A Jewess—this day when we celebrate the birth of our Divine Redeemer—in my house, my table polluted by the presence of a Jewess! Away with thee, miserable wretch," she continued in tones of indignation and horror, "away with thee, or I will leave this house, contaminated by the presence of a descendant of the crucifiers of my God."

The unfortunate child stood trembling—no one dared to interpose between her and the excited old woman. The others had noticed before that she did not join in their family worship, but they had said nothing for fear of depriving her of the protection of the dame, imputing it to a neglected education, which they hoped to remedy.

The silent tears stole down the child's cheeks as she prepared to go. But where? Alas! she knew not.

The priest arose with dignity, and made a sign to the child to remain for a few minutes. "I am your guest, my friends," he said, "and I request there may be nothing more said on this subject—but Suzan must not be made an orphan a second time—she shall go to the presbytery, my house shall be her home for a season. You have most charitably received her, I must share in your good action. Go, my child,



the house is within a very short distance, knock at the door, Louisa will open to you, you will yet be in time to share her supper, and you will find no food there which you consider impure."

Suzan left weeping, and a little constraint succeeded this scene, which the good cheer soon dissipated.

It was Twelfth-day, and the smoke rose from the kitchen of the presbytery, for the inmates of the farm were coming to dinner. At two o'clock, the guests arrived. The old dame, enveloped in a scarlet mantle, leaned on Martha, while James followed, looking rather sheepish, and twirling his hat in his hand, but the good priest received them so graciously they soon felt quite at their ease.

A place was left vacant near the grandmother, but was soon filled by a young girl clad in white, who seated herself with downcast eyes. The farmer and his wife, with looks full of kindness, would have approached and offered their hands, but a sign from the priest made them resume their seats.

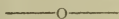
"Good mother," said he, addressing the old woman, "if the presence of a Jewess moved your Christian heart with indignation how much more should that heart be moved with joy and consolation at the sight of a young catechumen, who desires to be baptized as soon as she is sufficiently instructed. She owes her happiness to you, for, touched by your holy indignation, on my return that morning from the farm, she threw herself on her knees, and besought me to instruct her in the Christian religion; now she begs of you to be her god-mother and to give her a Christian name."

Very old persons can feel they have acted wrong, and be willing to avow it. The old dame wept tears




of regret as well as of joy. The child rejoiced at having recovered lost friends, but the priest interrupted farther demonstrations of feeling by telling them to begin dinner.

A few weeks after, the church bells rung for a baptism. James and the grandmother were the sponsors, and they gave Suzan the sweet name of Mary. On the following Easter Sunday, with a heart full of devotion to Mary and her Divine Son, she received the body of her crucified Redeemer, and six years after, she chose for her divine spouse, Him whom her forefathers had put to death, but whom she had been taught to acknowledge as her Lord, her God, her portion for time and eternity.



### SPECIAL PROVIDENCE—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

PECIAL Providence, dear children, means the good God at work through human hearts and hands. You do not see him in burning bushes nowadays; nor do you ever catch sights of His white-winged angels of whom you have so often read. Our own good thoughts and our own good deeds are the angels which he sends abroad over the world.

But to the story:

It was a sharply-cold Christmas eve. The sun had gone down in a glory of crimson and gold. It was a warm, tender sky to look at from the windows of comfortable, fire-lighted rooms; but to those hurrying up and down the streets, it was a cold, hard sky—a sky bitterly, pitilessly bright, like some radiant blue eye, out of which looks a cruel and unloving spirit.



Little Johnny and Katy Morris, hurrying home from gathering their baskets of chips and sticks out of the streets and alleys, did not admire the sky at all. They thought only of their cold noses and their colder ears, their aching toes, and the great holes in their mittens, and of what they were going to have for supper when they should reach the poor, shabby little house which they called home.

"Baked potatoes would be so good!" said Johnny.

"Beefsteak, and some butter on the bread, would be good, too!" said Katy, smacking her blue lips.

"I'm awful tired of bread and 'lasses, ain't you?" asked Johnny.

"Yes, and I'm awful tired of everything. Look up there through those windows! See how the fire blazes! And there's part of a Christmas tree in sight. And look at that girl in her white dress and blue sash! O, dear! come along!"

"We never had a Christmas tree, did we?" asked Johnny.

"I should think not! It's as much as mother can do to buy our bread and keep us from freezing. Let's hurry up or we'll freeze anyhow!"

The shabby little house was almost opposite the large, pleasant windows at which they had stopped to look, and so they were soon within their own gate and at home. But such a cheerless home!—just a little warmer than the air of the street, that was all. The mother, a pale, sickly woman, sat sewing by the almost empty stove. She looked at their baskets of fuel eagerly. "You've got precious little this time!" she said.

"Well, were nearly frozen getting even this much" said Katy, blowing her red fingers.



"There's a real chunk of oak, or hickory, or something, in my basket," said Johnny, proudly. "I found it in the middle of the street." You would have thought that he had brought home a bag of gold or some equally great prize.

"So there is! It will boil the mush for you, Johnny, and you can have a whole cup of milk—both of you. It's Christmas eve, you know."

"And then we can sit up half an hour, can't we, mother?" said Katy, coaxingly.

"No, no. You will be warmer in bed and I can't have the wood wasted."

The mother spoke very patiently. She was used to this pinching and scrimping. She thanked heaven she was no poorer—that she was still able to keep the shabby roof over their heads and starvation away from the door. She was herself cold, tired and hungry; but she could, not speak of her own suffering. She kindled the fire and the merry blaze crackled and roared, as if it were the right fire in the right place; and the two children held their cold hands out to it, and chuckled softly and contentedly, as nothing could be pleasanter.



*(Conclusion in our next.)*


### **IMPORTANT NOTICE.**

*The undersigned will offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for all those who, in any way, may contribute towards his poor Indian missions.*

*J. B. Boulet.*

*Intentions for Masses will be thankfully received.*

 Look at the printed address on the Companion to ascertain with what number your subscription expires. 

 **NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.**



THE following article contains a hint which many boys may profit by. There are too many youths who sit down and wait for others "to open the gate" for them when they meet with any difficulty, instead of using their own hands and strength in removing the obstacle:—

"I wish you would send a boy to open the gate for me," said a well-grown boy of ten to his mother, as he passed with his satchel upon his back, and surveyed its clasped fastenings.

"Why, John, can't you open the gate for yourself?" said Mrs. Easy. "A boy of your age and strength ought certainly to be able to do that."

"I could do it, I suppose," said the child, "but it is heavy, and I don't like the trouble. The servant can open it for me, just as well. Pray, what is the use of having servants, if they are not to wait upon us?"

The servant was sent to open the gate. The boy passed out, and went whistling on his way to school. When he reached his seat in the academy, he drew from his satchel his arithmetic and began to inspect his sums.

"I can't do these," he whispered to his seat-mate; "they are too hard."

"But you can try," replied his companion.

"I know that I can try," said John, "but it's too much trouble. Pray, what are teachers for, if not to help us out of difficulties? I'll carry my slate to Professor Helpwell."

Alas! poor John. He had come to another closed gate—a gate leading into a beautiful science, "the laws of which are the mode in which God acts in sustaining the works of his hands"—the science of mathematics. He could have opened the gate and



entered alone, and explored the riches of the realm, but his mother had injudiciously let him rest with the idea that it is as well to have the gates opened for us as to exert our strength. The result was, her son, like the young hopeful sent to Mr. Wiseman, soon concluded that he had no "genius" for mathematics, and threw up the study.

The same was true of Latin. He could have learned the declensions of the nouns, and the conjugations of the verbs, as well as other boys of his age, but his seat-mate very kindly volunteered to "tell him in class," and what was the use in *opening the gate* into the Latin language when another would do it for him? Oh, no; John Easy had no idea of taxing his mental or physical strength when he could avoid it, and the consequence was that numerous gates remained closed to him all of his life to come—*gates to honor—gates to richness—gates to happiness!* Children ought to be early taught that it is always best to help themselves.

THE MOSS-ROSE.—The angel who tends the flowers, and sprinkles the dew on them in the stillness of night, slept one morning under the shade of a rose-bush.

When he awoke, he said with friendly countenance: "Loveliest of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing fragrance and thy cooling shade. Couldst thou ask a favor, how willingly would I grant it!"

"Adorn me with a new grace," implored the spirit of the rose-bush. And the angel adorned the queen of flowers with a veil of moss.

Lovely she appeared in her simple array, the moss-rose, the most beautiful of her kind.

Sweet Lina, bid adieu to finery and glittering jewels, and follow the maternal beckoning of Nature.



SILVERY bells are softly pealing  
On the solemn midnight air,  
In the old cathedral kneeling,  
Pleading with the Lord in pray'r  
Are the faithful—hearts love breathing  
Unto Jesus—newly-born,  
While the snow-soft wreaths are weaving  
Fair to crown the coming morn.  
Angels singing—"Christ is born!"  
Shepherds bringing on this morn  
Love unto their God and King!

Lo, the organ grandly swelling  
Through the vast cathedral aisle,  
Forth the tears are swiftly welling  
From eyes lit by heaven's smile.  
While the Holy Mass is chanting,  
And the altars blaze with light—  
Heaven to earth its God is granting,  
With the day-dawn beaming bright.  
Bells are ringing—"Christ is born!"  
Thoughts are winging on this morn  
Love to Jesus, God and King!

Once again the chimes are falling,  
Bearing peace and joy to men,  
Memories dear to hearts recalling,  
Hope enliveneth again.  
Round the Holy Babe reclining  
In the Blessed Virgin's arms,  
Brightest thoughts are sweet entwining,  
Captivated by His charms.  
Voices singing, "Christ is born!"  
Hearts are bringing on this morn  
Homage to their God and King!



## ONLY NOW AND THEN.

Think it no excuse, boys,  
 Merging into men,  
 That you do a wrong act  
 Only "now and then."  
 For you must be careful  
 As you go along,  
 If you would be manly,  
 Capable, and strong.

Many a wretched sot, boys,  
 That one daily meets,  
 Drinking from the beer-kegs,  
 Living in the streets,  
 Falling in the gutter,  
 Over and again;  
 Once was dressed in broadcloth,  
 Drinking "now and then!"

When you have a habit  
 That is wrong, you know,  
 Knock it off at once, lads,  
 With a sudden blow.  
 Think it no excuse, boys,  
 Merging into men,  
 That you break commandments  
 Only "now and then!"

## THE DAY'S WORK.

Let us gather up the sunbeams,  
 Lying all along our path;  
 Let us keep the wheat and roses,  
 Casting out the thorns and chaff;  
 Let us find our sweetest comfort  
 In the blessing of the day;  
 With a patient hand removing  
 All the briers from the way.



AMONG THE  
SNOHOMISH INDIANS.

No. XVII.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

Dearly Beloved Children.

**W**ITH the intention of putting you on your guard against carelessness, forgetfulness, idleness and dishonesty—vices which are generally a cause of poverty and misery among the Indians, I will relate to you in this letter one of the many anecdotes, the facts of which happened during my long and agreeable sojourn at Tulalip. “The gardener and the bear,” will be the title of my story.

Some of you perhaps know the story already; but I am sure that many of the younger ones never heard of it, so I will tell it again.

When the event which I am going to relate happened, I had for assistant and companion the Reverend Father Richard, whose life was for the pupils a continual lesson of industry, order and economy. He accompanied the boys in their manual labors, and by word and example showed them how to cultivate the soil, to gather the crops, to build fences etc., and reminded them frequently to shut carefully the gates, a caution often to be repeated to all children. He urged upon them the necessity of abandoning their wandering life, and of remaining at their own homes in order to take care of their houses, their crops and their cattle. You know, dear children, that the Indians are in the habit of leaving home several times a year and sometimes for months in order to earn money and buy provisions; at least this is their



pretext; but you know very well that in doing so they lose more than they earn.

During their absence the dogs and foxes carry off their poultry, sometimes thieves break open their doors and take away the best they can find, the cattle break the fences and destroy the gardens and the orchards. It is true they earn some money by working like slaves but very often that money is spent at the gambling tables or at the cursed whiskey bar. They also bring on themselves diseases by exposure and excesses, which lead them to an untimely grave. But above all their poor souls become steeped in filth and sin by witnessing scandal and crime from the whites and thus their hearts become corrupted, they fall away from the Church and run headlong toward, the abyss of hell.

O my dear children, listen to one who loves you so well; never go to the hop-fields or neighboring cities and when you will have a house and land, remain there, take care of what you have and in the long run you will be better off and happier than your roving brethren.

In the fall of 1877 while nearly all the Indians of Tulalip had left their homes to go to pick hops in the Puyallup valley, a black bear made his appearance in the neighboring woods and came to visit the deserted village. Finding nobody to oppose his excursions he began to plunder the gardens, orchards and flocks and to stuff himself at his ease in order to meet the coming winter. But he was imprudent in his plans for after having devoured the dried fruits and fish which he found in some shanties, and the gardens and orchards being all destroyed by himself and by the hungry cattle, he came to the garden



belonging to the school. The odor of the fine apples attracted Black Joe and having climbed the fence he ate a hearty supper, and went to digest it in a dark thicket within the same garden.

My watchful companion, soon perceived the antics of the intruder and one morning very early caught him in the act of robbing our apples. Black Joe stood up straight on his hind legs and from afar he had the appearance of a man. He was shaking the tree and picking up the finest fruit, which he carried away to the thicket in his arms. When my companion saw him, he did not know at first if it was an animal or a disguised Indian and therefore did not wish to hurt him, but loudly called upon him to leave the apples alone and be off; but seeing his words unheeded he ran to awaken the pupils and teachers of the house and soon the war cry re-echoed from point to point and the employees at the agency were notified. Major Mallet, the Indian agent, and general John Taylor who had not left yet for hops, hastened with all the forces they could gather, to the spot. Then all together they advanced to the fort of Black Joe and began the siege. But the latter was on guard. He was too cunning to resist such a numerous foe and made his escape, leaving his assailants ignorant of his whereabouts.

A young boy of the Samish tribe, by the name of Charley, who was only a short time at school, displayed on this occasion a skill and a courage above his age; whilst every body was beating the bush in search of the bear, Charley chased him out of a hollow cedar tree and followed him up the adjoining hill. Charley was alone and did not think of calling for help. On the top of the hill the bear became exasperated and



furious, turned upon his pursuer. Charley without hesitation put his gun to his shoulder and discharged its contents into the heart of the terrible animal, which rolled dying to the ground.

Charley was thus the hero of this expedition and he was as generous as brave. He took off the skin of his prey and after a suitable preparation, sat down with all his schoolmates, to a great dinner of which the hams of the robber was the principal dish. During the feast Charley received the name of "General Miles," by which he is known to this day.



My dear children, because this event happened during the absence of the Indians, it makes me think of the evils of leaving your reservations and deplore the folly of your fathers and mothers in bringing you to the hopfields, which are hot-beds of vice and sin no less than the cause of sickness and disease. Learn of my faithful companion to get up early in the morning, to attend to your affairs, and especially, if the black monster of sin entered in your soul, you must spare no pains to drive him out, by a good confession, before he destroys in your soul the seeds of grace and virtue which God planted there.

Many lessons can be drawn from these reflections, dear children, but remember one above the rest; listen always to the voice of those who so ardently wish your happiness here and in eternity.

Adieu, my dear children, pray for me and for my beloved companion who, like me, never forgets you.

Yours sincerely, E. C. CHIROUSE, O. M. I.

—o—

 *This will be the last copy of the Youth's Companion sent to those whose subscription ends with any number up to 43, unless they renew it at once.* 



Dear friends, I wish now to inform you how thankful I feel toward you all, for what you have done for me. You have done something, for which I dared hardly look. With what, so kindly and obligingly you have forwarded me, I was enabled to purchase the artificial-leg which is now giving perfect satisfaction and is of great assistance to me; for with it I need no more the support of my crutches on which I have been so long obliged to depend.

Indeed you have done me a great favor one for which I can never worthily thank you, and a great many of you too who have done this, are entirely unknown to me. I wish I was able to do you a favor in return, but this I acknowledge I can not do. But as Charity has its own precious reward, I hope that you will receive it a hundred fold.

Once more, kind friends, allow me to return you my most sincere thanks for your great kindness. And now I promise you that you will always be remembered by me if not your names it will be your generosity.

In conclusion I promise to offer a prayer for you each day. Be assured that you have the best wishes of

Yours gratefully,

A. E. Simmons.

#### *THE SIMMONS FUND.*

As it may be seen by the above Card, that long-looked-for limb has been purchased and is giving satisfaction. Its cost, including traveling expenses and express, is \$151.85.

Whole amount received and acknowledged, \$123.85, leaving a deficit of \$28.00, which, we hope, those of our friends who have not yet contributed, will help to liquidate.

#### *THE PUYALLUP CHURCH FUND.*

As we go to press, this church is just being commenced. The amount acknowledged last month, (\$19.25,) remains the same. Who next sends the price of a few more *nails*?



THERE was once a boy who had the habit of telling very large stories. When he saw a squirrel in the woods, he would come home and say that he had seen something as big as a bear. If he killed two birds at a shot, he would boast that he had killed a couple of dozen.

One day, this boy came home to his father, and he declared he had seen a most enormous rat—as big as an ox. “O, no,” said his father, “not as big as an ox.” “I say it was as big as an ox, certain, true.”

The father said no more, but the next day he and his son set out upon a journey. They travelled on foot, and soon came to a broad river. “What stream is this?” said the boy. “It is a very dangerous one,” said the father, “to those who tell large stories. Come, my son, we must swim across it.” The boy immediately turned pale, and began to shiver, as if he had the ague. “What’s the matter with you” said the man. “Why, I was thinking of that rat,” said the boy. “Well, what of the rat?” was the reply. “Why, I don’t think it was bigger than a sheep,” said the youth. “Well! well!” said the father, “let us proceed.”

The two entered the water, and soon got beyond their depth. The boy was taken down the stream, and became very much frightened. “Father, father,” said he “help, help; I am drowning. O, that rat, that rat! I do not think it was bigger than a woodchuck.”

The boy now had nearly lost his breath. He began to sink, and the water gurgled in his throat. “O father, father,” said he “after all, that rat was only a mouse.” Upon this, the father came to the boy, took him upon his shoulders, and bore him safe across the stream.



JUNE 2.

## MARTYRS OF VIENNE AND LYONS.

**I**N the year 177, at Vienne and Lyons, the people were excited against the Christians, and a terrible persecution began. Many Christians were brought before the Roman governor. Among them was a slave, Blandina; and her mistress, also a Christian, feared that Blandina lacked strength to brave the torture. She was tormented a whole day through, but she bore it all with joy until the executioners gave up, confessing themselves outdone. Red-hot plates were held to the sides of Sanctus, a deacon of Vienne, till his body became one great sore, and he looked like a man no longer; but in the midst of his tortures he was "bedewed and strengthened by the stream of heavenly water which flows from the side of Christ."

Meantime, many confessors were kept in prison, and with them were some who had been terrified into apostasy. Even the heathens marked the joy of martyrdom in the Christians who were decked for their eternal espousals, and the misery of the apostates. But the faithful confessors brought back those who had fallen, and the Church, "that Virgin Mother," rejoiced when she saw her children live again to Christ. Some died in prison, the rest were martyred one by one. St. Blandina last of all, after seeing her young brother put to a cruel death, and encouraging him to victory

## JOY IN THE SERVICE OF CHRIST.

In early times the Christians were called the children of joy. Let us seek the joy of the Holy Spirit to sweeten suffering, to temper earthly delight, till we enter into the joy of our Lord.

"Nothing is fearful if the charity of the Father is there; nothing is painful if Christ be glorified in it." *From the Acts.*

In her torture St. Blandina kept saying to-herself, "I



am a Christian," and in those words she found strength and rest, and a balm that deadened pain. We must suffer and we must die. May it be our joy to know that we are Christians; that we have lived and that we die in the faith and love of Christ.

"Haurietis aquas in gaudio de fontibus Salvatoris—Ye shall draw waters with joy from the Saviour's fountains."  
—Isaias xii. 3.

JUNE 3.

### ST. TARBULA, VIRGIN, MARTYR.

**A**BOUT the year 345, Sapor, Emperor of Persia, began to persecute the Church. Symeon, Bishop of Seleucia, the chief see in the Persian empire, was among the first of the many victims. Just after his death the Empress fell ill; and Tarbula, sister of the martyred Bishop, was accused of causing the malady of the Empress by poison. Tarbula was a virgin of great beauty, consecrated to God in the religious state. When told of the charge against her, she replied that she followed the Christian law, which forbade murder. "Yes," said Mareptes, chief of the Magi, "but you wanted to revenge your brother's death." "My brother," said Tarbula, "lives and rejoices in the kingdom of heaven; he has suffered no ill." On this, the examination ended for the day, and she was led away to prison.

Next morning, Mareptes sent a secret message to Tarbula. He promised to secure her life if she would consent to marry him. At first she was struck dumb with horror, and then, recovering herself, addressed the messenger in words of holy indignation. She showed the same firmness when the Emperor invited her to save her life by adoring the sun. Thereupon the sentence of death was passed against her; she was taken beyond the gates of the city, her innocent body was cut in two, and she passed away from the dangers of the world to the paradise of her Spouse.



## HORROR OF IMPURITY.

You too are dedicated to Christ, and bound to follow Him in purity of body and soul. Hate the least approach of impurity as you hate the devil from whom it came.

"Fly if you do not wish to perish."—*St. Augustine.*

St. Tarbula was ready to give her own blood. She spoke calmly even to his murderers of her brother's death; but the saints themselves are passionate and severe with anything which wounds the angelic virtue of chastity. "Close that mouth of thine," she said to the messenger of Mareptes, "close that mouth of thine, impure dog that thou art; do not utter these words to me, for I will none of them; I have been espoused to Christ the Lord, and I remain a virgin for love of Him." When she was about to die, Mareptes in person renewed his entreaties, and met with a like repulse. "Never," said the Saint, "will I give way and go to death eternal for the sake of living a little longer here." This horror of impurity is common to all the Saints. They who were gentle to all others have driven the tempter from them with disgust, and even with violence.

"Let it not so much as be named among you, as becometh Saints."—*Ephes. v. 3.*

JUNE 4.

## ST. FRANCIS CARACCIOLO.

**F**RANCIS was born in the kingdom of Naples, of the princely family of Caracciolo. In childhood he shunned all amusement, recited the Rosary regularly, and loved to visit the Blessed Sacrament and to distribute his food to the poor. An attack of leprosy taught him the vileness of the human body and the vanity of the world. Almost miraculously cured, he renounced his home to study for the priesthood in Naples, where he spent his leisure hours in the prisons, or visiting the Blessed Sacrament in unfrequented churches. God called him, when only twenty-five, to found an Order of the Clerks Regular, whose rule was that each day one father fasted on bread and water, another took the dis-



cipline, a third wore a hair shirt, while they always watched by turns in perpetual adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. They took the usual vows, adding a fourth—not to desire dignities—and their motto was, “Ad majorem Resurgentis gloriam.” To establish his Order, Francis undertook many journeys through Italy and Spain, on foot and without money, content with the shelter and crusts given him in charity. Being elected general, he redoubled his austerities and devoted seven hours daily to meditation on the Passion, besides passing most of the night praying before the Blessed Sacrament. He died of fever, aged forty-four, on the eve of Corpus Christi, saying, “Let us go, let us go to heaven!”

#### WORSHIP OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

It is for men, and not for angels, that our Blessed Lord resides upon the altar. Yet angels throng our churches to worship Him, while men desert Him. Learn from St. Francis to avoid such ingratitude, and to spend, as he did, every possible moment before the Most Holy Sacrament.

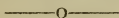
“Oh, if men would always have recourse to the Blessed Sacrament to seek a remedy for their woes, they would certainly not be so miserable as they are.”—*St. Alphonsus Liguori*.

Francis was commonly called the Preacher of Divine Love. But it was before the Blessed Sacrament that his ardent devotion was most clearly perceptible. In presence of his Divine Lord his face usually emitted brilliant rays of light, and he often bathed the ground with his tears when he prayed, according to his custom, prostrate on his face before the tabernacle, and constantly repeating, as one devoured by internal fire, “The zeal of Thy house hath eaten me up.” When his body was opened after death, his heart was found as it were burnt up, and these words imprinted around it, “Zelus domus Tuæ comedit me.”

“How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts. My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord.”—*Ps. lxxxiii. 1.*



Attend carefully to the details of your business.  
 Be prompt in all things.  
 Consider well, then decide positively.  
 Dare to do right; fear to do wrong.  
 Endure your trials patiently.  
 Fight life's battle bravely manfully.  
 Go not in the society of the vicious.  
 Hold your integrity sacred.  
 Injure not another's reputation or business.  
 Join hands only with the virtuous.  
 Keep your mind from evil thoughts.  
 Lie not for any consideration.  
 Make few acquaintances.  
 Never try to appear what you are not.  
 Observe the Sunday and holy days.  
 Pay your honest debts promptly.  
 Question not the veracity of a friend.  
 Respect the counsels of your parents.  
 Sacrifice money rather than principle.  
 Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.  
 Use your leisure time for improvement.  
 Venture not upon the threshold of sin.  
 Watch carefully over your passions.  
 'Xtend to every one a kindly salutation.  
 Yield not to discouragements.  
 Zealously labor for the right, and success is certain.



### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rev. Fathers Schram, Becker & Meuwese; Rev. Sisters of Walla Walla; Messrs. D Wall, J B Blanchet, E White, F Brogan & Miss I Thomas, to whom we return our thanks.


—Subscribe to "*The Orphan's Friend*" published at the House of the Angel Guardian, Boston, at 25 cts. a year.



Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready-made with manhood or womanhood; day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance of being a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, “I forget; I didn’t think!” will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.

### *THE YOUTH’S COMPANION*


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(Rev.) J. B. Boulet.

Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co., Wash.

 *Send us a new subscriber for our Christmas box.*





## LITTLE EMMA AND THE BEES.

EMMA was a very sprightly little girl, about four years of age. She loved her mother tenderly, but like many other little girls, she was very apt to disregard what was said to her. Often in May when the flowers were in full bloom, her mother would take her out into the garden to walk, and show her the beautiful roses and lilacs. She took her on one occasion to the bee-hive, and explained to her how the bees collected the honey, and laid it up in their hives; but at the same time told her never to go near the bee-hive, for fear the bees might sting her, and hurt her very much.

It happened a few days afterwards that little Emma was in the garden alone, and forgetting what her mother had told her, she went up to the bee-hive and struck it with her hand. In an instant, the bees rushed out and flew at her and stung her in the face, eyes and hands. She screamed and fell to the ground. Her mother heard her, and ran and picked her up, and carried her to the house. Poor Emma's hands and face were all red and swelled up. She could scarcely see for several days, and suffered very much with the pain.

Thus was she punished for going near the bee-hive after her mother told her not to do so.

"Mamma," said a little boy, as he left his bed and crawled into hers, the other night, "I can go to sleep in your bed, I know I can; but I have slept my bed all up."



10 days ago, gave example of extraordinary patience and resignation, especially in his last sickness. He was admired, loved and regretted by us all. Such is the news which I can give you for the present, and which I think are sufficient to give you some idea of our school. No doubt it will attract your interest, being, after all, composed of Indian children as yours is.

Your affectionate friend, Joseph F. Lancelot.

Devil's Lake Agency, October 14, 1884.

Dear Friends.

When Nancy Akicitamani wrote to Reverend Father Boulet in June, she said probably one of us would write soon again, but you know as well as I, how eager we are for enjoyment during vacation; so, I hope you will pardon me for not writing sooner. I will tell you about the visits we had before vacation. The Inspector came here last June, and examined some of the boys and girls in their school studies; he then distributed the prizes that were given us by our kind Sisters, then he went over to Reverend Father's house to see the larger boys. The 30 of August being the feast of our beloved Sister Superior we had a first class holiday. There were only nine girls and eight boys here at the time, as the others had not returned from vacation. A large table was set out doors in front of the house and ham, sweet-cakes, nuts, plums and candy were served to the boys and girls, who enjoyed themselves very much. In September the children began to come back to School, and there are now thirty-three girls and thirty boys. On Sunday the twenty-eight of September we had low mass at six o'clock, Reverend Father Jerome said high mass at the Fort, which is about seven miles from the Mission; some of the boys and girls went to sing. On Monday the 29 at three o'clock we prepared ourselves, to greet our Kind Father, as the next day was the feast of his patron saint we sang a song to which Reverend Father, replied very kindly, he gave us candy, cakes and nuts and stayed with us about two hours; we spent them very pleasantly, singing, jumping and in other amusements. I said in the beginning of my letter that I would tell you of the visits we had this summer, but I see that my letter is already too long, so good-bye.

Theresa.



Desmet Boys' School, October 4th, 1884.


My dear friends.

I think you will not be sorry in receiving some news from our school, whose existence, dating from less than two years ago, is perhaps not unknown to you.

We numbers 60 at present, all Indians, except 6 who are whites. There are among us 10 Nez-Perces, 3 Spokans, and all the others belong to our Cœur d'Alene tribe. In general we enjoy here a splendid health, owing to the salubrious nature of the place in which the school is built, and the great care which is taken of us. Our studies, principally those of English Grammar, Geography and Arithmetic, are already pretty well advanced. In general I do not like the public examinations and exhibitions. At the last we had I had to stand before the Rev. Fathers, the Agent and great many strangers who had come from the surrounding places for that occasion. I was trembling like a reed; but after all every thing went on very well. We had this year rather amusing and delightful vacation, on account of the many pic-nics and excursions in the surrounding country, and other kinds of enjoyments, which the charity of the Fathers procured to us. Among these I will not forget to mention the introduction of gymnastic exercises, from which we derive enjoyment, strength and inuiscular agility. We have here a Sodality of the Blessed Virgin under the patronage of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. It was established 16 months ago by the Most Rev. Archbp. Seghers. It consists at present of 17 members, the best, the wisest, and the most advanced in study among us, under the leadership of a Prefect, assisted by 2 Assistants, 2 Consultors and a Secretary; we have our own badges, rules, meetings and feasts. This Sodality is affiliated to the Primaria of the Roman College.

Since our school has been established, we have had only 4 boys who died. I will mention only 2 of them. One, a Nez-Perce, by the name Peter Leskulletenu, died a real saintly death two months ago at the age of 12, having edified us continually during his life time by his modesty, purity of morals and great application. Our Rev. Fr. Superior affirmed that he never committed a single mortal sin. Another boy, called Paul Kosolegu, who died only



 A business Card like the following of all papers which will either exchange with us, or publish, for a month in their advertising columns, a notice of the object and terms of the Youth's Companion, will be published *gratis* for a year in each of its monthly issues. Speak a good word for us, Friends of the Quill. It takes no water from *your* mill, but it makes *ours* run!

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# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION:

*A juvenile monthly Magazine published for  
the benefit of the Puget Sound Catholic Indian  
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Vol. IV. JANUARY, 1885. No. 44.

## PRINCIPAL FEASTS.

- 1—THE CIRCUMCISION, *a feast of obligation.* Ep.  
Titus, ii. 11—15. Gosp. Luke, ii. 21.
- 4—1st S. of the year. Apoc. xiv. 1—5. Matt. ii. 13—18.
- 6—EPIPHANY, *a feast of obligation.* Epistle, Isaias,  
ix. 1—6. Gospel, Matt. ii. 1—12.
- 11—1st Sunday after Epiphany. Epistle, Rom. xii.  
1—5. Gospel, Luke, ii. 42—52.
- 18—2nd Sunday after Epiphany. Holy Name of  
Jesus. Ep. Acts, iv. 8—12. Gosp. Luke, ii. 21.
- 23—Espousals of the B. V. Mary and St. Joseph.
- 25—3rd Sunday after Epiphany. Conversion of St.  
Paul. Ep. Acts, ix. 11—22. Gosp. Matt. xix. 27—29.



ALONG WITH THE CUSTOMARY WISH OF A  
MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND A

HAPPY NEW YEAR

TO ALL KIND FRIENDS AND BENEFACTORS,  
WE WISH THEM ALSO GOD'S CHOICEST BLESSINGS  
HERE ON EARTH, AND HEAVENLY GLORY HEREAFTER.

---

LITTLE NEPHTALI.

[Adapted from the French for the Youth's Companion.]

—O—

WHAT I have to relate concerning little Nephtali, took place on that bright starry night of long ago, when the Divine Infant Jesus, to prove his extraordinary love for mankind, became man, and was laid in a manger, commencing there, those cruel sufferings which were to be the price of our redemption.

Whilst the Holy Babe laid trembling on His humble bed of straw, a touching scene was taking place in a shepherd's cottage, situated about three miles from the stable of Bethlehem.

A tender mother, as beautiful as Rachel, seated by the hearth-stone, fondled her first-born upon her knees, and endeavored, by a sweet and monotonous air, to lull him to sleep. She looked, with loving eyes, upon this beautiful cherub, whom, five years before, heaven had confided to her care.

But, alas! her sweet child, her little Nephtali, had been blind from his birth.

The lovely jewess was startled from her reverie



by the sound of hasty footsteps, which disturbed the solemn silence of the night. She clasped her son more tightly to her breast, and, turning toward the door, she beheld her spouse, the good and wise Esdras, who was one of the principal shepherds of the neighborhood.

He had taken his flocks, several days previous, to richer pastures than those surrounding his home.

Surprised at the unexpected arrival of her husband, the fond mother, with tender care, laid her precious burden upon his little couch, then questioned her husband as to the cause of his sudden return.

"What has happened, my friend? Have cruel wolves dispersed your flocks? Does any new danger threaten Israel? But, no, you can not be the bearer of ill tidings, for your eyes sparkle and your brow is almost luminous."

"Wife, wife, rejoice with me," replied Esdras, "for I bring good news. Listen: We had just reached the country of Jorah, where the stately palms grow in the silent shade. We took our flocks to the pastures where we intended passing the night with them. As we were admiring the beauty of the heavens, we were suddenly surrounded by a brilliant light. An angel soon appeared, who, in a song of victory, told us that this very night the Messiah, promised to our fathers, was born."

"Jehovah! what do I hear!" exclaimed the jewess.

Esdras continued his recital: "Several of the shepherds hastened to Bethlehem, where they found Mary and Joseph with the Child Jesus, who was laid in a manger. After having adored the new-born King, they returned to us praising and blessing God for all they had seen."



"The prophecies are accomplished," said the daughter of Israel enthusiastically; "heaven rejoices and the earth trembles under this celestial dew."

"I wished you to share my joy," said the shepherd. "Come, dear wife, let us go together to celebrate the day of our deliverance, to welcome the coming of the true light, and the dawn of the sun of justice. It will bring blessings upon us. We will leave our little one behind; he sleeps. Poor Nephtali! He is the sad image of those plunged in darkness."

But the child was not sleeping. He had been an attentive listener to all that had been said by his father. When his mother came to close the curtains that surrounded his couch and impress a farewell kiss upon his brow, he asked in a decided tone of voice: "Mamma, why do you leave me here? I will cry instead of sleeping. I wish to go to the stable, to see the pretty little baby that must smile as I do, when I am good."

"I am sorry you can not go, my darling," said Sarah; "but, you know it is now time for you to sleep; besides, what would you do at the stable? You know, my dearest one, that you can not see."

Esdras then spoke to Nephtali: "We are going a long distance from here, my son; three miles, at least, which is too far for you to walk in the dead of night. So remain at home, dear Nephtali, and fear not, for your good grandmother is sleeping near you."

The poor child cried and begged to go, but his parents, fearing for his health, refused to allow him to accompany them. Notwithstanding their holy impatience to reach Bethlehem, they waited until their child's eyes closed in sleep; then they wended

*(Concluded on page 230.)*



## SPECIAL PROVIDENCE—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

*(Concluded from page 196.)*

By and by the little round table, with its three bowls and spoons, the small pitcher of milk and the plate of smoking "hasty pudding," stood ready.

"Oh! and a candle, too!" exclaimed Johnny, as his mother took a candle from the shelf and lighted it at the fire.

It seemed like too much happiness—having a cup of milk and light to drink it by.

"Yes, because it is Christmas eve," said his mother, with a sad smile. She was thinking of other Christmas eves.

"Oh, it's too jolly;" said Johnny.

But all pleasures pass away; and by and by the mush and milk was eaten, and Katy and Johnny were tucked away in bed. It wasn't a nice bed, white counterpane and ruffled pillows. It was rather hard, and the blankets were patched. But it was a clean bed, and the hearts of the children who slept there were clean. If you had seen them gathering sticks out of gutters and alleys, who might not have noticed Johnny's frank blue eyes, or Katie's serious, intelligent face; but the frank blue eyes and intelligent face were there, nevertheless, and the two children were better children than you sometimes find in the most splendid homes.

And there they were, put in bed to save wood, just as some of the people in Paris stayed in bed, during the great siege, for the same reason; and still it was only 6 o'clock—the time when you are just gathering about your comfortable dinner-tables. 6 o'clock, and they were very, very wide awake.

"That Christmas tree—wasn't it splendid, though?"



said Katy, thinking of what they had seen in the neighbor's window.

"Yes! oranges and candies, and—and—little gold stars hung all over it, wasn't there?"

"I will take the shirts home now," said the mother, after she had carefully covered the fire and extinguished the candle. She drew the window curtains aside so that the light from the street-lamps over the way might come dancing in like a gleeful playmate to keep the children company, and put on her little thin ghost of a shawl. "I'll be back in a very few minutes," she said.

After she was gone the Christmas tree came up again.

"If we could only have one!" said Johnny, in a trembling voice, as if afraid of the terrible happiness that suggested itself.

"I'd go gathering sticks in the snow a whole year," said Katy, impressively, "if we could only have one real tree!"

"Will it be any use hanging up stockings, do you think?" asked Johnny.

"Oh, pshaw! we hung 'em up last year, and the year before that; and all we got was a little pincushion and some popcorn, and you got your mittens—just what you'd had anyway, you know—and it only made mother cry. I don't want to hang up any stockings."

"Do you suppose God cares the least bit about us?" asked Johnny, after a few minutes' silence.

"Oh! I guess so. Mother says He does."

"Then I'll just ask Him with all my might to put something in our stockings to-night!" exclaimed Johnny, sitting up in bed.



"Oh, what a boy you are!" cried Katy.

"Yes, I will do it! If He doesn't put anything in, it won't kill anybody, you know, and I'll just ask Him, anyway."

And this was the way he asked Him:

"Oh, dear, good God! If you do care for us one little bit, please put something in our stockings to-night, and I'll never, never ask for anything again. Amen!"

It was cold out of bed, and so the prayer was short. But Johnny hung the stockings, all ragged and darned as they were, on some nails by the mantel-shelf, and bundled down beside Katy again. Katy was crying.

"What's the matter?" asked Johnny.

"You'll be so disappointed in the morning," sobbed Katy.

"Oh! I can stand it. You won't catch me crying! God will do it—if He can! You see!"

When the mother returned and was lighting the candle, her eyes fell upon the poor little stockings hanging there limp and empty.

"Oh! it is too bad—too bad!" she thought, as the tears started into her eyes. I might slip in a lump of sugar, and two or three crackers, if there are any left; but that would be such a mean thing for Santa Claus to do!"

It was still early in the evening, and, keeping her shawl about her, she sat down to do a little more of the endless sewing. She was thankful it was endless, although it sometimes made her side ache and her eyes dim.

Yes, it was early in the evening, and the rich man across the way had just risen from dinner and retired



to his library—such a fine room, with tinted ceiling, a world of books, lovely pictures, and warm, rosy firelight. He sat down before the hearth and put his slippered feet on the fender. He had hardly thought of Christmas—the great festival that was lighting up the whole city with mirth and joy. In the parlors they were making ready for an evening with Santa Claus, himself, who was to appear punctually at 9 o'clock. Thoughts of his counting room were clinging to his brain. It had been a busy, eventful day in the world of money, and he was not quite ready to give himself up to Christmas and its frolicsome joys.

Outside, the keen north wind was moaning and shrieking; and presently a blast, wild and strong, penetrated even the perfumed warmth of this pleasant room, and the man shrugged his shoulders shiveringly, and remarked, “God help the poor!”

He said it rather thoughtlessly and mechanically, but somehow the words echoed through the room and kept coming back to him. Thoughts of the innocent, suffering lives that the great city held, came to his brain like white-breasted singing birds, and asked admittance. But a burly door-keeper, whose name was “Business,” stood before the brain, and he brushed the white thoughts aside, and he went on thinking of the interesting affairs of Wall street.

But by-and-by white, compassionate thoughts came back again. And this time they got in. He got to thinking outright, at last, about the poor. How was God to “help the poor?” Stuff and nonsense! If rich men didn’t help them, who would? It was Christmas eve, too. Oh! how the white thoughts fluttered into his brain. He began thinking of the poor peo-



ple whom he actually knew. And among them was that poor widow, with two children just over the way. What sort of a Christmas was she going to have? he wondered.

He would like to tear her old house down—the old house with its spinal curvature and patched windows—and build one that wouldn't be an eye-sore to him every day of his life. But that wouldn't do, of course. Property would soon go to the dickens, if he was to give after that fashion! However, since it was Christmas, he might bestow a little something. Miserable brats of rag-pickers, without doubt; but then they had stomachs very much like those of his own children, and probably knew what a good fire was—when they had it. And then, the fun of surprising the little shabby, old house! Yes, he would do it, and do it at once. He rang the bell, and asked the servant who answered it to send the cook to him. Cook came shaking in his shoes for fear something had gone wrong about the dinner.

“Now, cook, I suppose there's plenty of everything in the pantry, eh?”

Cook—rejoicing that he was not to be scolded—answered, “O—ceans, sir!”

“Very well. Find a good-sized basket—the biggest in the house—and fill it with—let me see—some chickens, ham, jelly, oranges, grapes and—and—

“Maybe some butter, and salad, and a loaf of the fruit cake, sir,” respectfully suggested the cook.

“Certainly, and some of your good bread, and some potatoes and apples, and meal, and—”

“I beg your pardon, sir, but the potatoes and meal had best be put in some sacks by themselves,” cook again suggested.



"Of course! and then—it's not far—just the old shanty over the way—you and Dick may carry them with my compliments—and a bushel of coal also."

"Yes, sir," said the cook.

"Well, that is all, except some candies and nuts—and oh! to be sure, a parcel of tea. Now pack the basket and I'll carry it myself."

"You, sir?" said the cook.

"Of course! It is Christmas eve, you know."

Half an hour afterward, while the poor woman across the way was still wearily sewing and shivering by the dead fire, and the stockings were still hanging forlorn and empty under the mantel-shelf, there came stealthy steps at the door, a sound as of a small regiment grounding arms, a rap at the door and then swiftly-departing steps.

"Those miserable, rude boys!" said Mrs. Morris to herself.

"I have brought you a Merry Christmas said a kind, gentlemanly voice through the key-hole.

"O, mother, it's God!" cried little Johnny, starting up but half awake.

Mrs. Morris opened the door with trembling hands. Her rich neighbor bowed a pleasant "good-evening," and added, "I will set these things inside the door for you. The baskets can be returned to-morrow."

Mrs. Morris tried to speak, but the words were fast in her throat.

Johnny's tongue was easier managed. He watched the baskets and bags. He caught sight of the oranges. He saw the yellow legs of the chickens poking out of their neat white wrapping. He seized Katy by the shoulder and shouted: "Katy! Katy! wake up! God has done it! I told you He would!"



"Is your child ill?" asked the rich man, glancing at Johnny's flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. He fancied his words to be the delirium of a fever.

"No, he is not ill, sir, and I don't know what he means—unless he means just what he says!" cried Mrs. Morris, almost delirious herself over such sudden comfort and plenty.

"Very well, then, thank God; and good-night!" and the rich man went home, sweeter in heart and nobler in soul for this one generous impersonation of "Special Providence."

It doesn't seem right to leave you thinking of these poor people with only a week's comfort before them, and the old, pinched, frozen life going to set in again the same as ever—as it naturally would if Providence never helped them any more—and so I must add a sort of postscript, and tell you that the dwellers in the crooked-backed house never were quite so poor again. The rich man had no one for Katy to marry, to be sure; nor did Johnny get to be his partner in Wall street. But the rich family began to take an interest in the poor family. They gave Mrs. Morris their plain sewing, for which she got better pay than the coarse shirts brought her. They helped Johnny to respectable clothes and a place in a good school; and, after a while, Katy became their nursery-girl, and took care of the sweetest, best-natured and best-dressed little baby in the world.

—o—

### *IMPORTANT NOTICE.*

*The undersigned will offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for all those who, in any way, may contribute towards his poor Indian missions.*

*J. B. Boulet.*



'Twas on the night the Lord was born,  
When through the festive town  
A stranger child, and all forlorn,  
Went wandering up and down.

At every house he stopp'd to gaze,  
Where hung with stars of light,  
The Christmas-tree shot forth its rays  
Through many a window bright.

Then wept the child, "Alas for me,  
Here wandering all alone!  
To-night all have their Christmas-tree,  
But I—poor I—have none!

I too have play'd round such at home  
With sisters hand in hand;  
And now a stranger child I roam,  
Unpitied in the land.

No loving smile awaits me now  
O holy Christ and dear;  
Except thou love me, only thou,  
I am forgotten here."

He spoke, when lo, with wand of light  
And voice how heavenly sweet,  
Another child, all rob'd in white,  
Came gliding up the street.

"The holy Christ," he said, "am I,  
A child the same as thee;  
If all forget and pass thee by,  
Thou'rt not forgot by me.

And I myself for thee will raise  
A tree so full of light.

That those in yonder halls which blaze,  
Shall seem to fade from sight.



While yet he speaks, from earth's sky  
A golden tree had sprung,  
With stars in clust'ring radiance  
Amid its branches hung.  
How near and yet how far it seem'd,  
How bath'd in floods of light;  
The child stood near and thought he dream'd,  
It look'd so wondrous bright.  
He thought he dream'd, while from above  
The angels o'er him smil'd,  
And gently stretched their arms in love  
Towards the stranger child.  
They lift, they bear him from the ground,  
Up through the shining space;  
And now the outcast one has found  
With Christ his resting-place.

**HAIL, DEAR INFANT JESUS.**

Hail! dear Infant Jesus;  
Hail! loveliest child,  
Ah! how you must love us,  
So sweetly you smile.  
Behold your fond children  
Around your dear shrine,  
All lovingly seeking  
One favor to find.  
To love you, dear Infant,  
As long as we live,  
And your sweet sacred heart  
Never, never to grieve.  
Ah! dear Infant Jesus,  
So lovely and mild,  
On Thy pure little heart  
May we ever recline.



*(Concluded from page 220.)*

their way toward the stable which contained the Messiah.

As soon as the echo of their footsteps had died away in the distance, Nephtali, who had only pretended to sleep, took a resolution, which seemed beyond his years. He had heard his father speak of the "Sun of Justice," the "Ray of Grace," and the "True Light." The unfortunate child began to dream of all these grand promises, and, for the first time, perhaps, he relized the greatness of his affliction. He prayed aloud, in a most touching manner, and said:

"O, Thou, who art a little Child like me, pity me! I would like to go and adore Thee with the other shepherds, but I am blind. Yet, if I can not see Thee smile, I might, at least, press Thy tiny hands in mine, and kneeling beside Thee, offer Thee my pet lamb. Inspire me. Give me the eyes of faith, of which my father so often speaks. Guide my tottering steps."

When he had finished his prayer, little Neptali, endowed with supernatural strength, arose, and without disturbing his grandparents, arrayed himself in his holiday attire, which, he knew, hung close by his bedside.

He then repaired to the fold, where his pet lamb, like the Lamb of God, rested upon a bed of straw. He tied a long blue ribbon around the meek animal's neck, and fastened the other end to his arm.

How wonderful it was to see that little blind child take the direct road to Bethlehem. The lamb ran on ahead, bleating softly.

The child avoided the prickly leaves of the aloes, and the sharp stones by the roadside. Neither the



bitter cold of a December night, nor the land roar of torrents, could dampen his ardor, or shake his courage. He seemed to hear joyous canticles in the distance, which invited him forward. The air was laden with the sweetest perfume, and notwithstanding his blindness he seemed guided in his way by a ray of light.

How could this child make this wonderful journey? None can say. But one thing is certain. Nephtali reached Bethlehem at the dawn of day.

Following the crowd, he entered the stable, and with a fluttering heart, approached the holy Crib. There, the poor little child stumbled between the ox and the ass, and fell upon the straw, on which reposed the Savior of the world.

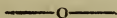
It is said the Infant Jesus smiled when He saw the child, and the pretty white lamb by his side.

"Is it not a dream?" exclaimed Esdras and Sarah simultaneously on beholding their son. "Nephtali here! Can it be possible?"

But before they could reach him, the blind boy, following a holy impulse of faith and love, clasped the little hand of the Infant Jesus, and as he placed it upon his heart, sight was given to his eyes.

Then, all those who had come to adore the Messiah, and had witnessed the wonderful things done for Nephtali, sang the praises of the new-born King, and repeated the canticle of the angels: *Gloria in excelsis Deo!*

According to a pious tradition, this is the first miracle wrought by our Divine Savior. "STELLA."



The average attendance during the last month, at the Tulalip Indian Schools, was 46 boys and 48 girls. The actual number now is 50 and 51 respectively.



## 232 OBLATE MISSIONS & MISSIONARIES IN THE NORTH WEST.

No. I.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

Dearly Beloved Children of Tulalip.

UP to the present time, the subject of my letters addressed to you in the Youth's Companion, has been mostly upon your school. The love I have for this institution, and the great interest I take in its welfare were the principal causes of my doing so; but in compliance with my former promise, I will endeavor, in the future, to entertain you more particularly about many incidents regarding our Missions in Washington Territory, and especially around Puget Sound. But before I come to Tulalip, I will take you, dear children, to my native country, and on our way back to these Western Wilds, I may find some incidents that will interest and edify you; for as you are all aware, my main object in writing to you is to induce you more and more to love and serve God, and thus to help you in the most important affair of your eternal salvation.

Let us proceed. The one who is writing to you, and who loves you as his own children, was born in France, on the 21st of September 1821, in the province of Dauphiné in a very pleasant and fertile valley between the Alps and the beautiful river Izère. He is the youngest of five brothers, and his nephews and nieces are numerous; some of the former being ministers of the Lord, and fighting against the devil, and some others officers in the French army and actually fighting against the Chinese.

His parents were honest, God-fearing farmers. On the day of his birth, cruel and unmerciful death



snatched away his tender and loving mother. As no one could be found to nurse him the poor child became very weak, and was soon reduced to a mere skeleton.

One day, those in attendance upon the little patient thought he had breathed his last. A coffin was ordered, and other preparations were made for the funerals. His good grandmother was praying fervently, and tenderly weeping over the cradle, and while she was repeating the Hail Mary, the infant in his swaddling-bands, made a motion of the head, opened his mouth to cry and seemed to say, "*I am dying of starvation!*"

All were amazed. New hope again filled the heart of the grandmother, who resumed, with renewed fervor, her petitions to the Blessed Virgin. "O Mary," said she, "pray, O pray thy most compassionate Son to grant me some speedy means of saving my little grandson's life." Soon after, as if by an inspiration, she cried out: "Let us take the child to Cada, (the old she-goat, which for many years, was supplying the whole family with milk.) The thought was at once followed. With great dexterity, she succeeded in introducing a few drops of warm milk into the mouth of the dying baby, who seemed to relish it and revive under its beneficial influence. For more than ten months good old Cada nursed her foster-child, and would bleat for him when called to perform her motherly office. The boy was soon able to walk, and as he grew older he was as brisk and nimble as any of old Cada's real offsprings.

At that time this boy did not think of you, but it seems that the Mother of divine mercy did, for she snatched away from the angel of death that little or-



phan who was destined to be the special friend of the children of Tulalip.

Dear children, let us thank the Blessed Mother, and love her more and more, because it is through her merciful intercession that we owe our happy mutual acquaintance.

Your friend, dear children, was yet very young when his most beloved grandmother and father left him a full orphan, and went to join his mother in the other world. He then said adieu to his native village and went into a neighboring city to learn, from one of his brothers, the hat-maker's trade. After a short apprenticeship, he became entirely disgusted with the world and its vanities, and petitioned the Holy Virgin, who once saved his life, to obtain for him a surer vocation for the salvation of his soul. A holy priest, his spiritual director, advised him to study for the apostleship. He soon followed the counsel of the man of God, and entered the seminary.

Being yet at school, and having now reached the age at which young men are drafted to serve their country, as soldiers, for seven years, he was ordered to be present at the annual drawing of lots, on which occasion, were he to be so fortunate as to draw any number above 80, he would have been exempt from military service.

In this new difficulty he applied once more to his heavenly Mother and to St. Peter, in order to obtain a high number, if his vocation was to be a missionary, or a low one, if God wanted him to be a soldier. Three of his schoolmates made with him, and for him, a fervent novena for this object, and at the end of which he drew out of the ballot-box the most gratifying number 109.



Here again, dear children, praise the Lord and exalt His holy name! Thank, for me and for yourselves, His Blessed Mother and the holy prince of the Apostles. Had they not prepared for me the happy lot, I might have died on the battle-field, the victim of a ball or bullet, and we would never have had the pleasure of knowing each others in this world.

The will of God was then made certain in the mind of your friend. "In the future," said he, "the house of Mary shall be my home. The beautiful title of "Oblate of Mary Immaculate, charmed his heart and he anxiously asked the favor of being admitted in the Congregation of the humble and most devoted missionaries of the poor, that is the Oblates of Mary.

Notwithstanding his indignity and unfitness, his petition was granted, and on the 14th of September, 1844, he had the happiness of being enlisted, for life, under the noble flag of the great Queen of Heaven.

Sometimes, when we pray for others, God is pleased to grant us the same graces we ask for our neighbors. The three charitable schoolmates, who joined in prayers with and for your friend, also became missionaries and are, at present, in Canada, bravely fighting the battles of the Lord, under the same glorious standard of the Immaculate Virgin.

In the beginning of the year 1847, five Oblates were sent to assist his Lordship, Bishop Blanchet, in founding his new Diocese of Walla Walla. Your friend was one of them. They left their earthly possessions, relatives, friends, country and dear homes, and joyfully proceeded on their long, difficult and most perilous journey, in search of the perishing souls in that part of America now called Washington Territory.



My dear children, before ending let us gather some beneficial fruits from the above lines written for you. Never forget that all things have been created for man and man for God. Always remember that all animals, especially domestic ones, were given to men by the Creator to supply them with all the requisites for the support and comfort of this transitory life, and also to teach them many lessons of virtue and industry. Therefore, dear children, be kind towards them and always grateful toward the good God who made them for you. Many among you will soon be called upon to make a choice of a mode of life for the future; pray your heavenly Father to inspire you in your undertaking, and to guide your steps in the true path, so that at the end of your pilgrimage you may not miss the gates of Heaven. Pray the powerful Mother, whom we call the gate of Heaven, and do not forget St. Peter to whom alone the keys of the kingdom of Heaven were given.

In my next communication you will accompany your five old friends crossing the ocean. Adieu!

Your most devoted E. C. CHIROUSE, O. M. I.

### *THE YOUTH'S COMPANION*

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(Rev.) J. B. Boulet, Tulalip, Wash



## REVERENCE FOR THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Reparation for the injuries offered to the Blessed Sacrament was the aim of St. Norbert's great work of reform—in himself, in the clergy, and in the faithful. How much does our present worship repair for our own past irreverence and for the outrages offered by others to the Holy Eucharist?

“The angels and the archangels stand in reverential awe; the Saints and the just are afraid; and yet Thou sayest, Come ye all to Me. Unless Thou, O Lord, didst command it, who would venture to approach?”—*Imitation*.

A vile heretic, named Tankelin, appeared at Antwerp at the time of St. Norbert, and denied the reality of the priesthood, and especially blasphemed the Holy Eucharist. The Saint was sent for to drive out the pest. By his burning words he exposed the imposter, and rekindled the faith in the Blessed Sacrament. Many of the apostates had proved their contempt for the Blessed Sacrament by burying it in filthy places. Norbert bade them search for the Sacred Hosts. They found them entire and uninjured, and the Saint bore them back in triumph to the tabernacle. Hence he is generally painted with the monstrance in his hand.

“And he said, I believe Lord; and falling down, he adored Him.”—John ix. 38.

JUNE 7.

## ST. ROBERT OF NEWMINSTER.

**I**N 1132 Robert was a monk of Whitby, when news arrived that thirteen religious had been violently expelled from the abbey of St. Mary in York, for having proposed to restore the strict Benedictine rule. He at once set out to join them, and found them on the banks of the Skeld and Ripon, living in the midst of winter in a hut made of hurdles and roofed with turf. In the spring they affiliated themselves to St. Bernard's reform at Clairvaux, and for two years struggled on in extreme poverty. At length the fame of their sanctity brought another novice, Hugh, Dean of York, who endowed the community



with all his wealth, and thus laid the foundation of Fountains abbey. In 1137 Raynulf, Baron of Morpeth, was so edified by the example of the monks at Fountains that he built them a monastery in Northumberland, called Newminster, of which St. Robert became abbot. The holiness of his life, even more than his words, guided his brethren to perfection, and within the next ten years three new communities went forth from this one house to become centres of holiness in other parts. At the moment of Robert's death, in 1159, St. Godric, the hermit of Finchale, saw his soul, like a globe of fire, borne up by the angels in a pathway of light; and as the gates of heaven opened before them a voice repeated twice, "Enter now, My friends."

#### THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

Reason and authority prove that virtue ought to be practised. But acts alone prove that it is practised; and this is why examples have more power to move our souls, and why our individual actions are of such fearful importance for others as well as for ourselves.

"A large portion of mankind is more moved to the desire of heavenly things by example than by argument."—*St. Gregory.*


The abstinence of St. Robert in refectory alone sufficed to maintain the mortified spirit of the community. One Easter-day his stomach, weakened by the fast of Lent, could take no food, and he at last consented to try and eat some bread sweetened with honey. Before it was brought he felt this relaxation would be a dangerous example for his subjects, and sent the food untouched to the poor at the gate. The plate was received by a young man of shining countenance, who straight-way disappeared. At the next meal the plate descended empty, and by itself, to the abbot's place in the refectory, proving that what the Saint sacrificed for his brethren had been accepted by Christ.

"It is good not to eat flesh, and not to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother is offended, for whom Christ died."—Rom. xiv. 15, 21.



JUNE 5.

ST. BONIFACE, BISHOP, MARTYR.

T. BONIFACE was born at Crediton in Devonshire, in the year 680. Some missionaries staying at his father's house spoke to him of heavenly things, and inspired him with a wish to devote himself, as they did, to God. He entered the monastery of Exminster, and was there trained for his apostolic work. His first attempt to convert the pagans in Holland having failed, he went to Rome to obtain the Pope's blessing on his mission, and returned with authority to preach to the German tribes. It was a slow and dangerous task to bend to the gentle yoke of Christ these haughty and warlike barbarians. His own life was in constant peril, while his flock was often reduced to abject poverty by the wandering robber bands. Yet his courage never flagged. He began with Bavaria and Thuringia, next visited Friesland, then passed on to Hesse and Saxony, everywhere destroying the idol temples and raising churches on their site. He was now recalled to Rome, consecrated bishop by the Pope, and returned to extend and organize the rising German Church. With diligent care he reformed abuses among the existing clergy, and established religious houses throughout the land. At length, feeling his infirmities increase, and fearful of losing his martyr's crown, Boniface appointed a successor to his monastery, and set out to convert a fresh pagan tribe. There he finished his life of sacrifice, and went to his reward.

## HOLY CONTEMPT OF THIS LIFE.

St. Boniface teaches us how the love of Christ changes all things. It was for Christ's sake that he toiled for souls, preferring poverty to riches, labor to rest, suffering to pleasure, death to life, that by dying he might live with Christ.

Life and death are wrongly named; for what is this life but the mother of corruption? and therefore a constant dying is the true way to the life of the blessed. There is but one true life—that which leads to life eternal; but one real death—the loss of the soul!—*St. Gregory Nazianzen.*



While St. Boniface was waiting to administer Confirmation to some newly-baptized Christians, a troop of pagans arrived armed with swords and spears. His attendants would have opposed them, but the Saint said to his followers: "My children, cease your resistance, the long-expected day is come at last. Scripture forbids us to resist evil. Let us put our hope in God; He will save our souls." Scarcely had he ceased speaking when the barbarians fell upon him, and slew him with all his attendants, to the number of fifty-two.

"But I fear none of these things, neither do I count my life more precious than myself; so that I may consummate my course and the ministry of the word which I have received from the Lord Jesus."—Acts xx. 24.

JUNE 6.

### ST. NORBERT, BISHOP.



F noble rank and rare talents. Norbert passed a most pious youth, and entered the ecclesiastical state. By a strange contradiction, his conduct now became a scandal to his sacred calling, and at the court of the Emperor, Henry IV., he led, like many clerics of that age, a life of dissipation and luxury. One day, when he was thirty years of age, he was thrown half dead from his horse, and on recovering his senses resolved upon a new life. After a severe and searching preparation he was ordained priest, and began to expose the abuses of his order. Silenced at first by a local Council, he obtained the Pope's sanction and preached penance to listening crowds in France and the Netherlands. In the wild vale of Premontre he gave to some trained disciples the rule of St. Austin and a white habit to denote the angelic purity proper to the priesthood. The canons regular, or "Premonstratensians," as they were called, were to unite the active work of the country clergy with the obligations of the monastic life. Their fervor renewed the spirit of the priesthood, quickened the faith of the people, and drove out heresy. In 1126 Norbert found himself appointed Bishop of Magdeburg; and there, at the risk of his life, he zealously carried on his work of reform, and died, worn out with toil, at the age of fifty-three.



A drop of ink in a vessel of pure water may not be seen; but it is there, and the water is less pure and transparent. A dark spot on your character may not be visible to the eye of man, but it has a tendency to corrupt the mass of mind around you, and helps to contaminate the pure and healthy atmosphere of the wide world. That drop, dark and corrupting on your mind, may be a profane word, a lie, a deception. But no matter what it is, while it remains uneffaced by repentance and the sunshine of virtue, it is spreading and deepening, and by degrees, corrupting the whole heart and changing the whole atmosphere around you.

Beware of one vice—one sin—one error. Weak at first it may be, and productive of no visible effects; but alas! it soon grows and strengthens until it becomes a giant, too strong to conquer. There is no safety but in virtue—in strict integrity. “I’ll sin but this once,” was the language of all who perished ignobly. It has peopled perdition. “How can I commit this crime?” is an inquiry that has led multitudes to happiness and honor. Beware then of the first dereliction from duty—the first whisper of error—the first breath of the destroyer—the first touch of the finger of corruption. In no other way will you be secure, and receive the approbation of Heaven.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Revs E Demanez, Fr McGuckin, O M I, & Srs of Notre-Dame, Cincinnati; Mesdames E T Genau, W O'Donnell & J F Dougherty; Misses T J McCabe, F Lyons & N Keane; Messrs J O'Keane, P O'Keane, L Kane, W P Smith, J B Ladebauche, J O'Neil & J Matz, to whom we say, thanks.



**A**N industrious carpenter, who earned a good deal of money, contented himself, nevertheless, with very simple fare, clothed himself and his family plainly and inexpensively, and carefully avoided all unnecessary expenditure.

"What in the world do you do with all your spare money, Mr. Carpenter?" asked his friend, the turner.

"Why," said the carpenter, "I pay my debts with part of the money, and part I put out at interest."



"Ah!" said the turner, "you must be jesting. You have neither debts to pay, nor have you any money out at interest."

"I have, I assure you," said the carpenter. "Let me only explain the thing to you. You see, then, that I look on all the money which my good parents have laid out upon me since the hour I first saw the light, as a debt which I must repay them; and, on the other hand, I consider the money which I lay out on my children, in providing them with a good education, as my capital, which, some day, when I grow old, they will repay me with interest.

"As my parents," he added, "spared no expense to educate me well, so I do the same with my children; and, as I regard it as my filial duty to repay the kindnesses of my parents, so I hope that my children also will repay me this same debt on their part as certainly as if they had given me a sealed promise to that effect."

The depth and tenderness of parents' love,  
Thro' childhood's long, unconscious years we prove;  
And all the grateful care which children show,  
But half repays the debt of love they owe.

*50 cents pay for the Youth's Companion for a year.*

 *Please send us a hundred subscribers more or less.* 



Providence of the S. H., Colville, Nov. 28, 1884.

Rev. Sister Mary Aurelia.

Very dear Sister :

Permit me to offer you my sincere thanks for the beautiful picture you so kindly sent me, and at the same time, accept the heartfelt thanks of my companions, who have like myself, been the recipients of your kindness.

Do you know, dear Sister, that we little girls felt very happy to think you still remembered us? We have often thought and spoken of you, and I think we would be very ungrateful were we to forget you. Colville is greatly changed, dear Sister, since you were here; all the buildings are finished, and are very pretty and comfortable; we have a large play ground, and adjoining it, a beautiful flower-garden, in which we gather flowers for the altar; we also make bouquets and wreaths to decorate the Blessed Virgin's shrine, which is situated in a corner of our yard.

We were made very happy two weeks ago by the arrival of Rev. Mother Vicar; but our joy did not last long; our beloved Mother departed sooner than we expected, and brought with her our dearly loved Sister Bernardine; Rev. Sister Francis Regis is our Superior now; she is loved by all for she is very kind.



Many of the girls who were here during your time are no longer with us, their places are occupied by others. Juliana, Mary Lucy, and Agatha are at Cœur d'Alene. To judge from the letters we receive, they like to stay there; Juliana writes occasionally. Louise Pichette is again at school; she is the same Louise as before.

We have had school since the beginning of Sept. we bade good-bye to vacation without much regret for though all enjoyed it, yet none were sorry to resume studies again; scholars are coming in large numbers; I fear for those who will come at the eleventh hour.

I will now close by once more offering you our sincere thanks.


From your affectionate

Mary Maxima.

 Look at the printed address on the Companion to ascertain with what number your subscription expires. 

 NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.



 A business Card like the following of all papers which will either exchange with us, or publish, for a month in their advertising columns, a notice of the object and terms of the Youth's Companion, will be published *gratis* for a year in each of its monthly issues. Speak a good word for us, Friends of the Quill. It takes no water from *your* mill, but it makes *ours* run!

### THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSE,

A staunch, outspoken, uncompromisingly Catholic weekly, published at No. 117 Erie street, Cleveland, Ohio, at \$2.50 per annum. Manly Tello, managing Editor.

### THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC,

An interesting weekly family newspaper, is published in Washington, D. C., by Henry M. Beadle, at the exceedingly low price of \$1.00 per year, in advance.

### THE HOLY FAMILY,

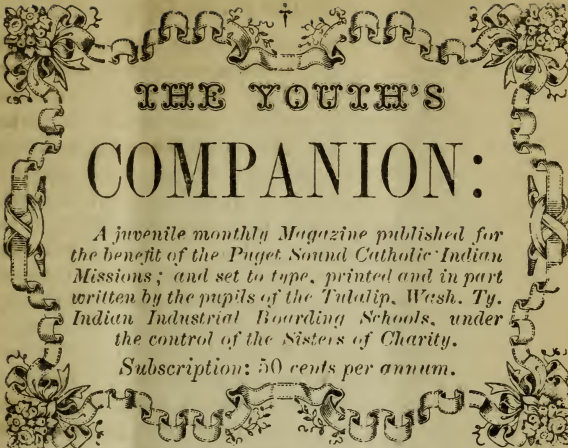
A neat monthly periodical devoted to choice Catholic reading for families and schools, is published by Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street, New York, at \$1.00 a year.

### THE LITTLE CRUSADER,

A marvel of cheapness, is published weekly by P. E. Murphy of Columbus, Ohio, at 25 cents per annum.

TO OUR READERS. We owe our distant Friends an apology for mailing the "Companion" two weeks later than we originally intended. The first reason for this delay—and a most excusable one, we think—was being detained one week more than we expected in superintending the construction of our little Indian church on the Puyallup Reservation, and which, we are happy to state, is so far completed as to allow divine service to be held in it until such time as the necessary means will be found to finish it. The second cause of our delay was our going to a sick call, and having to travel the short (!) distance of 496 miles on the round trip, and during the worst tempest ever known on this coast; therefore we beg the indulgence of our friends.





# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION:

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## FEASTS AND FASTS.

- 1—Septuagesima Sunday. Epist. 1 Cor. ix. 24—x. 5.  
Gosp. Matt. xx. 1—16.
- 2—Purification of the B. Virgin, or Candlemas day.
- 8—Sexagesima Sunday. Epist. 2 Cor. xi. 19—xii. 9.  
Gosp. Luke, viii. 4—15.
- 15—Quinquagesima Sunday. Epist. 1 Cor. xiii. 1—13.  
Gosp. Luke, xviii. 31—43.
- 18—Ash Wednesday. *Every day during Lent is a fast day of obligation, except Sundays.*
- 22—1st Sunday in Lent. Epistle, 2 Cor. vi. 1—10.  
Gosp. Matt. iv. 1—11.
- 25, 27 and 28. *Fast of the Ember days.*



**N**OT many miles from Seville, in one of the rural districts of Spain, lived a wealthy farmer, who had two sons, named Alphonsus and Ferdinand. They were promising youths, and had all the attention paid to them that the indulgence of a loving father could possibly bestow. At an early age they gave indications of more than ordinary intelligence, which induced their father to prepare them for the more elevated walks of society. Accordingly he sent them to the University of Salamanca, and placed them under the best professors and disciplinarians that Spain or the world could afford; for Salamanca was at that time in the full meridian of its glory, and people flocked to it from all parts of the world to quaff the precious draught of its erudition. Here it was that the two young men were placed, with the hopes of receiving such instructions as would prove not only beneficial to themselves, but also to those that Providence might be pleased to place afterwards under their care. For the first year, they met the highest hopes of their friends and superiors, and made such rapid progress in their studies that they were promoted to a higher class, and were held in high esteem by all who knew them.

About this time it was that Alphonsus contracted the acquaintance of some young men of loose habits. This was soon discovered by his superiors, who, in turn, enforced upon him the rigid discipline of collegiate training; but to no purpose. Ambition had already held out the golden crown, to allure him to forget himself and his calling. He forgot the advice of his father, as well as the example of his brother, and sought no end save that which a mad ambition pictured in the future, but which finally resulted in



his utter destruction. To be brief, he was expelled from college, and shortly after embarked in an enterprise to Peru, with some dissipated and reckless young men, who sought the hidden ways of adventure to retrieve ruined fortunes. At an early day a vessel was equipped and headed her way over a stormy ocean, bearing, as her crew, men of ruined fortunes and wrecked characters. After encountering the various perils and vicissitudes of the sea, they at length reached the port of destination, but to find all their hopes blighted and themselves shipwrecked upon a sea of speculation. It was at this critical moment that a council assembled on the quarter-deck to determine upon some means of escape from their pitiable state. Various plans were laid before the council and discussed in various lights. Thousands of miles of watery waste stretched out between them and their native country. All their resources were expended with no hopes left of raising funds in order to resume their homeward journey. Driven to this extremity they resorted to the desperate means of hoisting the black flag, making themselves enemies of all laws, both human and divine. After much fiery debate, they resolved to mortgage their vessel in order to raise money to procure the necessary outfit. This done, they soon put to sea in quest of plunder, already hardened in purpose if not in crime.

Shortly afterward, a disturbance of a serious nature threatened to mar their undertaking, owing to some misgivings in a part of the crew, who urged the necessity of returning home, now that they had the means, and abandon an enterprise that must inevitably bring disgrace and ruin upon themselves, before their hands were stained with blood.



The leader of this faction was the captain, and of those who opposed him was Alphonsus. The affair ended in the overthrow of the law-abiding portion, and the complete triumph of the mutineers. Alphonsus' party having triumphed, he was chosen captain, and the rightful captain was hanged as a traitor, from the mast. They were now fairly initiated in their lawless career of blood and plunder; for the first step to crime is always the most difficult to be overcome.

Wealthy and defenceless merchantmen fell an easy prey to the desperadoes, and in less than a year they could count over a dozen rich prizes that had fallen into their hands. It was their policy to save the booty, and to shoot, hang, or drown the unhappy victims that chanced to fall in their way; their golden motto being, "Dead men tell no tales.".... It was about five years after the above occurrences that a sharp encounter took place between a Spanish frigate and a pirate called the "Red Revenger."

The pirate tried to evade an action, but after a futile attempt to escape, had finally to come to an engagement. The action was sharp and bloody; but after an hour's severe fighting, the pirate struck her colors, and had to submit to a victorious foe. The pirate was then boarded and all her survivors forced to submit. After due examination into their cases, it was deemed expedient to dispose of the most desperate of the pirate crew and to hand the rest over to justice. The chief and a few others were doomed to capital punishment, next day being appointed as the day for their execution. On the morning of their execution, a venerable personage appeared in a black habit, who counselled the victims of justice to prepare for the coming trial. He exhorted them



to be firm in faith, and that repentance was never too late; that God would even now forgive them at the eleventh hour. All listened patiently and penitently to the good man's advice; but one among them seemed more uneasy than the rest. It was the pirate chieftain, whose eagle glance seemed to pierce the minister of God through, while he was preaching; and when he concluded amid many sighs and lamentations of perfect contrition, the pirate chief sprang towards him exclaiming, "My brother! O my brother!" Yes, it was his brother, his once beloved Ferdinand, who was now gathering the good wheat sown in his youth, and who now came to the timely assistance of his wayward brother Alphonsus.

Oh, that meeting of two brothers! The one on the mission of God, destined for South America, to call back the strayed sheep from the wilderness of infidelity and the desert of heresy; the other an outlawed desperado on the high seas, the scourge and hate of mankind. The one pursuing the narrow path of virtue, to a rewarding paradise; the other launching into the tempestuous ocean of eternity, without chart or compass. But we hope that repentance did not knock too late at the hardened heart of Alphonsus, who died in the arms of his good brother the priest, after receiving the Christian's last consolation—the last Sacraments and rites of the Holy Church.

### HONESTY REWARDED.

**A** merchant, returning from a fair, came to the branch of a river that it was necessary for him to cross. Near the centre of the stream was a deep pool into which his horse walked.

A laborer, near at hand, seeing the peril in which



the unlucky man was, quickly took out a horse from his plow. rode in bravely to the edge of the hole, and had the good fortune to seize the merchant by the cloak and draw him safely to land. As to the horse of the rescued man, it perished, the weight of a saddle-bag it carried dragging it down to the bottom.

The peasant and his family had great difficulty in reviving their fainting guest, who was half-dead with cold and fright. At last he came to himself, but soon he gave way to the greatest grief, for nothing was left to him of all the wealth he had a quarter of an hour before. What affected him most was the loss of a leather purse which had been fastened to his girdle, and which contained a number of diamonds and pearls. It was very unlikely that he had lost it in the water, so all his suspicions fell on his deliverer, who could easily have robbed him during his swoon.

The poor peasant was grieved at not being able to prove his innocence, which he asserted with solemn oaths and tears. Finally, his guest bade him farewell, and departed much ill-pleased with him.

Some months after the merchant's departure the peasant went to work in his field, and while emptying a ditch, he found a leather purse hanging to his pitchfork. He took it off to look at it, and on opening it he found inside the jewels whose loss had so embittered the merchant. When the merchant had been taken out of the water, he had been carefully undressed and laid on some straw, while a bed was being warmed for him. During this time of confusion the purse had remained unnoticed, and shortly afterward was thrown, with the straw, into the ditch.

Two years rolled by without the peasant having ever seen the merchant, although himself and family



attended every fair in the hope of meeting him; but one evening, while at their frugal supper, the sound of wheels was heard. The father looked out of the window and saw several men get out of a carriage. Husband and wife turned pale, certain that the owner of the purse was one of them.

The children ran away to hide themselves, but the peasant, hoping to be able to disarm the merchant's anger by the restoration of his purse, staid where he was. He was still occupied with this thought when the merchant entered, followed by his traveling companions, and, throwing himself on his deliverer's neck, assured him that never again would he be asked about the purse.

"I no longer doubt your entire innocence," he added, "and am only come to give you proofs of my gratitude. Until now I was not in a condition to do so, and, even had I been, I should have waited till I was convinced that I had no ground for suspecting you."

Surprised at this speech, the peasant asked him how it was that formerly he suspected him, and now believed him guiltless.

"In all my journeys to the fair," answered the merchant, "I secretly watched your conduct, and even sent spies into your village to inform myself of the state of your affairs, and see whether you had by chance extended your farm, or made some new purchase. But I found that, far from living in ease, the scarcity of the past two years has reduced you to poverty; that you had sold your cattle, and that, being unable to pay a debt of fifty dollars, your farm was on the point to be put up for sale. I wish, since heaven has prospered me, to pay this debt of yours."



The peasant at these words, bursts into tears, and silently went into the other room. He came back a moment after with the purse in his hand, which he placed on the table before the astonished spectators.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed they.

"Take it, sir," answered the peasant; "you will see that nothing is missing."

The merchant opened the purse and found everything, from the tiniest pearl to the smallest piece of gold, just as he had left it.

The peasant then told them how the purse had been lost, and how it had been recovered, confessing that he had often been tempted to make use of the treasure, but, rather than commit such a base act, he had preferred to suffer all the misfortunes that Providence had sent him.

The merchant, delighted at his honesty, not only relieved him from the debt that burdened him, but obtained him a position where his industry and honesty soon enabled him to acquire a competence.

### THE TALKING DOG.

ONE day, a certain solemn-looking man, followed by a dog, was seen entering a restaurant, and seating himself near a table, asked for the bill of fare.

After a few moments, the colored waiter asked what the customer would have.

The dog, meanwhile had climbed upon the chair on the other side of the table, and was gravely looking at his master. "Well," said the solemn man, reflectively; "give me two fried eggs."

"Gimme the same," said the dog!

The waiter gazed at the animal with amazement mingled with horror.



"Then you can give me a surloin-steak, very rare, with fried potatoes," continued the solemn man.

"Gimme the same," said the dog!

The waiter's face assumed a cold-boiled-veal color.

"A cup of coffee with plenty of cream," went on the solemn man.

"Gimme the same," said the dog!

The waiter shuddered, and turning, fled into the kitchen.

A man, with a squint, at an adjoining table, was much interested in the scene. He had observed it closely, and finally spoke to the solemn man.

"It must have been a fearful amount of work to teach that dog to talk."

"It was," said the solemn man.

"I should smile," said the dog!

"What would you take for him now?" said the man with the squint.

"I would not sell him," said the solemn man.

"You'd better not," said the dog!

The man with the squint was much impressed. He began to make wild offers, and when he reached a thousand dollars, the solemn man said: "Well, I can't refuse that; I hate to part with him, but you can have him."

"He'll be sorry for it," said the dog!

The man with the squint drew a check for that amount, which he gave to the solemn man. The latter was about leaving, when the dog cried out:

"Never mind; I'll get even yet. I'll never speak again!" And he never did.

This strange mystification will be understood by our little readers when they are told that the former owner of the dog was a ventriloquist. "EMILE."



“WHY, dear mamma, what is the matter? Are you sorry about anything? I do believe the tears are in your eyes.”

“Yes, my dear Nellie, I am sorry about something, and I know the tears are in my heart, if they are not in my eyes.”

“In your heart! Why! how funny! What can be the matter; you’ve no lessons to learn, and you haven’t broken your new doll?”

“No, Nellie, all my treasures are safe; but about some one else’s treasures that I am so sad. I would tell you, but then, you know, you said yesterday you did not like to hear sorrowful things.”

“Oh, yes I do, mamma, sometimes, and I want to hear now; do tell me all about it; is it the book you are reading?”

“Yes, Nellie, it is in this book, and it is about little children, like you and Harry, and yet not like you, for they are homeless and cold and hungry, and almost naked, and they have never heard about God, or how He loves them, or about the beautiful heaven for which they were made; and there are thousands and thousands of them, Nellie, in the very city in which we live.”

“Oh, mamma, what can we do? Can’t you send for some of them to come here? I can give them ever so many of my clothes.”

“We must do something for them, Nellie, yet I scarcely know how to begin; but look, is not your father in the hall? I have heard the bell ring twice.”

“I will see, mamma. O, no, it is not father; it is one of *them*, and she has no shoes, and her eyes have cried ever so much, and she is cold! Do come out and see.”



"Bring her in by the fire, Nellie."

"She has not had any breakfast, mamma, but she says she is not hungry."

"How is it, my dear, have you had nothing to eat yet?"

"No, ma'am, but I don't mind it; it was for mother I wanted something; she is sick, and I could only get a quarter, and a doctor won't come for that."

"Has your mother had no breakfast either?"

"No, ma'am, but she says she can't eat; if we could only get mother well, we wouldn't mind the rest."

"But your feet are very cold; have you no shoes to wear?"

"No, ma'am; mother thought she could get me a pair, but then she got sick. I sell matches every day, and candles, too, sometimes, and mother sews when she is well."

Nellie had been listening to all this with tears in her eyes. Presently she ran out, and, after a short absence, she returned with a pair of beautiful little blue shoes in her hand.

"Here, little girl," she said, "take these, they are my very own—my birthday present—and I can do what I please with them; sit down, and let me put them on your feet."

"Oh, no, my little lady, I don't want the shoes; I only want something for my mother."

"What shall I do, mamma?" said Nellie, "she will not take my shoes."

"She is too anxious about her mother, my dear; take her out to Mary, and ask her to give her some breakfast. While you are gone, I will put on my bonnet and shawl, and then we will go to visit her mother."



"May I go too, mamma?"

"Not this time, my dear; wait till I see how ill her mother is."

They soon started, and the little girl led the way, with trembling steps, to her poor little home, where a scene of sorrow met the eyes of Mrs. Raymond, such as one who does not look in the homes of the poor can scarcely imagine. The mother lay in bed, very ill; a little child was crying on the floor; the room was dark, cheerless, without fire, and almost without every comfort. Mrs. Raymond, after talking awhile with the sick woman, left her, with a promise to send the doctor and a basket of things most necessary for them. On her return home she met little Nellie at the door, waiting to hear the result of her visit, and great was her joy when her mamma said she could accompany the servant who was to carry the basket. She ran up stairs quickly for her hat and cloak, and soon came down, ready for her walk. Passing through the parlor, she caught a glimpse of the little blue shoes, lying on the floor where she had left them. She picked them up quickly, gave them one little hug and kiss, and running out to the kitchen, tucked them into the basket that Mary was preparing. Only God and her guardian angel knew all the treasures that basket contained. But our little Nellie was very happy, though she did not know that our dear Lord had said, "Your Father, who seeth in secret, shall reward you openly." That night little Nellie added a new prayer to those she called her own prayers; it was this:

"Oh, Lord, have pity on all poor children. Dear Mother Mary, help them, and inspire charitable souls to come to their assistance."



"His father don't allow him to be in the streets at night," said Will Carson in a mocking tone; "better tie the baby to the bedpost with his mother's apron strings."

John Mellon's face flushed at these taunts. No boy likes to be ridiculed, especially when a crowd of his playfellows are standing by.

"Be a man, and come along with us," said Harry Jones. "You are man enough to think and act for yourself."

"Come, John, come with us," said another. "We shall have a grand time. It will not hurt you just for once to have a little fun."

"No," said John, "I shall mind my father. The Bible says 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' and I shall do it."

"Come on, boys," said Will, as he started off, "and don't be standing there listening to his preaching."

John went home, and in preparing his lessons for the next day, and in joining in the home pleasures, he had forgotten all about the boys.

The next morning, on his way to school, he heard the boys had been arrested and sent to jail for being drunk and disorderly. Think how anxious their parents must have been all through that night, and then to be told that they were in jail! How it must have surprised and pained them.

Do not be wandering in the streets at night, boys. It is a bad habit, and nothing but harm can come of it. Hundreds of boys are ruined through being in the streets at night.

John Mellon made a happy and a prosperous man, and so will everybody who fears God, stands up for the right, and honors his father and mother.



**L**ENT is coming, dear children. Ash Wednesday, **A**s opens the Lenten season. On this day the priest blesses ashes and puts them on the foreheads of the faithful, saying: "Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return." This the priest does that all who receive them with a contrite heart may be preserved in soul and body; that God may give them contrition and pardon for their sins, and that He may grant all they ask for, especially the grace to do penance, and the reward promised to sincere penitents.

Fail not, dear children, to receive the ashes, if you possibly can, bearing in mind the intention with which they are blessed and put on the foreheads of the faithful; receive them with great humility, remembering that we are dust and ashes, and that because we have committed sin we will return to ashes again; receive them, also, in order, thereby to show that you are willing to commence the holy season of Lent in the proper spirit, and that you are not ashamed to follow Christ, doing penance for all your sins publicly, bearing the ashes on your forehead.

You are too young to fast during Lent; but there is a fasting which is most pleasing to God, and which you can do. What do you think it is? Why the best fasting is to abstain from sin. You can not give alms, perhaps, because you have not means to do so, but you can pray and meditate, and think frequently of what our dear Lord Jesus, our Savior, has suffered for us. You can also make it a point to go frequently to Mass during this holy season. Now, if you try to do all this, you will spend this holy time according to the will of God and the Church, and thus prepare worthily for the great festival of Easter, the day on which our Savior rose from the grave.



THERE is a little mystic clock,  
No human eye hath seen,  
That beateth on and beateth on,  
From morning until e'en.

And when the soul is wrapped in sleep  
All silent and alone,  
It ticks and ticks the livelong night,  
And never runneth down.

Oh, wondrous is that work of art,  
Which knells the passing hour;  
But art ne'er formed nor mind conceived,  
The life-clock's magic power.

Nor set in gold, nor decked with gems  
By wealth and pride possessed;  
But rich or poor, or high or low,  
Each hears it in his breast.

When life's deepstream, 'mid budding flowers,  
All still and softly glides,  
Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat,  
It warns of passing tides.

When threat'ning darkness gathers o'er,  
And hope's bright visions flee,  
Like the sullen strokes of the muffled oar,  
It beateth heavily.

When passion nerves the warrior's arm  
For deeds of hate and wrong,  
Though heeded not the fearful sound,  
The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,  
And tender words are spoken,  
Then fast and wild it rattles on,  
As if with love 'twere broken.



*A Winter Song.*

Such is the clock that measures life,  
 Of flesh and spirit blended;  
 And thus 'twill run within the breast,  
 Till that strange life is ended,

## A WINTER SONG.

SUMMER joys are o'er,  
 Flow'rets bloom no more;  
 Wintry winds are sweeping:  
 Through the snowdrifts peeping,  
 Cheerful evergreen  
 Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumed throng  
 Charms the woods with song;  
 Ice-bound trees are glittering;  
 Merry snow-birds, twittering,  
 Fondly strive to cheer  
 Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see  
 Many charms in thee;  
 I love thy chilly greeting,  
 Thy snow-storms fiercely beating,  
 And the dear delights.  
 Of thy long, long nights.

## THE OAK.

THE oak for grandeur, strength, and noble size,  
 Excels all trees that in the forest grow;  
 From acorn small that trunk, those branches rise,  
 To which such signal benefits we owe.

Behold what shelter in its ample shade,  
 From noontide sun, or from the drenching rain;  
 And of its timbers staunch, vast ships are made.  
 To sweep rich cargoes o'er the watery main.



## IN THE NORTH WEST.

No. 11.

Dearly Beloved Children of Tulalip.

THE five Oblate missionaries, having happily traveled through France, reached Havre where they were to take shipping on their way to Oregon. They at once went to prostrate themselves before an altar of Mary, to beg her motherly protection during their long journey across the ocean.

After a few days' sojourn in that city we took passage on a fine American, three-masted, sailing vessel. On the day of our departure the weather was clear. The wind, although cold, was very favorable and carried us swiftly towards the high seas. Our eyes were constantly fixed upon our dear France until it completely disappeared from our view. Here, dear children, I must confess it, we could not repress the sentiments of nature, and even while we were singing and trying to keep up a joyous countenance, as we breathed our last adieu to our native land, relatives, friends and to all that was dear to us, yet, in spite of ourselves, we could not prevent our eyes from shedding bitter tears. Divine grace, however, soon resumed its sway over these but too natural human feelings, and now turning our eyes towards those foreign shores, where God was calling us, we sang, with all possible fervor, the beautiful *Ave, maris stella*.

During the two first weeks of our passage we had favorable winds; we were making good time and all were happy. Old Father Neptune did indeed exact the customary tribute from some of his uninitiated subjects, but this seeming evil was more than compensated by the vigorous health and voracious appetite that resulted from our temporary sickness.



A change now came in the weather; storms and calms alternately held their sway. Our Lord wished, no doubt, to try us, and to prepare us, on the water, for the trials and sufferings that awaited us on shore.

It would take too much time and space, dear children, to give you a detailed account of all that transpired during our long and tedious trip, I will confine myself to the description of the greatest storm we experienced, and in which, without a most special protection from heaven, we would undoubtedly have found a watery grave. It was early in March, and not far from the sand banks of Newfoundland. After a most complete dead calm of five days' duration, towards sunset on the sixth day, our captain, a most experienced sailor, discerned, northward, a tiny gray cloud, increasing at sight, and making rapid strides in our direction. "Let us prepare ourselves," said he, "for in a few moments we shall have a most terrible storm." Indeed, in less than an hour after the captain's warning, the most horrible tempest assailed our vessel, which, with the rapidity of lightning, was soon seen cutting the infuriated, mountain-like waves which seemed bound on the destruction of our now doomed craft, and threatened, without a moment's notice, to bury us alive in a bottomless abyss. Pitched to and fro by the raging elements, our ship now lay on one side, then on the other; the maddened waters, sweeping over the deck, found their way into the interior and were on the point of suffocating us. In such straits the vessel cracked and shook as if ready to fall to pieces. In the midst of the frightful excitement caused by the roaring of the sea, the rending of the sails, &c., terror was depicted on the countenances of all the affrighted passengers.



This ever memorable occurrence happened on a very dark night. Thunder rolled ominously, lightnings followed each other at short intervals, and in their absence, electricity and phosphorus lent their aid in giving to the awful scene a most weird aspect.

On my attention being called to the awe-inspiring grandeur at the sight presented by the storm, I left my cabin to go and look at it; but I paid dearly for my idle curiosity. I slipped, fell and so stunned my head that I was but too glad to return to my cabin and remain in bed for the rest of the night. From there I soon after heard the terrible cracking of the main mast which broke in two and of which a piece was carried far away by the violence of the hurricane. Myself and companions, thinking the supreme hour arrived, we redoubled our prayers and supplications to our Queen Mother of mercy, begging of her to show herself a Mother to us, and to save us from this shipwreck. You see, dear children, how good Mary is! She heard the prayers of her children.

At daybreak the wind subsided and the storm was at an end. The sun arose bright and serene, and we entertained the sweet hope of breathing once more in security, and of being able to thank Jesus and His holy Mother, from the bottom of our hearts, for their unmistakable protection in the hour of danger.

Love and gratitude compel me, dear children, to make a few passing remarks about one of our fellow-travelers, who had already grown old in the practice of all the virtues. During the whole time the gale lasted, this holy man was neither troubled nor frightened; he never ceased from comforting us, and from exciting our confidence in divine Providence. Even when the tempest was at its height, he would try to



cheer us up and oftentimes succeeded in exciting a forced smile. "Providence," he would say, takes care of the little sparrows; (in French, little monks) courage, then, she will surely take care of us who are her larger monks. The blessed Virgin is our good Mother; she is rather frolicsome to-night and wants to rock her nurslings a little harder than usual; but rest assured that our cradle, rocked by such charitable and powerful hands, shall never be overturned, &c."

"Who was this man?" it seems I hear you ask. This man, dear children, was the worthy superior of the five Oblate missionaries who were coming to bring salvation to your ancestors. He was our venerable and venerated Father Paschal Ricard, of happy memory. He was the first, among us, who shook hands with the Indians of the Sound, as far as the Snohomish, Skekwamish, Petenpam and Snoqualmie, and whose name shall live forever in the religious annals of Puget Sound, and especially of Olympia.

But let us continue our journey. We now experienced a four days' dead calm, which, although retarding us, still proved a blessing in disguise, by affording us time, before landing, to repair the havoc caused by our late unpleasantness. When things were again in order, a favorable breeze, swelling our tattered sails, sped us on towards our destination.

After meeting the fragments of a vessel, wrecked by the violence of the storm from which we had so miraculously been preserved, we finally, on the 63rd day of a tedious voyage, began to notice, in the distance, a dark speck which seemed to grow larger and plainer as we drew nearer to it. It proved to be, to our greatest joy and satisfaction, the long-looked-for American Continent.



Soon the captain cried out, "New York! New York!" At these words all hearts bounded with joy. The five missionaries sang together a most joyous and heartfelt *Te Deum*. A pilot now boarded our vessel, and while nearing the port of that great city, which, to us, seemed to be built in the midst of the forest, we continued singing the *Magnificat* and a hymn to St. Joseph.


It was on the 2nd of April that we landed in New York. Before leaving it to continue our westward course, allow me, dear children, a few practical reflections. Never forget, dear young friends, that it was solely for the salvation of your immortal souls, that missionary priests and the devoted Sisters of Charity, have forsaken their country, parents, friends and possessions, and have braved raging seas and even death itself, to bring you the true light and the bread of life. You should, in return, show your gratitude to them by loving God above all things, and by living and dying as faithful members of His Church. If while sailing on this world's stormy sea, on your voyage from time to eternity, you meet with trials, sufferings and dangers, have recourse to God and His holy Mother; be submissive at all times to the will of Him who knows to direct all things to the greater good of all. Fear the world on account of its scandals; avoid those places in which you may be exposed to totter and fall, and even to lose your souls. Fear God; walk in His presence, and you will surely, one day, reach the happy port of the heavenly city.

Such is my sincere wish for all and each of you at the beginning of the new year. May the Lord hear my prayer and bless you all. Your most devoted

E. C. Chirouse, O. M. I.



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Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co., Wash.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

*The undersigned will offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for all those who, in any way, may contribute towards his poor Indian missions.*

*J. B. Boulet.*

*Intentions for Masses will be thankfully received.*

 NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

AN OBEDIENT CHILD.—Nothing is more pleasing than a meek, obedient child. It reflects honor on its parents for their wise management. It promises excellence and usefulness, to be, when age has matured the understanding, a willing subject, in all things, to the government of God. Nothing, on the contrary, is more shocking than a child under no management. We pity orphans who have neither father nor mother to care for them; but a child indulged is more to be pitied; it has neither parent nor master—it is peevish, forward, headstrong, blind—born to a double portion of trouble and sorrow above what fallen man is heir to; not only miserable itself, but worthless and a plague to all who, in future, will be connected with it.



JUNE 8.

## ST. WILLIAM OF YORK.



WILLIAM was the son of Earl Herbert and Emma, sister of King Stephen. He was elected Archbishop of York at the time when the great struggle concerning the election of bishops was going on between the Holy See and princes. King Stephen favored his nephew's election. St. Bernard complained of it as uncanonical, and St. William was deprived of his see by Pope Eugenius III. The King's party and the people of York took up his cause. Henry, abbot of Fountains, had been elected in his place. The adherents of the King made an attempt on Henry's life, and burned the abbey, and for years the people of York refused to admit him within the walls. While the desperate passions of sinful men were thus raging on his account, St. William, who had ever looked on the episcopate with trembling, retired peacefully to Winchester, where he remained buried in solitude, by supplication and penance seeking to avert the anger of God. His prayers were heard, and peace was at length restored. On the death of Henry, William was again elected, and, journeying to Rome, presented himself to Anastasius, who had succeeded Eugenius, and from him received the pallium. Then the old man, worn with austerities, came back to his people, who had been led astray by their love; and thirty days after his return, on the 8th of June, 1154, he went to join St. Bernard in the brightness of that Presence where zeal and love are never mistaken.

## SUFFERING IN SILENCE.

St. William, alone with God in his solitude, silently endured the unmerited accusations of St. Bernard. He will teach us to bear the estrangement and hard judgments of the good, which are perhaps the greatest trials of the servants of God.

"The truly patient man minds not by whom he is tried; whether by his superior, or by an inferior; whether by a



good and holy man, or by one that is perverse and unworthy.”—*Imitation*.

When St. William came to Winchester, after he had been deprived of his see, the Bishop, Henry of Blois, who was his uncle, offered him a place in his palace, and wished him to live with all his former state. St. William was conscious of his innocence, but preferred to appear as a penitent; and by the life which he led he silently preached obedience to his rebellious adherents.

“Jesus autem tacebat.—But Jesus held his peace.”—Matt. xxvi. 63.

JUNE 9.

ST. COLUMBA, ABBOT.



ST. COLUMBA, the apostle of the Picts, was born at Gartan in the county of Tyrconnel, A. D. 521. From early childhood he gave himself to God. In all his labors—and they were many—his chief thought was heaven, and how he should secure the way thither. The result was that he lay on the bare floor with a stone for his pillow, and fasted all the year round; yet the sweetness of his countenance told of the holy soul's interior serenity. Though austere, he was not morose; and, often as he longed to die, he was untiring in good works throughout his life. After he had been made abbot, his zeal offended King Dermot; and in 565 the Saint departed for Scotland, where he founded a hundred religious houses, and converted the Picts, who in gratitude gave him the Island of Iona. There St. Columba founded his celebrated monastery, the school of apostolic missionaries and martyrs, and for centuries the last resting-place of saints and kings. On the day of his peaceful death, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, surrounded in choir by his spiritual children, the 9th June, A. D. 597, he said to his disciple Diarmid, “This day is called the Sabbath, that is, the day of rest; and such will it truly be to me; for it will put an end to my labors.” Then kneeling before the altar he received the Viaticum, and



sweetly slept in the Lord. His relics were carried to Down, and laid in the same shrine with the bodies of St. Patrick and St. Brigid.

#### REMEMBRANCE OF HEAVEN.

The thought of the world to come will always make us happy, and yet strict with ourselves in all our duties. The more perfect we become, the sooner shall we behold that for which St. Columba sighed.

“It is no small matter to lose or to gain the kingdom of God.”—*Imitation*.

Four years before his death, St. Columba had a vision of Angels, who told him that the day of his death had been deferred four years, in answer to the prayers of his children; whereat the Saint wept bitterly, and cried out, “Woe is me that my sojourning is prolonged;” for he desired above all things to reach his true home. How different is the conduct of most men, who dread death above everything, instead of wishing “to be dissolved and to be with Christ.”

“Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love Him.”—1 Cor. ii. 9.

JUNE 10.

#### ST. MARGARET OF SCOTLAND.

**S**T. MARGARET'S name signifies “pearl;” “a fitting name,” says Theodoric, her confessor and her first biographer, “for one such as she.” Her soul was like a precious pearl. A life spent amidst the luxury of a royal court never dimmed its lustre, or stole it away from Him who had bought it with His blood. She was the granddaughter of an English king; and in 1070 she became the bride of Malcolm, and reigned Queen of Scotland till her death in 1093. How did she become a Saint in a position where sanctity is so difficult? First, she burned with zeal for the house of God. She built churches and monasteries; she busied herself in making



vestments; she could not rest till she saw the laws of God and His Church observed throughout her realm. Next, amidst a thousand cares, she found time to converse with God—ordering her piety with such sweetness and discretion that she won her husband to sanctity like her own. He used to rise with her at night for prayer; he loved to kiss the holy books she used, and sometimes he would steal them away, and bring them back to his wife covered with jewels. Lastly, with virtues so great, she wept constantly over her sins and begged her confessor to correct her faults. On her deathbed she received the news that her husband and her eldest son were slain in battle. She thanked God who had sent this last affliction as a penance for her sins, and then died in peace.

#### UNWORLDLINESS.

All perfection consists in keeping a guard upon the heart. Wherever we are, we can make a solitude in our hearts, detach ourselves from the world, and converse familiarly with God. Let us take St. Margaret for our example and encouragement.

“*Ibi nostra fixa sint corda, ubi vera sunt gaudia.*”—There let our hearts be set where true joys are in store.”  
—*Roman Missal.*

St. Margaret did not forget her duties in the world because she was not of it. Never was a better mother. She spared no pains in the education of her eight children, and the sanctity of her children was the fruit of her prudence and her zeal. Never was a better queen. She was the most trusted counsellor of her husband, and she labored for the material improvement of the country. But in the midst of the world's pleasures she sighed for the better country, and accepted death as a release. After receiving Holy Viaticum, she was repeating the prayer from the Missal, “O Lord Jesus Christ, who by Thy death didst give life to the world, deliver me.” At the words “deliver me,” says her biographer, she took her departure to Christ, the author of true liberty.

“And they that use this world as if they used it not; for the fashion of this world passeth away.”—1 Cor. vii. 31.



We have, for a long time, been thinking that we should give our friends an account of our stewardship. They have, for nearly four years, intrusted us with their generous contributions, both in cash and church articles, and we think it is nothing but fair that they should know what has been done with them.

During this time the frame churches of Lummi, Green River, Muckleshoot and Puyallup were commenced and finished, with the exception of the last, as stated in our last No. The dimensions of the first of them are 60x30 feet, and the three last, 40x20 ft.

Four bells have been bought and hung in neat little belfries, one of which measures 65 ft. in height. One of the bells weighs 200 lbs, the others 125 lbs each.

Twelve statues of plaster of Paris, ranging from \$30 downward; five sets of Stations of the Cross, six Missals, twelve pair of brass candlesticks, seven sets of altar cards, bells, cruets, &c. were also purchased.

Twenty sets of vestments, eight chalices, one ostensorium, one ciborium, a goodly supply of church linens of all kinds, &c. were partly bought and partly donated. This is what has been done; now as to

### WHAT REMAINS TO BE DONE YET.

A new church is sadly wanted on the Swinomish Reservation. The Tulalip church, roughly put up some twelve years ago and that of Puyallup, commenced last fall, are to be finished. Other new missions are being started, which will also require new churches. Some twenty more sets of vestments are yet to be procured before each mission has the five colors. An infinity of other things, too numerous to mention, remain yet to be provided for. We are conscious that with the means placed at our disposal

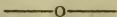


sal, by our kind friends, we have been enabled to accomplish something. A vast amount, however, yet remains to be done, and we fear that our strength may not prove equal to the task. The incessant labor, the want of necessary rest of these four years, are telling but too plainly on our general health, and often forcibly remind us that such a mode of life, at our age, cannot be long followed with impunity. We therefore call upon all charitably-disposed people to come to our help so effectually, either by bequests, donations, or increased lists of subscriptions to our little monthly Magazine, during 1885, as to enable us, after this year, to dispense with its publication altogether; a consummation much to be desired.

As our kind friends and benefactors have never failed us in the past, it is to be hoped they will not let this appeal—probably our last public one—remain unheeded. Our dear Lord, Whom they thus help in the person of His poor children of the forest, is rich enough and more than willing to reward them a hundredfold for their charitable benefactions. They may also count upon the eternal gratitude of him to whom the stewardship of their bounties is intrusted.

Kind readers, please bear in mind that a cent a week from you will greatly help in securing the much desired result. You will never miss a cent a week, and with that trifling sum you may greatly contribute towards the salvation of the poor Indians' souls and of your own also. Think on this and act accordingly.

Please interest your friends and neighbors in the good cause, by showing them this article, and saying a good word when you think it will do good.



*50 cents pay for the Youth's Companion for a year.*



To the pupils of St. Ignatius School.

Dear little Friends.

As our dear teacher gives us a choice for our letters, I think, that for my part, I can do no better than to come and pay you a visit, and offer you my best wishes with those of my schoolmates. What could these best wishes be if they are not for that happiness, which we are all seeking after. Well, dear little friends, may the year 1885 bring you abundant blessings, both spiritually and temporally.

Christmas is not so far gone with the old year that we can yet think of it. We had such a nice time then, that I cannot forget it so soon. We had a beautiful night for Mass, and as the church is but a few steps from the school, although it was quite cold, we did not feel it much, and, as you all know, when a thing suits us, a great part of the hardship is forgotten; so we enjoyed the night very well, and prayed with all our hearts that the little Jesus might shower down His blessings upon us and our friends. To crown the feast we had a nice Christmas-tree, which was loaded with all kinds of nice presents for large and small.

Are we not indeed the privileged children of the little Jesus? Yes, dear friends; I hear you answer *very strongly* that we ought to be very grateful to our Lord and to His dear Mother in finding ourselves thus placed under the control of our good Sisters, who devote themselves entirely for the welfare of our souls and bodies.

Let me now tell you of a good old woman, who has just gone to enjoy the reward of her holy life. Her name was Judith; she was the one who taught catechism to the first girls of this mission, when the Sisters began the school. She must have been near 80 years of age. She was living at some distance from the church, but before dying she asked to be taken to a neighboring house, in order to be nearer to the priest and the Sisters. We often visited her and were much edified by her patience in her sufferings, and by seeing her kiss her crucifix with such devotion. She seemed to be very anxious to meet her Lord, and, no doubt, the desires of her heart are now satisfied. As every one has to be so pure to go straight to heaven, please pray for her that she may have no delay in reaching there. Please also pray for us that we may pass a holy year and



also a holy life. We will do the same for you. Love to all. I remain your very affectionate friend.

Agatha Bagley, Child of Mary.

TO OUR ESTEEMED TEACHER,  
MR. E. VERBRUGGHE.

This being the time for good children to present their teachers with their best wishes, we must not allow this opportunity to pass without doing so. You have indeed been so kind to us during the time you have spent here, that you deserve a great deal more than this feeble utterance can convey.

You have taught a great many of us our prayers, and instructed us in our catechism so as to prepare us to make our first communion; you have moreover devoted yourself entirely to us and used every means that could afford us instruction, encouragement and pleasure.

Dear Teacher, we well understand what you have been doing for us, poor children, and we wish now to return to you the grateful sentiments we feel in our inmost hearts.

We sincerely wish that, at Christmas, the dear Infant Jesus may bring you many a blessing, and among them, health and happiness.

Please, dear Teacher, remember your Indian pupils in your fervent prayers, and we promise you shall always have a large share in those of      The Boys of Tulalip.

CHRISTMAS.

With how much anxiety did we look ahead for the great feast of Christmas; and why should we not long for such a great feast? Is it not the true feast of little children, and the one that brings the most joy to their young hearts? It is also at this time that parents, as a general rule, give their children many nice presents. But for Christian children there is a still greater cause of joy, and this is to know that it was on that day that the Infant Jesus became a child like them.

For three days before Christmas the larger boys were employed in sawing and splitting wood for the holidays, and others were engaged in gathering evergreens and decorating and preparing the church, and erecting a little



crib for the Infant Jesus; while others were busy fixing the school-room, and erecting a Christmas-tree; and as we had received a small statue of the Infant Jesus, we made a small crib for it, in our school-room. This statue was a present from Rev. Mother Joseph of Vancouver.

On Christmas day, after supper, we went into the school-room to receive our presents, which were given to us by the Sister Superioress. Rev. J. B. Boulet, and the Sisters that belong here, and Sister Peter from Seattle were present at the distribution of the good things with which the Christmas-tree was overloaded.

After this one of the boys made an address to the Father, and the Sisters, thanking them for their past kindness. Then we sang a few songs and retired to bed full of sweet recollections.

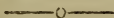
A. E. Simmons.

### NEW YEAR.

After Christmas we had three holidays in succession. All this time was spent happily in making bows, traps, shooting and catching snow birds. The three days being over and all being satisfied with them, we again resumed with pleasure our hours of school and work. On New Year's day we again had a jolly time. In the morning we went to wish a happy New Year to Rev. Father Boulet and the Sisters. Shortly after this we had the visit of Sister Superioress in our school-room, and she brought us a good supply of candy.


We then went to High-mass. A sermon was given after mass, by the Rev. Father, concerning the new year and the good use we should make of time. In the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, we had the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which was followed by the visit of our Pastor. He also distributed some candy among us, and after a few words of advice and encouragement, he left us to enjoy ourselves to our hearts' content.

Walter Wake.



The unprecedented freeze-up of the past few weeks has had a very demoralizing influence on our financial department this month; but we hope that the reopening of mail communication with the outside world will set matters to rights again. Thanks to Mrs. M. Doolin & Mr. J. McGlinn.



 A business Card like the following of all papers which will either exchange with us, or publish, for a month in their advertising columns, a notice of the object and terms of the *Youth's Companion*, will be published *gratis* for a year in each of its monthly issues. Speak a good word for us, Friends of the Quill. It takes no water from *your* mill, but it makes *ours* run!

#### THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSE,

A stanch, outspoken, uncompromisingly Catholic weekly, published at No. 117 Erie street, Cleveland, Ohio, at \$2.50 per annum. Manly Tello, managing Editor.

#### THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC,

An interesting weekly family newspaper, is published in Washington, D. C., by Henry M. Beadle, at the exceedingly low price of \$1.00 per year, in advance.

#### THE HOLY FAMILY,

A neat monthly periodical devoted to choice Catholic reading for families and schools, is published by Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street, New York, at \$1.00 a year.

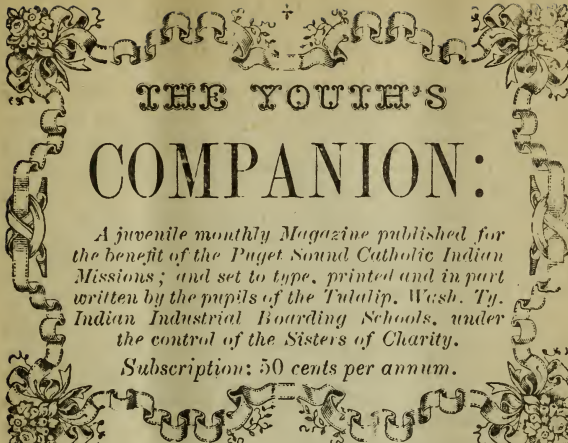
#### THE LITTLE CRUSADER,

A marvel of cheapness, is published weekly by P. E. Murphy of Columbus, Ohio, at 25 cents per annum.

—A five-year-old who went to school for the first time came home for dinner, and said to his mother: "Mamma, I don't think that teacher knows much." "Why not, dear?" "Why, she kept asking questions all the time. She asked where the Mississippi river was, and I think she ought to know that if she knows anything at all."

The average attendance during the last month, at the Tulalip Indian Schools, was 55 boys and 50 girls. The actual number now is 52 and 51 respectively.





# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION:

*A juvenile monthly Magazine published for the benefit of the Puget Sound Catholic Indian Missions; and set to type, printed and in part written by the pupils of the Tulalip, Wash. Ty. Indian Industrial Boarding Schools, under the control of the Sisters of Charity.*

*Subscription: 50 cents per annum.*

*[Entered at the Tulalip Post Office as second class mail matter.]*

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Vol. IV.                      MARCH, 1885.                      No. 46.

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*The fast of Lent continues throughout the month.*

- 1—2nd Sunday in Lent. Epist. 1 Thess. iv. 1—7.  
Gosp. Matt. xvii. 1—9.
- 8—3rd Sunday in Lent. Epistle, Ephes. v. 1—9.  
Gosp. Luke, xi. 14—28.
- 15—4th Sunday in Lent. Epistle, Gal. iv. 22—31.  
Gosp. John, vi. 1—15.
- 19—St. Joseph, spouse of the B. V. Mary.
- 22—Passion Sunday. Epist. Heb. ix. 11—15. Gosp.  
John, viii. 46—59.
- 25—Annunciation of the B. V. *Feast of obligation.*
- 29—Palm Sunday. Epist. Phil. ii. 5—11. Gosp.  
Matt. xxi. 1—9. Passion, Matt. xxvi. and xxvii.



## DEVOTION TO ST. JOSEPH.

IF it be suitable and advantageous to offer daily some act of devotion to St. Joseph, it is particularly becoming for us to offer him this tribute of grateful love on that day which the Church sets apart for the solemnization of this feast. Well-bred children delight to observe those touching anniversaries, on which they are permitted to declare openly to those whom they love, the good wishes which they, at all times, form for them in their inmost hearts. Thus, on this festive day, we should raise our hearts and our eyes towards heaven, and contemplate St. Joseph on his throne of glory, and, in unison with the angelic choirs, celebrate his praises, and rejoice in consideration of the splendid favors with which the Lord has crowned him.

Another very powerful motive to induce us to honor him, especially on his festival, and to supplicate him with redoubled confidence, is, that on that pious solemnity, so dear to the children of Mary, and to the faithful servants of Jesus, the Son of God, moved by the honors rendered to his adopted father, bestows, by his saintly hands, the most precious and the most abundant graces over all those who are eager to offer him their acts of homage.

Hear St. Teresa confirming this truth in a very striking manner: "I do not remember," said she, "of having, during several years, asked anything of St. Joseph, on the day of his feast, that I did not obtain; and if, by any imperfection, a petition strayed ever so little from the promotion of the greater glory of God, he corrected and arranged it admirably, so that I drew from it a greater benefit. What a picture I



could place before the eyes of his clients, were it given me to narrate the signal graces with which God has favored me, and the dangers, as well for the soul as the body, from which he has delivered me by the mediation of that great Saint! And numerous other individuals, whom I have counseled to recommend themselves to this incomparable protector, have experienced the same success."

Where, indeed, is the father, according to nature, who is not more fully disposed to pardon with facility the wrongs which he may have to reproach his children, and to grant them, with liberality, the favor which they solicit from his tenderness, on the day in which they celebrate his feast.

Whilst the venerable Father Louis Lallemand was Rector of the College of Bourges, he noticed two young tutors of the inferior classes, who were noted for their piety. A few days previous to the festival of St. Joseph, having sent for them, he promised to obtain from that great Saint, for each one of them, the grace that he most ardently desired, provided that they would exhort their pupils to a more tender devotion towards him, and to pay him some particular homage on his feast. The two scholastics cordially accepted a proposition so advantageous; and their pious exhortations were so efficacious, that on St. Joseph's day the two entire classes received holy Communion in his honor. The same day the two religious repaired to the Father Rector, and each of them declared to him in secret, the grace which he desired to obtain by the intercession of St. Joseph. The first was the celebrated Father Nouet, and he asked "the grace to learn how to write and speak worthily of our Lord." All who have read his beau-



tiful works on the excellence of Jesus Christ, so replete with unction and love, can decide whether he received the plenitude of that grace for which he petitioned, through the intercession of the nursing father of the Incarnate Word.



The second was also heard, but he did not think himself obliged to make known what favor he had obtained. These examples prove that Father Lallemant was one of the dearest favorites of St. Joseph, and dispensed at will his treasures.



Let our young friends avail themselves of this month, consecrated to St. Joseph, to present their daily, fervent petitions to him for any favor of which they may stand in need; and if they apply to him with childlike confidence, they, too, will soon experience the efficacy of his powerful intercession.

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—BEGIN RIGHT.—If you, dear young readers, are about to do a piece of work, you will be careful to begin right; otherwise, you will have to take it in pieces and do it over again. If you are going on a journey, you will be careful, at first, to get into the right road; for, if you start wrong, you will be continually going farther out of the way.

Now, dear little friends, you are starting in life as on a journey. If you start wrong, as I said, you will be all the time going out of the way. You have a life-work to do; but if you begin it wrong all your labor will be worse than lost. Not only will you have to do it all over again, but also to undo what you have done.

 Please send us a hundred subscribers more or less. 

 Look at the printed address on the Companion to ascertain with what number your subscription expires. 



**T**HE child lay on its little bed, very pale and with closed eyes. The mother bent over it weeping; the father stood near, very sorrowful. An angel held the child by the hand, and with sweet voice, spoke gentle, kindly words to it. And when the child leaned confidently on the angel, he took it in his arms, and bore it upwards into the beautiful blue heavens. It was very still there, no sound but the rustling of the angel's wings, which echoed through the broad space like the music of the spheres. The angel checked his course before a golden cloud. At his command the cloud parted, and with the child in his arms, he floated into a large and beautiful garden. There flowers of all kinds were blooming, large trees lifted their branches on high; all around lay plants and shrubs, while many varieties of creepers twined themselves about the strong trunks of the trees, or ran humbly along the ground. Among all those fragrant, blooming and faded flowers, angels of God were walking up and down, caring for them. Bright and beautiful were they, these servants of God! Yet, while the faces of some were lighted up with an expression of great joy, the countenances of others were very grave and quiet.

The child saw the solemn angels were caring for the faded flowers and dying trees, and they lifted some plants from the ground, and carried them up so high that no eye could follow them; the joyous angels were tending and watering all those plants which were fresh and green and strong, and giving support to those which were weak.

"Why do you leave the half-faded flowers ungathered, and carry away the rose just budding?" asked the child of a grave angel, who, with gentle hand,



was loosening the roots of a rosebush from the earth.

"The rose will blossom above, but the fading flower must finish its course here," answered the angel, and passed out of sight.

The guardian angel carried the child to where a mighty tree refreshed all the earth around with its cooling shadow. It stretched its powerful branches abroad as if they would defy the power of centuries. About its trunk a tender ivy clung lovingly, and at its feet fragrant flowers were blooming.

"Oh, how beautiful," cried the child; "let us remain here." But, alas! an angel with a sad countenance gently shook his head, and placed his shovel at the roots of the tree, which trembled to its topmost branch, and would have fallen had not the angel supported it. The ivy still clung to the tottering trunk, as if it would rather perish than be separated, but the angel gently untwined it, and it fell helpless to the earth.

"Leave the tree here," entreated the child.

"It will go and flourish above," answered the angel.

"But the ivy will die, and the little flowers will fade when the hot sun falls upon it."

"The little flowers and the ivy will be cared for!"

And the angel floated on high, bearing the tree, whose roots trembled a gentle sigh at parting from the earth which so long had been their home.

Then other angels came, and where the tree had stood, they placed a glistening anchor, and twined the poor ivy all around it, and the delicate tendrils clung fast to the new support. The little flowers were watered with the angels' tears, and they lifted up their fainting heads and bloomed afresh. Only one, a very small, weak plant, blossomed no more—



a hot sunbeam had fallen upon it—it withered away, and an angel clasped it to his bosom, and bore it on high to the tree, in whose shadow it would awake to new life.

The guardian angel carried the child to a part of the garden where golden flowers were blooming. Their colors were beautiful, and of many varying tints, but they gave forth no perfume. All the exquisite odor which filled the air came from one little flower that timidly concealed its blossoms, revealing its presence only by the precious fragrance which rose from its blossom. An angel took the modest flower and floated with it to heaven, and when the child looked at the brilliant blossoms all around, they no longer seemed beautiful.

“Why did the angel carry away the flower which gave the sweet perfume?” asked the child.

“To show how valueless beauty is, unless glorified by goodness,” answered the angel.

The child, lying in the angel’s arms, floated further on. It saw a large bed of unwholesome weeds, among whose prickles and thorns a single lovely flower was striving to lift up its head to the light. An angel stood near watching the struggling plant with great tenderness.

“Why will not the angel help the poor flower?” asked the child.

“Because it must work its own way to the light, that it may bloom with greater strength and beauty. When it has attained perfection, it will be twined in the wreath which surrounds the forehead of the Eternal One!”

The beaming eyes of the angel rested on the giant, and its leaves were covered with heavenly radiance,



and it became more beautiful than all the other flowers.

"Pull out that ugly weed; it will kill all the flowers," entreated the child, as it saw a hideous plant growing among a multitude of beauteous flowers, poisoning the whole air with its vile breath.

"Even the weed has its mission," answered the angel; "and until that is fulfilled, it shall not be removed."

Then the child pointed to a daisy, which was growing at the side of a proud tulip. "Take away the little flower," said the child to an angel who stood near. "It will be crushed under foot by those who go to admire the splendid tulip.

"It shall be as you desire," he said, and lifting the little flower gently from the earth, he carried it to heaven.

A rosebush full of buds touched the heart of the little child, for alas! the buds all fell blighted to the ground, some while they were yet fresh and green, others faded and dry. Not one remained to become a rose. But the angel gathered them all, and when the bush was bare of leaf and bud, he took it from the ground and vanished with it.

"Why do all plants grow here together, so different from all other gardens?" asked the child; "and where are all the trees and flowers which are carried away?"

"You shall soon learn all," said the angel, and he pressed the child closer to his bosom.

Now a terrible storm arose which the angel and the child did not feel, but all around them great trees were uprooted, plants and shrubs were blown to the ground, and many flowers, which so few mo-



ments previous had danced gaily on their stems, were broken off and left lying on the earth.

"Look how the dreadful storm of war rages over the world!" said the guardian angel to the child. "Those are immortal souls which it tears from the earth, and the solemn angels who gather up the broken flowers and break the few clinging roots which hold the overthrown trees to the ground, are the angels of death. But their rejoicing companions are angels of life, whose duty is to guard the welfare of men so long as they remain in God's great garden—the world."

The angel pointed to a forget-me-not, that with delicate, child-like eyes was gazing upward. But the little leaves were hanging withered on the tender stalk.

"The poor little flower is sick. It is not happy here," said the child.

"It longs for other soil," answered the angel, with a heavenly smile. "It is the flower of thy own life!"

And now they floated higher and higher, and with every throb of the angel's wings the air became purer and more clear. The beautiful garden they left behind appeared desolate and colorless compared with the new glory which was revealed around them. Now they beheld the true Garden of God.

Illuminated with the splendor and glow of the divine morning, all the flowers which were taken from the earth were blooming here afresh—but with what infinite glory and beauty! There was the modest daisy, glistening like a brilliant star; the rosebush had received its buds again, and they were unfolding in the glorious light of heaven. The stately tree stretched out its branches, giving protection anew



to the delicate plants which bloomed with new beauty in the refreshing shade. And through the whole space of heaven echoed the sound of music so sweet and clear that it could proceed only from the presence of God! And there His countenance beamed so mild and loving that the child stretched out its little arms toward Him. And He took it on His bosom.

At that moment a cry of anguish broke from the lips of the mother: "The child is dead!" and the little forget-me-not was taken from earth by angels' hands and carried to heaven!

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### SISTER JOSEPHINE.

ALL our young readers have, no doubt, heard of the Sisters of Charity. Their snow white bonnets, are familiar to young and old. They pass like angels of mercy through our hospitals, relieving the suffering, and whispering words of consolation into the ears of the sorrowing and afflicted. In our schools, how zealously do they labor to store the minds of the young with principles of virtue and lessons of instruction. How proud should Catholic children feel, that in their church alone are found Sisters of Charity?

Many instances of heroic virtue are recorded of these good religious, of which the following is particularly interesting. In the early part of the present century there dwelt in the neighborhood of Cambray, in France, a wealthy family by the name of Mainard. Mr. Mainard held a high position in the army and was distinguished for his valor; but little is related of Mrs. Mainard, further than she was a lady possessed of every accomplishment be-



coming her rank. They had an only daughter name Hortentia. She had been educated in a convent a few miles from her father's residence, and had imbibed from the example and instruction of the good nuns the liveliest sentiments of piety and virtue. After she left the convent, she mingled for some time in gay society, but becoming disgusted with the world, she resolved to consecrate herself to religious life. This her parents violently opposed; but nothing could shake her resolution. She watched her opportunity, and privately leaving her father's house, she hastened beyond the boundaries of France, entered a convent of the Sisters of Charity, and took the name of Sister Josephine.

Her parents made every search for her, but in vain; they could receive no information of her place of retreat, and finally regarded her as dead. After some years the French laid siege to Antwerp. A desperate battle ensues, and the city is taken by assault. Hundreds of the wounded are borne to the hospital, where they are received by every mark of tenderness by the Sisters of Charity. This was late in the evening. At day break on the following morning a female is seen to issue from the gate of the city. Her white cap proclaims her rank, and the sentinels bow their heads in reverence and permit her to pass without daring to inquire where she directed her steps. This was Sister Josephine. She was hastening to the late battle ground, where a number of soldiers were engaged in burying the dead. She carried on her arm a small basket containing refreshments destined to relieve the wounded, if any were found in whom life still remained. She had not proceeded far on her errand of mercy, when she came



near an officer stretched upon the ground. She approached to see if he exhibited any signs of life. She gazed on him for a moment; then shrieked and fell upon her knees—the officer was her father!

As Sister Josephine bent down to his pale cheeks, she perceived that he still breathed. She immediately raised him up, and had him conveyed to the hospital. His wounds were dressed; and by the unremitting care of his devoted daughter, was in a short time restored to consciousness, and began slowly to recover. A thousand times did he thank the dear good Sister who had saved his life. He would often talk to her about his only daughter, and tell her how she had left his house, and his vain efforts to find her. Sister Josephine had not yet made herself known to him, as she feared to do so while he was so ill. But he was now recovered and was about to leave the hospital. He was now more than ever lavish in his praises of the good Sisters, and with feelings of the deepest gratitude thanked them all, but especially Sister Josephine from whom he had received such marked attention, and addressing them all, said, "Would to heaven that my daughter, my lost devoted daughter, was one of your number!"

"Father," exclaimed Sister Josephine falling at his feet, "heaven has granted your prayer—I am your long lost daughter Hortentia!"

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### *IMPORTANT NOTICE.*

*The undersigned will offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for all those who, in any way, may contribute towards his poor Indian missions.*

*J. B. Boulet.*

*Intentions for Masses will be thankfully received.*



[For the Youth's Companion.]

ONCE a priest, during an instruction, said among other good things: "If you wish to convert a family, bring into it a soul that knows how to suffer. If you wish that somebody whom you love should return to God; suffer for that person."

A poor little girl sat listening attentively. She had just made her first communion, but how did she, at so tender an age understand the sublime words of the priest? It is one of God's secrets.

The child had often seen her mother plunged in grief and tears; and blushed with shame when at night, and nearly every night, she saw her father coming home in a state of intoxication.

The day on which the power of suffering was revealed to her, she went to her mother and embracing her tenderly, said: "Be contented, mamma, I assure you that the time is near when papa will make you cry no more."

The next day at supper, the only meal at which the whole family was present, the child partook of some vegetables and bread, and gently refused all other things.

"Are you sick?" asked the mother.

"No, mamma."

"But you must eat," said the father.

"No more to-day, papa."

The father believed it to be a whim, and was inclined to punish the child, who had retired to bed, but could not sleep. She heard him curse and began to cry. It was the first time that cursing made her shed tears.

The next day, as the day before, she refused all food except bread and water.



The mother began to feel anxious; the father grew angry.

"I want you to eat," said he, in angry tones.

"I will not," answered the child firmly; "as long as you get drunk, and make my mother grieve; as long as you curse, I will not eat, I made the promise to Almighty God, and I will suffer to avert His anger from you."

The father dropped his head and at night he came home sober. The little girl was gay, charming, and had a good appetite.

But the bad habit made the father fall again. Again the child fasted. This time the father said nothing, but tears rolled down his cheeks, and he quit the table. The mother wept silently; the child alone was calm.

The father took his daughter in his arms and said to her: "Dear little martyr, will you always act in this manner?"

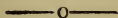
"Yes, papa, until I die or until you be converted."

"My child! my child! I will cause your mother to weep no more."

Has none of our little friends a parent, brother or sister needing conversion, either from indifference, infidelity or wicked habits of any kind? Let them adopt the means used by the dear little girl mentioned above; let them also try the power of suffering, especially during this holy season of Lent, and by the glorious feast of Easter they may have the great consolation of witnessing the return to God of some poor, lost prodigal from among their friends. What a happiness for both you and him! It is well worth the trouble of a trial. Who will attempt it?

"EMILE."





There are many saints above,  
Who love us with true love,  
Many angels ever nigh;  
But Joseph! none there be,  
O none that love like thee—  
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die.

Thou wert Guardian of our Lord,  
Foster-father of the Word,  
Who in thine arms did lie;  
If we his brothers be,  
We are foster-sons to thee—  
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die.

Thou wert Mary's earthly guide,  
For ever at her side,  
Oh for her sake hear our cry;  
For we follow in thy way,  
Loving Mary as we may—  
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die.

Thou to Mary's virgin love  
Wert the image of the Dove  
Who was her Spouse on high;  
Bring us gifts from him, dear Saint!  
Bring us comfort when we faint—  
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die.

Sadly o'er the desert sands,  
Into Egypt's darksome lands,  
As an exile didst thou fly;  
And we are exiles too,  
With a world to travel through—  
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die.



*Jesus Crucified.*

When thy gentle years were run,  
 On the bosom of thy Son,  
 Like an infant didst thou lie;  
 Oh by thy happy death,  
 In the tranquil Nazareth—  
 Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die.

—o—

## JESUS CRUCIFIED.

O come and mourn with me awhile;  
 See, Mary calls us to her side;  
 O come and let us mourn with her:  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for him  
 While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?  
 Ah, look how patiently he hangs:  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Seven times he spoke seven words of love.  
 And all three hours his silence cried  
 For mercy on the souls of men:  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,  
 And let the Blood from out that Side  
 Fall gently on thee drop by drop:  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears,  
 Ask, and they will not be denied;  
 A broken heart Love's cradle is:  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

O Love of God. O sin of man,  
 In this dread act your strength is tried,  
 And victory remains with love;  
 For he, our Love, is crucified.



## IN THE NORTH WEST.

## No. III.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

Dearly Beloved Children of Tulalip.

THE five Oblate missionaries, having now reached the American shore in New York, were filled with joy and gratitude towards that most kind Providence, which had so mercifully saved them from the raging storms and tempests they had experienced on the Atlantic.

It was on Good Friday, April 2nd, 1847, that we entered the city. Although thirty-eight years have since elapsed, I do still keep fresh in my memory the pious and encouraging words addressed to us, by our Rev. and beloved Father Superior, on that memorable occasion. "Let us make haste," said he, in search of a Catholic church, where we may salute and adore our Divine Savior in the sacrament of His love, and in return for His infinite bounty towards us, let us renew the oblation of our whole lives to His greater glory and the eternal salvation of the poor Indians.... On Good Friday," continued he, "we trod, for the first time, the soil on which Divine Providence has marked out the field of our future combats and apostolic labors. Let Jesus, carrying His cross to the summit of Mount Calvary, be our model, our staff and our compass. After His example, let us carry our cross with love and patience; with the help of His divine grace, let us courageously make our way through hills, mountains, valleys and deserts. And, oh! what a blessing it would be for us, if we should ever be found worthy to shed



also the last drop of our blood, in bringing to the true fold some of those wandering sheep in the vast forests of America, &c.”

While walking along the streets and listening to the burning words of our Superior, we noticed on our right an elegant church, with a golden cross crowning its steeple. We joyfully directed our steps towards it, and as we were about to enter, a modest and pious-looking lady stepped up to us, and blessing herself, said: “Gentlemen, you are, no doubt, strangers and Catholic priests, and, I suppose, you take this for the house of Jesus, but it is nothing more than one of the houses of the lustful Henry VIII.; you wish to speak to Jesus and to Mary, but they never come here; walk a little farther and you will find their house....”

Following the direction indicated by this most obliging lady, we soon found a genuine Catholic church, where we had the happiness of meeting our most hospitable Lord Jesus Christ in His privileged tabernacle, and having at His right the altar of His loving and most beloved Mother. You may imagine, dear children, the amount of sweet consolations we experienced during that dutiful and pleasing visit!

As we have yet such a long road to travel, I must here cut short my description of the city where we first set foot on American soil. Look at your map of the United States, and on the Atlantic shore you will find Manhattan island; and there, at the mouth of the Hudson river, on the southern extremity of the island, stands the large city of New York, the great emporium of the new world.

From here we continued our journey, visiting the most important cities of the country, commencing



with Boston, a beautiful seaport on Massachusetts bay. The Indians call the citizens of the United States Bostonnen or Bostons (Pashtons), because, among other things, the city of Boston is celebrated as the cradle of American independence; therefore, this name "Boston" is a noble one, and should not be used in scorn, as it is sometime the case with a certain class of Indians.

The next place we visited was Philadelphia, the metropolis of Pennsylvania, on the Delaware river. We were warmly welcome by the Bishop and by the charitable Jesuit Fathers, who treated us like brothers. We here spent a considerable time in making preparations before resuming our westward journey.

From Philadelphia we traveled rapidly, by land and water, until we reached St. Louis, on the Mississippi river, where we had the happiness to meet Rt. Rev. Bishop Blanchet's missionary party, from Canada, who were awaiting our arrival. You may imagine, dear children, with what indescribable joy the French and Canadian missionaries embraced each other, as future fellow-travelers and co-laborers in the far distant vineyard of the Lord.

During our stay here, which was of more than two weeks' duration, we again enjoyed the kind hospitality of the generous sons of St. Ignatius. I will also profit of our somewhat protracted stay here, to relate to you three incidents which occurred on our way to this city, with a view to excite more and more your admiration for the infinite bounty of God towards His traveling children.

On reaching Cumberland, by a sudden gush of wind, I was deprived of the only hat I possessed, and as I had no means at my disposal to purchase another,



I was about resigning myself to continue my travels in a hatless condition, when an utter stranger, unasked, presented me with another much better than the one I had lost. You may be sure that I heartily thanked both my unknown benefactor and the good God who, no doubt, had inspired him to perform this work of mercy upon me.

At Wheeling, in what is now called West Virginia, we commenced to realize that our common purse was threatening bankruptcy; we therefore concluded to reduce our traveling expenses to only what would be considered as of absolute necessity. We expected some assistance from the Bishop, and upon making inquiries about his residence, a poor little cottage, surrounded by a very limited kitchen garden, was pointed to us. As we reached the spot, we noticed in the garden, a rough-looking man, in shirt-sleeves, weeding and hoeing potatoes. We approached this man and asked if the Bishop was at home. "Yes," said he; "go around by the kitchen door, and the servant will introduce you to his Lordship." We went as directed, and found that the gardner, who, by a shorter road, had already reached the kitchen, also filled the office of servant. He kindly invited us to come in, and with a smile said: "Gentlemen, permit me to introduce you to his Lordship, that is, to myself, for I am the poor Bishop of Wheeling." Then, at his speech, like Magdalen, we recognized the Lord, and he blessed us.

Yes, my dear children, this holy Bishop was a true imitator of the great Apostle St. Paul, who used to support himself and also help others by the toil of his hands. In a short time, his Lordship served us a frugal but most palatable dinner, that he had pre-



pared himself out of the produce of his garden, and gave us many valuable informations about the wild country we had to traverse.

At Cincinnati, the bounty of God was also manifested towards us by the generous assistance we received from the Catholic clergy. In Louisville, Kentucky, we were welcome by a venerable prelate 89 years of age. He was deprived of his sight, but the eyes of his charitable heart were still bright and kind, and we shall never forget the generous hospitality and the patriarchal advice we received from his Lordship. It was in St. Louis also that one day, while walking out, we met a young man of Irish birth or descent, who, taking off his hat, saluted us saying: "Gentlemen, I belong to a charitable Society whose object is to procure assistance to Catholic missionaries coming from Europe; and since I am convinced you are French missionaries, it is a pleasing duty for me to render you all the services in my power, if you are in need."

We gladly accepted his proffered services. He took us first to the barber-shop, where he paid for our shaving and hair-cutting. He next took us to a restaurant, and there treated us to a splendid supper. Not satisfied with this, he added a certain sum of money—I have forgotten what the amount was—but I shall never forget the giver, nor our most kind heavenly Father, by whom, no doubt, he had been inspired to come to our assistance.

In my next letter to you, dear children, we shall leave St. Louis, and continue our long and difficult journey. In the mean time, my young friends, never forget that God, who takes care of the little birds of the air and feeds them out of His providential hand,



will never fail in taking still better care of a man, who serves Him and trusts in His divine bounty. Should the father of lies, or any of his agents ever attempt to divert you from the path of divine truth, saying that all religions are equally good; that they all lead to heaven, recall to mind that the Catholic faith is the only true ladder given by Jesus Christ for mankind to ascend the mount of eternal joys. On such occasions, dear children, have recourse to our most powerful Lady of light, the blessed Mother of the divine Founder of our holy Religion. She knows how to crush the head of the old infernal serpent; she will certainly save you from the snares of the enemies of your souls, and show to you the true house of her Son, for they always both live together under the same roof in the heavenly Jerusalem as they used to do at Nazareth.

In all trying circumstances, dear children, keep down your tempers; be patient. Even if you lose your hats in a storm, do not murmur, submit calmly to the will of God, and he shall soon supply you with another hat, and take a good care of each of your hair.

From the example of a holy Bishop, learn to love manual labor, even in the garden, kitchen, &c.; for sloth is one of the capital sins, and laziness is the fruitful mother of all vices. For God's sake, then, do practice humility, economy and mortification; and even among strangers, you will meet with sympathy and commiseration.

Adieu, dear children! May Jesus and Mary bless you all during the year just commenced, and grant you a long, holy and happy series of years, in this world, and everlasting enjoyments in the next!

Your most devoted                    E. C. CHIROUSE, O. M. I.



JUNE 11.

## ST. BARNABAS. APOSTLE.



WE read that in the first days of the Church "the multitude of believers had but one heart and one soul, neither did any one say that aught of the things which he possessed was his own."

Of this fervent company one only is singled out by name, Joseph, a rich Levite from Cyprus. "He, having land, sold it, and brought the price and laid it at the feet of the Apostles." They now gave him a new name, Barnabas, the son of consolation. "He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith," and was soon chosen for an important mission to the rapidly growing Church of Antioch. Here, perceiving the great work which was to be done among the Greeks, he hastened to fetch St. Paul from his retirement at Tarsus. It was at Antioch that the two saints were called to the apostolate of the Gentiles, and hence they set out together to Cyprus and the cities of Asia Minor. Their preaching struck men with amazement, and some cried out, "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men;" calling Paul, Mercury, and Barnabas, Jupiter. The saints travelled together to the Council of Jerusalem, but shortly after this they parted. The gentle Barnabas, keeping with him John, surnamed Mark, whom St. Paul distrusted, betook himself to Cyprus, where the sacred history leaves him; and here, at a later period, he won his martyr's crown.

## ABUNDANT ALMSGIVING.

St. Barnabas' life is full of suggestions to us who live in the days when once more the abundant alms of the faithful are sorely needed by the whole Church, from the Sovereign Pontiff to the poor children in our streets.

"Those who were bound together by one common worship enjoyed also one common life, and those who had one faith had also one property; and where Christ was possessed by all, the cost of all things was shared alike, for charity seeketh not her own."—*St. Augustine.*



It is remarkable how large a place is occupied in the apostolic history by the collection and distribution of alms. To send alms to Jerusalem was for the first converts to testify to the unity of their faith as well as the fervor of their charity. St. Barnabas began by laying his riches at the feet of the Apostles. When Agabus prophesied a great famine, Barnabas, no longer rich, was chosen by the faithful at Antioch as most fit to bear, with St. Paul, the generous offerings of the Church of Jerusalem.

"Sell what you possess and give alms. Make to yourselves bags which grow not old, a treasure in heaven which falieth not, where the thief approacheth not, nor the moth corrupteth."—Luke xii. 33.

JUNE 12.

ST. JOHN OF ST. FACUNDUS.



**S**T. JOHN was born at St. Fagondez in Spain. At an early age he held several benefices in the diocese of Burgos, till the reproaches of his conscience forced him to resign them all except one chapel, where he daily said Mass, preached, and catechized. After this he studied theology at Salamanca, and then labored for some time as a most devoted missionary priest. Ultimately he became a hermit of the Augustinian Order in the same city. There his life was marked by a singular devotion to the Holy Mass. Each night after Matins he remained in prayer till the hour of celebration, when he offered the Adorable Sacrifice with the most tender piety, often enjoying the sight of Jesus in glory, and holding sweet colloquies with Him. The power of his personal holiness was seen in his preaching, which produced a complete reformation in Salamanca. He had a special gift of reconciling differences, and was enabled to put an end to the quarrels and feuds among noblemen, at that period very common and fatal. He was also most zealous in denouncing those hideous vices which are a fruitful source of strife, and it was in defence of holy purity that he met his death. A lady of noble birth, but evil life, whose companion in sin St. John had converted, contrived to administer to him a fatal poison. After several months



of terrible suffering borne with unvarying patience, St. John went to his reward on June 11. 1479.

#### LOVE OF PEACE.

All desire peace, but those alone enjoy it who, like, St. John, are completely dead to themselves, and love to bear all things for Christ.

"If thou didst notice what peace thou couldst procure to thyself and joy to others, by having thyself in a good state, thou wouldst, I think, be more anxious to make spiritual profit."—*Imitation*.

The boldness shown by St. John in reproving vice, which in the end caused his death, had on a previous occasion endangered his life. A powerful noble, having been corrected by the Saint for oppressing his vassals, sent two assassins to slay him. The holiness of the Saint's aspect, however caused by that peace which continually reigned in his soul, struck such awe into their minds that they could not execute their purpose, but humbly besought his forgiveness. And the nobleman himself, falling sick, was brought to repentance, and recovered his health by the prayers of the Saint whom he had endeavored to murder.

"Turn away from evil and do good, seek after peace and pursue it."—Ps. xxxiii. 15.

#### JUNE 13.

#### ST. ANTONY OF PADUA.

**I**N 1221, St. Francis held a general chapter at Assisi. When the others dispersed, there lingered behind, unknown and neglected, a poor Portuguese friar, resolved to ask for and refuse nothing. Nine months later Fra Antonio rose under obedience to preach to the religious assembled at Forli, when, as the discourse proceeded, "the Hammer of heretics", "the Ark of the Testament," "the eldest son of St. Francis," stood revealed in all his sanctity, learning and eloquence before his rapt and astonished brethren. Devoted from earliest youth to prayer and study among the canons regular, Ferdinand de



Bulloens, as his name was in the world, had been stirred by the spirit and example of the first five Franciscan martyrs to put on their habit, and preach the Faith to the Moors in Africa. Denied a martyr's palm, and enfeebled by sickness, at the age of twenty-seven, he was taking silent but merciless revenge upon himself in the humblest offices of his community. From this obscurity he was now called forth, and for nine years France, Italy, and Sicily heard his voice, saw his miracles, and men's hearts turned to God. Suddenly, in 1231, this apostolate was closed, and the voices of children were heard crying along the streets of Padua, "Our father, St. Antony, is dead." The following year the church-bells of Lisbon rang without ringers, while at Rome one of its sons was inscribed among the Saints of God.

#### HIDDEN LIFE,

Let us live to pray and labor unseen, and cherish in the secret of our hearts the graces of God and the growth of our immortal souls. Like St. Antony, let us attend to this, and leave the rest to God.


"Blessed is the servant who treasures up in heaven the good things which his Lord hath shown him, and does not seek to manifest them to men in the hope of present reward."—*St. Francis*.

One night, when St. Antony was staying with a friend in the city of Padua, his host saw brilliant rays streaming under the door of the Saint's room, and on looking through the key-hole he beheld a little Child of marvellous beauty standing upon a book which lay open upon the table, and clinging with both arms round Antony's neck. With an ineffable sweetness he watched the tender caresses of the Saint and his wondrous Visitor. At last the Child vanished, and Fra Antonio, opening the door charged his friend, by the love of Him whom he had seen, to "tell the vision to no man" as long as he was alive.

But thou, when thou shalt pray, enter into thy chamber, and, having shut the door pray to thy Father in secret: and thy Father who seeth in secret will repay thee."—*Matt. vi. 6.*



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### THE PUYALLUP CHURCH FUND.

Amount already acknowledged, \$19.25  
 Mrs. Murtha, \$1.60; Sisters N. D. Chelsea, \$1.00. 2.60

Our kind friend "Stella" sends linen and lace for altar cloths, with promise of something else soon.

Sister A. writes: "I almost wished I owned a bank when I read of your poor unfinished church. You would not be long without the necessary funds."

Another kind benefactor writes: "I am very glad to learn that the now church is so far advanced; I trust that you will be more successful when you call for 'a pot of paint,' than you were in your call for 'nails.' How I wish I could see some of those vast 40 ft. cathedrals! [This wish can now be quite easily gratified since the completion of the Northern Pacific. Only a short 10 days' ride from B! Ed.] How pleased our Lord must be when He looks down at them, erected, as they are, with so much love, hard labor, and, above all, *clean money*." [Ah, yes, 'clean money' indeed! What a world of meaning is contained in these two simple words! We may, on some future occasion, make a few comments on this rich subject; in the mean time we return our most heartfelt thanks to all our friends for their generous help and good wishes. Ed. Y. C.]

### THE SIMMONS FUND AGAIN.

In our December No. we stated that there was a deficit of \$28 in the price of the artificial limb purchased for our protégé. We to-day thankfully acknowledge receiving \$1 from a "well-wisher," and 50 cts. from Miss M. McDonald.



THE desire of Christian perfection had inspired a young girl name Rosa Ferrucci, who died a holy death in Italy a few years ago, with the thought of collecting certain short maxims, which truthfully revealed her pious and innocent life. These choice maxims were found among her papers after her death: "To see God in every creature.—Refer all to God.—Always to think: 'God sees me.'—To love tenderly the Catholic Church and religion.—To entertain in our hearts the desire of heaven.—To ask of God the faith and constancy of the martyrs.—To unite our works with those of Jesus Christ.—To have an invincible confidence in the power of prayer.—To do good to all, if possible.—To watch and pray.—To be gentle and docile to my teachers.—To help the poor for the love of God.—To obey father and mother.—To be silent always when I feel out of humor.—To be strictly honest.—Never to read a suspicious book.—To presume the good.—Never to say evil of anyone.—Never to be envious.—Often to ask for humility.—Never to slight the good inspirations of God.—To work and study with zeal.—To forgive everyone and everything.—Often to lift my heart to God.—To be more afraid of sin than of death.—To seek my happiness in doing my Christian duties.—To do what in me lies, and then to repose trustfully in the goodness of God.—To ask for the Sacraments in the very beginning of a serious illness.—To speak to God as to a tender and beloved Father.—To unite one's death to that of Jesus Christ."

—o—

The average attendance during the last month, at the Tulalip Indian Schools, was 51 boys and 52 girls. The actual number now is 53 and 51 respectively.



Port Washington Bay, January 25th, 1885,

Rev. and kind Father:—We have come at last to let you know a long wish of ours. poor people of Port Washington Bay. We have come to the conclusion that there is only one God, whom alone we must serve, and only one right way to Heaven. But, Rev. Father, as we cannot do anything without one to help us, I have come to beg of you to have pity on us, poor Indians, and to come as soon as possible. We wish you to help us to build a church at the place and time suiting you best.

There are at least fifty Indians ready to enter this building, besides a few white Catholic families around the Bay. We had this in view for many years, and we think that our heavenly Father has at last turned and looked upon us, His straying sheep, and that He will send us a priest to open the gate and lead us to the true faith.

Hoping you will pity and hear a people who are in real earnest to save their souls, I remain &c., Steve Wilson.

The above letter explains itself. It is another loud and urgent call on our means and time which, single handed, we can but poorly answer, for the good reason that our finances were, during the last few months, badly crippled by our somewhat heavy purchases of church vestments and sacred vessels, and also by the recent building of our Puyallup church, still remaining unfinished for want of the necessary means. How in our present circumstances we can have the courage to answer that call would be quite a mystery to the wise ones in their own conceit; yet answered that call must be, God willing, inside the coming two weeks, placing our full confidence in God and our friends, who have, so far, never failed us in the time of need. Christian Friends! will you allow these hungry souls to starve spiritually in the midst of your plenty? Oh! no. Then help us liberally in erecting the first temple in honor of the first Indian Saint, the holy Iroquois virgin, Catherine Tegakwita.



## VISIT OF REV. MOTHER VICAR.

Scarcely have the joyful notes of the angels' Gloria died away, that we were called upon to sing the coming of the good and dear Mother Vicar, who paid us her yearly visit. Her coming was hailed with a double cheer, on account of Sister Benedict who accompanied her. The latter has been Superior of this mission school for twelve years, and was beloved as a mother by young and old.

Upon Mother Vicar's arrival we immediately set to work to prepare for her a suitable reception. We rehearsed our songs and pieces of declamation, and on Thursday night, Jan. 29, we held our reception. Here is the programme.

- 1.—Joy, joy, the mother comes. Song and chorus, by all.
- 2.—The top. Declamation, by Celestine Junior.
- 3.—Live and let live. Fable, by Tommy Charles.
- 4.—The frog. Comic song, by Walter Wale.
- 5.—Excelsior. Declamation, by Norbert Hilaire.
- 6.—Angel's bidding. Declamation, by James Brennan.
- 7.—Queen of all the flowers. Song and chorus, by all.
- 8.—Debate. Subject: "Is country life preferable to city life?" in which fifteen pupils took part. After most spirited arguments on both sides, preference was finally given to country life.
- 9.—Old folks at home. Song and chorus, by all.
- 10.—Battle of Fontenoy. Spoken by A. E. Simmons.
- 11.—Address to Rev. Mother Vicar. Read by W. Wale.
- 12.—French chorus. Song, by the senior class.
- 13.—Address to Rev. Sister Benedict. By A. E. Simmons.
- 14.—Tramp, tramp, tramp. War song, by all.

After which a good supply of candy was distributed, and we indulged in a social chat. All the boys felt glorious over their success, and that night will long be remembered in our school. On the following Saturday night we gave Mother Vicar a specimen of our pastime at recreation by parading with drum and wooden guns and going through the drilling exercises; after which some of our comical comrades performed a most laughable pantomime. The scene kept us all roaring for half an hour, and thus closed our series of holidays. We hope to enjoy now a period of peace to prepare ourselves for the coming of Rev. Father Chironse, and his Lordship Rt. Rev. Bishop Junger on his return from the Eternal City. A. E. Simmons.



**THE MONTH OF MARCH.**

The lovely month of Saint Joseph is approaching, and we will not fail to go to him with confidence to obtain the graces we are in need of during this month consecrated to his honor. We think at least that he will grant us the most necessary of all graces, namely, the grace of a happy death, and while on earth the grace to lead a good life, which will surely secure for us a happy death.


How happy we are to have the privilege of having benediction every evening during his Month, and we must not forget to thank him for all the graces he has already obtained for us in the past. We must try to practice many little mortifications in order to please him, and also the Sacred Heart of Jesus and our good mother Mary.

March is also the month when the beautiful spring time begins. How pleasant to see everything commencing to bud again. How happy the birds must feel as they begin anew to sing their merry songs, and to build their nests; and how agreeable it is when we can go in the bright sunshine and enjoy ourselves. We are very anxious to find early flowers, and as soon as we can get a few of them, we will offer them to our good St. Joseph, for we think they will be very acceptable to him, especially if we offer them accompanied by our young hearts. Agatha Bagley.

**A NEW MONTH OF MARY****FOR CHILDREN IN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.**

It is our intention to publish in time for next May, if at all possible, an original new Month of Mary with hymns, written for children by one who wishes to remain unknown to worldly fame, and who resigns all rights of authorship and to the profits which may accrue from its sale, to the exclusive benefit of our poor Indian missions. It will be published with the *Imprimatur* of the Rt. Rev. Bp. of Nesqually, in a little book of about 100 pages, at 10 cents for single copies, with a deduction of from 10 to 50 per cent when sold in quantities. We would like to know at once, by a postal card, the supposed number you may need, before going to press.



 A business Card like the following of all papers which will either exchange with us, or publish, for a month in their advertising columns, a notice of the object and terms of the Youth's Companion; will be published *gratis* for a year in each of its monthly issues. Speak a good word for us, Friends of the Quill. It takes no water from *your* mill, but it makes *ours* run!

#### THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSE,

A staunch, outspoken, uncompromisingly Catholic weekly, published at No. 117 Erie street, Cleveland, Ohio, at \$2.50 per annum. Manly Tello, managing Editor.

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A marvel of cheapness, is published weekly by P. E. Murphy of Columbus, Ohio, at 25 cents per annum.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Sisters of N D. Holyoke. Chelsea. Worcester & Cincinnati. Rev Mother Teresa. Sisters of Charity. St Ignatius, and Sisters of St. Francis. Buffalo; Mesdames A E Nixon. P Chapman. E M Murtha. Quinn, Glynn & Carroll; Misses A R Peacock. M A and L Nixon. A Collin, M McDonald. L Johnston. N Kearney. M McKenna & J Meany; Messrs P Buckley. M J Lyons. J P Healey. Jas. Kavanagh & J Gauthier, to whom we beg to return our warmest thanks.

*50 cents pay for the Youth's Companion for a year.*





# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION:

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No. 47.

## PRINCIPAL FEASTS.

- 2—Holy Thursday. *No meat allowed to-day.*
- 3—Good Friday. *The Passion according to St John.*
- 4—Holy Saturday. *End of Lent.*
- 5—EASTER SUNDAY. Epist. 1 Cor. v. 7—8. Gosp.  
Mark, xvi. 1—7.
- 12—Low Sunday. Epist. 1 John, v. 4—10. Gosp.  
John, xx. 19—31.
- 19—2nd Sunday after Easter. Epist. 1 Peter, ii.  
21—25. Gosp. John, x. 11—16.
- 25—St. Mark the Evangelist.
- 26—3rd Sunday after Easter. Patronage of St. Jo-  
seph. Ep. 2 Peter, ii. 11—19. G. John, xvi. 16—22.



THE Church has always considered this the first and most solemn of the festivals of the year. The Passion and death of our Lord are commemorated, during the holy week, with tears and works of penance, only to celebrate the more joyfully the mystery of the Resurrection; for, as St. Paul teaches us, this mystery is the foundation of Christianity. Fourteen times during the course of His preaching Jesus Christ directed the attention of his adversaries, in a special manner, to this great event, as a proof of His heavenly mission and His divine character. Hence the Apostle says: "If Christ be not risen again, your faith is vain." But having risen from the dead, He has proved the truth of His declarations. His teachings are from God, and faith in Him is the only means of salvation.

The festival of Easter is also emphatically styled by the Church "the day which the Lord hath made;" it being the day of His triumph over the power of His enemies, and the darkness of the tomb.

The principal disposition of the devout Christian in commemorating the glorious event of Christ's resurrection from the dead, consists in renewing his faith in the truths of religion, his hopes to share one day in the glory of his Savior, and his charity, by rising to a life of fervor in the service of God.

And what better way, dear children, to obtain all these happy results than by fulfilling, in a worthy manner, the commands of the Church with regard to the Easter confession and communion. This is the time, above all other, for us all to cause our souls to rise, with their Redeemer, from their graves of sin, coldness and indifference to a new life of grace, fervor and earnestness. This is our wish to you all.



“Licensed to make a strong man weak;  
Licensed to lay the wise man low;  
Licensed the wife’s strong heart to break,  
And make her children’s tears to flow.”

Marion Vane was a pretty girl, and she never looked half as pretty as when she stood by the side of William Dix, the orange flowers clustering amid the jetty ringlets of her hair, and a beautiful and costly veil of lace shading her features. Yes, Marion Vane was a pretty bride, and her friends said she had made an excellent choice; for William Dix was a wealthy man, and remarkably fine-looking withal, and many a fair maiden envied her the position she had gained by her marriage.

William Dix took his blooming bride to a home of wealth and luxury, and for many months they were very happy; but the demon of intemperance, ever on the alert for victims, singled out this young man upon whom to exercise his fascinations. Night after night William tarried over the wine cup and beside the card table; night after night he saw hundreds of dollars swept from his possession; and still he yielded to the allurements of the tempter. He drank deeper and deeper to drown the voice of conscience; and in two years from the day he brought Marion Vane, a happy bride, to his princely home, he took her from that home, deprived her of the comforts of which she had been surrounded, and in their place hired small and poorly furnished apartments; and treated her and their only child with neglect and unkindness.

His fortune had all been spent at the gaming table and at the fashionable bars, and still the demon claimed him as his own. He could no longer find a welcome in the houses of fashionable dissipation where



he parted with his fortune. Oh, no; these elegantly fitted up establishments are for the wealthy only. When the bird is stripped of its plumage, it must seek some other quarter; and William Dix sank lower and lower in infamy. The lowest gambling-houses in the metropolis now became the places of his resort.

One evening he returned to his miserable home, apparently perfectly sober, and Marion indulged the fond hope that he was about to reform, and said:

"You will not go out again to-night, William, will you?"

"I must; I have an engagement."

"Oh, William, do remain with me. You can not imagine how lonely I feel when you are away all night; I have such terrible thoughts."

"Terrible thoughts, indeed!" he exclaimed. "I wonder what woman doesn't have terrible thoughts and frightful dreams; but never mind Marion. This afternoon I won a hundred dollars; to-night I shall double or treble it; and if I do I shall sail for California next week, and will soon return with a fortune, and then I shall reform and become a better man; and we will again live in style, and show people that some folks are as good as others."

"Oh, William, do not go to California. I do not want to live in style. If you would only leave off drinking, we would be happy—oh, so happy."

"Nonsense. Now, Marion, don't begin a temperance lecture, for I will not have it. Good-night," and in another moment he was gone.

All night Marion sat in that lonely chamber, waiting for her husband's return. As her hands were busily employed making a garment for a slop-shop, her tears fell fast upon her work.



Her thoughts were wandering back to the days of her girlhood. She thought of her parents, who were sleeping beneath the damp soil, and she wished her form was lying beside theirs in the cold embrace of death.

Hour after hour took its flight—one, two, three o'clock came and passed, and still she sat there sewing.

At length the door burst open, and William Dix rushed into the room. His hat was off, and his long, curling hair, in great confusion, hung in masses over his damp forehead. His eyes, glaring wildly, seemed shooting from their sockets; his coat torn and bloody, and his whole appearance wild and frightful.

Marion, horror-stricken, sprang from her seat, and exclaimed:

"Just heaven! William, what is the matter?"

"Matter! oh, nothing; only I've killed the wretch who dared to call me a thief. I've killed him, and they are after me now. Hark! they're coming up the staircase, do you hear? I am a murderer—ha, ha, ha!" he shrieked, in a wild and terrible manner.

As he ceased, three men, evidently police officers, entered the apartment, and, before Marion comprehended the scene, they had seized her husband and dragged him from the room.

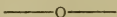
A moment she stood gazing at the retreating forms, then with one wild shriek of despair she sank senseless upon the floor.

William Dix was tried and convicted of murder, but ere the day set for the execution arrived he was found dead in his cell—he had committed suicide. Marion is an inmate of an insane asylum, her child in the Home of the Friendless.



This is a true picture of the fruits of intemperance and gambling. Alas! that the laws of our country should be in the interest of men who pay for the privilege of being—

“Licensed to do thy neighbor harm,  
 Licensed to hate and strife;  
 Licensed to nerve the robber’s arm.  
 Licensed to whet the murder’s knife;  
 Licensed where peace and quiet dwell,  
 To bring disease, and want, and woe;  
 Licensed to make this world a hell,  
 And fit men for a hell below.”



## PERRIN AND LUCETTE:

OR HONESTY REWARDED.

### CHAPTER I.

THE hero of this story was born in a village near Vitré, in Brittany, of poor parents, whom having lost in his earliest childhood, he had depended on public charity for his support, and had been taught reading and writing, but his education had extended no farther. At the age of fifteen, he entered the service of a small farmer, who employed him to look after his flocks. Lucette, the daughter of another farmer, had the care of those belonging to her father, in the same neighborhood. Whilst driving them out to pasture, she frequently saw Perrin, who rendered her all the little services proportionate to their age and situation. The habit of seeing one another, the similarity of their occupations, and their mutual kind offices towards each other, after some time caused a virtuous attachment between them. Perrin proposed to Lucette to demand her in marriage of her father. She gave her consent, but declined be-



ing present when he made his proposals. Lucette was going to the town on the morrow, and she begged of Perrin to take that opportunity, and to return in the evening to meet her, and to let her know how he had been received. The young man, at the time appointed, flew to the father's house, and declared to him, in the most open manner, his attachment to his daughter, and his intention of marrying her. "Ah," replied the old man roughly, interrupting him, "so you love my daughter, and you mean to marry her? Why, Perrin, what are you thinking of? What do you mean to do? Have you a home provided for her?—in a word, how are you to support her? You know you are only a laborer; you have no money; Lucette is not rich enough to support you and herself too. No, no, Perrin, that is not the way to think of getting married." "But I am strong and healthy," he replied, "and I shall not want employment whilst I am willing to work; and what exertions would I not make to maintain your daughter. Even now I can earn one hundred crowns a year; out of them I have been able to save twenty—so I can defray the expense of the wedding; I shall exert myself more—my savings will increase—then I shall be able to rent a little farm; the richest inhabitants of our village have begun like me; why may not I succeed as well as they?" "That's all very well," answered the old farmer; "you are quite young enough yet—you can wait awhile; you have only to become rich, and then you shall have my daughter, but for the present let me hear no more about it." Perrin could obtain no other answer. He hastened to meet Lucette according to his promise. He looked sorrowful; she could read in his countenance the news he had brought



her. "My father, then, has given you a refusal," said she. "Ah! Lucette," he replied, "I am indeed unfortunate to have been born so poor; but I have not lost all hope—my situation may change. As your husband, I would have spared nothing to procure you a comfortable maintenance: do you think I shall do less to become such? Never mind, we shall be united yet; keep your heart for me alone; remember you have given it to me."

The conversation had so engrossed their attention, that they scarcely perceived that the night was advancing, and that they had not yet quitted the high road. They immediately quickened their pace to regain their respective dwelling, when Perrin struck his foot against something and stumbled. In raising himself, he groped about with his hands to endeavor to discover the cause of his fall, when, to his surprise, he found it was a bag rather heavy. Curious to know what it contained, they repaired to a field just by, where some laborers had left the roots of trees burning, which they had cut down to clear the ground. On opening the bag, they discovered by this light that it was full of gold. "What do I see," cried Lucette; "ah! Perrin, so you have become rich." "Yes, Lucette," he replied, "I shall possess you. Heaven, favorable to our wishes, has sent wherewith to satisfy your father, and make us happy." This idea filled their hearts with joy—they eagerly contemplated the treasure; then, having looked at each other with tenderness, they proceeded immediately to show it to the old man. They had nearly reached the house, when Perrin suddenly stopped. "We are expecting to be made happy by means of this gold," said he to Lucette; "but does it belong to us? No



doubt it belongs to some merchant who has lost it in returning home from the fair at Vitré, which is just over, and at this very time, while we are rejoicing, he, perhaps, is in the most frightful despair." "Ah! Perrin, your reflection is indeed most serious—such may be the case of the unfortunate man, and how can we enjoy what belongs to him? Accident has thrown it in our way, but to keep it would be a theft." "You make me tremble," said Perrin; "we were going to carry it to your father; we should have obtained our wishes—but how could we be happy at another's expense? I tell you what we will do: let us go at once to our good rector, (such is the name given to the parish priest in that part of France.) He has always treated me with the greatest kindness; it was he that got me this situation, and I ought to do nothing without consulting him—we will make him our confidant in everything."

The rector was at home. Perrin placed the bag of gold which he had found in his hands, and acknowledged that he had at first regarded it as a present from heaven. He did not conceal from him his attachment to Lucette, and the obstacle which his poverty was to their union. The good pastor listened to him with the kindest attention; he looked first at one, then at the other. Their story quite affected him; he perceived all the ardor of their affection, and admired that uprightness and integrity which were still superior to it. He applauded their conduct. "Perrin," said he, "preserve always the same sentiments. Heaven will bless you; we shall find the master of this gold, and he will reward your honesty; I will join to it some of my little savings, and you shall gain the hand of Lucette. I take upon myself



to obtain her father's consent; you are deserving of each other. If this money be never claimed, it is the property of the poor: you are poor, and in this case, I shall believe myself justified in returning it to you, since Divine Providence seems already to dispose of it in your favor.

The young people withdrew, satisfied with having done their duty, and cheered up with the pleasing hopes that had been given them. The rector caused the bag of money to be cried throughout his parish, and he afterwards had it posted up at Vitré, and in all the surrounding villages. Many persons, prompted by avarice, pretended to claim the lost treasure; but none of them could describe either the sum of money, the species of coin, or the bag which contained them. During this time, the good rector did not forget that he had promised Perrin to interest himself for his happiness. He helped him to take a little farm, stocked it with cattle, supplied it with implements of husbandry, and, two months afterwards, married him to Lucette.

The happy couple returned thanks to the Almighty and to their pastor, who had been, under Him, instrumental to their felicity. Perrin was industrious; Lucette employed herself in household affairs; they were exact in paying their rent, lived moderately on the surplus, and felt contented and happy.

It was now two years, and the lost gold had not been claimed, and the rector, therefore, did not judge it necessary to wait any longer, but carried it to the virtuous couple whom he had united. "My children," said he to them, "enjoy this blessing which Providence has sent you, and do not abuse it; these twelve thousand francs are actually without a claimant—



you can make use of them; if, by chance, you should ever discover the owner, you ought, undoubtedly, to restore them to him; you can employ them in such a manner as will only change the nature of the property, without diminishing its value." Perrin followed his advice; he thought he could not do better with it than to make a purchase of the farm which he rented, as it was to be disposed of. It was valued at rather more than twelve thousand francs; nevertheless, he had every reason to believe his offer would be accepted, by being paid down in ready money; for as he regarded himself only as the steward, he considered that he could not lay out the money to better advantage, should it ever be required again at his hands. The rector approved of this proposition, the bargain was soon struck, and the farmer, now turned landlord, endeavored by his exertions to render the property still more valuable. Heaven blessed him with success, and he attained to those easy circumstances which it had always been his ambition to procure for Lucette.

Two children blessed their happy union, and they took a pleasure in seeing themselves, as it were, live again in these tender pledges of their love. When Perrin was returning home from the fields, Lucette would bring the children out to meet him; he would catch them up in his arms and kiss them; one would begin to wipe the perspiration off his face; the other would try to help him to carry his pickaxe, and whilst he smiled at his feeble efforts, he could not refrain from returning thanks to God, who had blessed him with such an affectionate spouse, and children who so much resembled her.

Some years after the good old rector died. Per-



rin and Lucette bewailed their loss, and remembered with the most tender gratitude that their worthy pastor had been both a spiritual and temporal father to them, but, at the same time, this event led them to reflect on their own mortality. "We also shall die," said they one to the other, "and this farm will come into the hands of our children; nevertheless, it does not belong to us, and should the rightful owner ever come to claim it, he would, in that case, be deprived of it for ever, and we should descend into the grave with the goods of our neighbor on our consciences." They could not bear this thought—they even had a declaration written out in due form, which they got signed by the principal inhabitants of the village, by which they gave up the property should the just claimant ever appear. This precaution, which they judged necessary to compel their children to make restitution, tranquilized their minds, and all things went on to their entire satisfaction.

*(Conclusion in our next.)*

—LITTLE SAMUEL.—In the Sacred Scripture, we read that "Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child." But what could a child do in the temple? Not much, indeed, but he could do something. He could wait on the priest Eli, and save him many steps; he could trim and light a lamp, cleanse a dish, or run an errand; and because he could do this, and did do it, and had a pious mind, he is said to have "ministered before the Lord."

Learn hence, that God accepts of small services, if there be only a religious disposition of the soul; and that *children* even can perform works well pleasing in his sight. Let them then begin to do it. They cannot commence too soon.



IF all the boys and girls who read the following story should "go and do likewise," wouldn't it help to make of home a sunshiny place?

"Mother is cross!" said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and answered Maggie: "Then it is the very time for *you* to be pleasant and helpful. Your mother was awake a good part of the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat, and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her.

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Sure enough," thought she, "that would be the time when it would do the most good. I remember when I was sick, last year, I was so nervous that, if anyone spoke to me, I could hardly help being cross, and mother never got angry nor out of patience, but was just as gentle with me! I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

She sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution towards the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful, teething baby.

Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the little one.

He stopped fretting, and a smile dimpled the corner of his lips.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother? It's such a nice morning," she asked.

"I should be glad if you would," said her mother.

The little hat and sack were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he is good," said Maggie;



"and you must lie on the sofa and take a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired."

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother. The tears rose to her eyes, and her voice trembled, as she answered: "Thank you, dearie; it will do me a world of good if you can keep him out an hour; and the air will do him good too. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart beat in Maggie's bosom as she trundled the little carriage up and down on the walk!

She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and forbearance that had so often been bestowed upon her. She had made her mother happier, and given her time to rest. From this day she resolved to remember and act on her aunt's good advice, "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."

WHAT WE CAN NEVER CATCH.—Children, what is it that you can never catch, even if you were to chase after it as quick as possible, with the swiftest horse in the world? You can never catch the word that has once gone out of your lips. Once spoken, it is out of your power; do your best, you can never recall it. Therefore take care of what you say, for many sorrows are avoided by guarding the tongue, and many evils are brought about by the too frequent use of it.

### *IMPORTANT NOTICE.*

*The undersigned will offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass twice a month for all those who, in any way, may contribute towards his poor Indian missions.*

*J. B. Boulet.*

*Intentions for Masses will be thankfully received.*



A Wasp met a Bee that was just buzzing by,  
And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why  
You are lov'd so much better by people than I?"

"My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,  
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold;  
Yet nobody likes me for that, I and told."

"Ah! cousin," said the Bee, "'tis all very true;  
But if I were half as much mischief to do,  
Indeed they would love me no better than you.

You have a fine shape, and a delicate wing;  
They own you are handsome, but then there's one thing  
They cannot put up with, and that is your sting.

My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,  
Yet nobody ever is angry with me,  
Because I'm an humble and innocent Bee."

From this little story let people beware;  
Because, like the Wasp, if ill-natured they are,  
They will never be loved, if they are ever so fair.

### THE APRIL SHOWER.

PATTER, patter! let it pour,  
Patter, patter! let it roar;  
Down the steep roof let it rush,  
Down the hill-side let it gush:  
'Tis the welcome April shower,  
Bringing forth the sweet May flower.

Patter, patter! let it pour,  
Patter, patter! let it roar;  
Soon the clouds will burst away.  
Soon will come a bright spring day:  
'Tis the welcome April showers  
Will bring forth the sweet May flowers.



I AM coming, little maiden,  
With the pleasant sunshine laden;  
With the honey for the bee;  
With the blossom for the tree;  
With the flower and with the leaf;  
Till I come the time is brief.

I am coming, I am coming;  
Hark, the little bee is humming;  
See, the lark is soaring high  
In the bright and sunny sky;  
And the gnats are on the wing;  
Little maiden, now is Spring.

See, the yellow catkins cover  
All the slender willows o'er;  
And on mossy banks so green  
Starlike primroses are seen;  
Every little stream is bright,  
All the orchard trees are white.

Hark, the little lambs are bleating;  
And the cawing rooks are meeting  
In the elms,—a noisy crowd;  
And all birds are singing loud;  
And the first white butterfly  
In the sun goes flitting by.

Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven:  
God for thee the Spring has given;  
Taught the birds their melodies,  
Clothed the earth and cleared the skies,  
For thy pleasure or thy food:  
Pour thyself in gratitude.



OBLATE MISSIONS & MISSIONARIES 325  
IN THE NORTH WEST.

No. IV.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

Dearly Beloved Children of Tulalip.

**A**S I said in my last communication, we now resume our journey towards your country.

From St. Louis, which is situated on the Mississippi, 18 miles below the mouth of the Missouri river, we proceeded westward. The two last white settlements we visited, were Kansas City and Westport, where we could see only a few insignificant buildings and a poor chapel in the woods. It was at Kansas City that we saw an Indian for the first time in our lives. Was that first Indian we met happy to see us? Did he come to shake hands with us? Alas! the poor wretch was not able; he was lying down in the mud by the way-side, beastly drowned in the poisonous liquid called whiskey, that fast Indian-killer by which the greatest part of his tribe had already been destroyed. The drunken native had a wife, and she was also under the influence of the same enslaving poison. After a while, this bad woman became infuriated and would have murdered her helpless husband, had she not been kept, by force, in her hut, where she was heard roaring like a ferocious tigress. Some whitemen were looking at them, and in this horrible sight, they only found matter of mirth, and began to laugh at the unfortunate man instead of compassionating him in the dreadful state in which he was. Others were cursing, and saying that the Indians, like wild beasts, should all be exterminated from the face of the earth. And remark



dear children, that some of those white lookers on were of that low class of men who make their most disgraceful living, by supplying the poor ignorant, and naturally weak Natives, with intoxicating and poisonous drinks. These unprincipled whites, for the sake of a vile lucre, or to satisfy a brutal passion, will feign to be friendly to the Indians, but alas! too many Indians trust them as such while they are nothing more or less than their cruel murderers, as they really cause the tragic death of many of them and send their souls to hell.

But let us proceed. On the road the late, lamented, Very Rev. Father Brouillet, who is now enjoying the reward of his hard and generous toils for the welfare of the Indians, was the leader of the party. He provided us with three wagons and ox-teams, for there was as yet neither railroad nor stage to cross the Rocky Mountains. Being now provided with all that was required, we moved to the grassy borders of a small river named by the Canadians, *la Rivière des Camps* (Camp River). There we pitched our tents, and remained encamped a few days to form our caravan and prepare for a journey of five months through valleys, hills, mountains, plains and deserts, where we were to meet only with wild Indians and wild beasts. For interpreter we hired a half-breed, who was conversant with many Indian languages, and under his guidance we started on the 8th of the beautiful month of May. You know, dear children, that oxen can not travel very fast. Twenty or twenty-two miles a day were the most we could make. But in order to make you travel with me a little more rapidly, I will relate to you only a few of the many incidents which took place in our journeying from



*la Rivière des Camps* to the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

Two days after we had left our first encampment, a large number of wild Indians, all naked, and daubed in red and black, armed with guns, knives, bows and arrows, howling the war-cry, and riding their ponies in all speed, came boldly to surround our little caravan, and ordered us to stop. But our interpreter, who knew them and could speak their language, hastened to address them. "What do you want, what do you mean to do, my friends?" said he. "We do not want any more white-faces to settle on our land," said the leader. "Look out, be careful, tremble, fear," replied the interpreter. "These travelers are different from all other whitemen, they are not in search of land, nor of any earthly things. They are the French Black-gowns, the true and powerful messengers of the Almighty Spirit from above, and they are going to a far country to teach the Indians how to please the great Creator of all things, and how to get from him an everlasting and happy life."

Hearing this they all calmed down at once, and said nothing more except to ask for a piece of tobacco in sign of friendship. By order of His Lordship, our good Bishop Blanchet, some tobacco was given them, and they peacefully returned to their homes, expressing their earnest desire of having among them some of those true messengers of God to teach them the way to Heaven.

Shortly after this incident, we were told that some emigrants ahead of us had lately been robbed, or cruelly murdered by wild Indians, consequently and in order to be able to defend ourselves in a case of



emergency, we permitted some other emigrants to join our little caravan, and soon we counted in our company over twenty families of various nationalities and creed, traveling together with us in peace and harmony. The Catholics were kind and charitable towards the protestants, and the old prejudices of the latter having entirely disappeared, they became admirers and friends of the Canadian Bishop and his missionaries, and the result was that two families were converted and became zealous members of the Catholic Church.

Our first appointed captain was the only person who ever showed disrespect for the Bishop and priests, in ordering them to carry arms, and to stand guard at night by turn, as well as others, and to fire at any Indian that would approach the encampment after dark. But his imprudent orders were not carried out, for by the unanimous vote of the party he was immediately compelled to resign and to leave the company. Scarcely had he joined another caravan, when some hostile Indians distrained him and one of his friends, by surprise, in broad day light, while they were in search of their oxen and horses in the immense meadows far away from the camp. Some of their oxen and all the horses were driven away and were divided between the plunderers.

Fortunately for the two white men, those Indians were not of the cruel and barbarous kind, and they did not murder them, when it was entirely in their power to do so. They spared their lives, and only took pleasure in making sport of them by stripping them of their clothing except their hats and boots, and compelling them to return to their caravan in the most humbling state of nakedness. The two,



once brave men felt ashamed to appear and consequently covered themselves with bundles of tall green grass, and proceeded towards their camp.

Children, women and men, all were much frightened when they perceived them, some even took their guns to fire at them, thinking they were hostile Indians, when the two unfortunate men hastened to shout: "Friends! Friends!" and then their friends recognizing them by their voice, all went to meet them. At such a sight some laughed and others moved with pity, endeavored to supply them with new clothes.

The new captain of our company was a man of great prudence and wisdom, and much devoted to the welfare of all. Under his guidance we traveled smoothly and agreeably until our company disbanded at the end of our journey. Numerous incidents took place, but we met with but two sad accidents that I will relate; the first before I conclude this letter, and the other in my next communication.

As we commenced to ascend the Rocky Mountains, the best yoke of our cattle fell down a steep precipice, into which, being unable to rescue them, we were forced to leave them to their inevitable fate. In consequence of this accident we had to throw away many articles, such as stoves, ploughs, grindstones, &c., as our load had now become too heavy for our remaining, jaded, working oxen.

Here again, dear children, I must repeat what I have more than once said, that God never abandons those who place in Him an entire confidence. This sad accident was soon followed by a happy incident.

One beautiful morning I started alone in search of some new flowers; for, as some of you are aware, I have always been very fond of flowers, and much



delight in studying the wonderful lessons they teach us. While gathering plants and flowers in the little valley of *la Rivière à la Poudre* (Powder River), I spied, among groves, three head of cattle grazing on the grassy banks of a swift-running brook. I drew near and spoke to them in the tone and language in vogue among drivers, and the three gentle animals, instantly raising their heads, began to bellow merrily, as if recognizing the voice of an old friend. Noticing on their hides the scars of many a newly-healed wound, I concluded that, like our own two unlucky oxen, they had also been left to die, abandoned by emigrants far ahead of us, and which God had preserved and healed in order to enable us to pursue our course. I gave the largest one the name of *Lion*, the black one I called *Negro*, and the third *Brandy*. They seemed to be already acquainted and very well pleased with these names, and willingly followed me to our camp. They were then treated to a liberal supply of salt, and enrolled as auxiliaries for the remainder of the trip.


In my next letter, dear children, I will tell you something very interesting about *Lion*, *Negro* and *Brandy*. Let us now conclude with some useful considerations, to which I call your special attention.

Dearly loved children; during your travel through this short life to your eternal home, you will meet with many dangers and numberless enemies bent on the destruction of your souls. Therefore, be wise, and let the Catholic Priest, appointed by God, be your captain, your pilot and interpreter! Thus guided you shall safely arrive at the end of your earthly course. Never forget that many Indian tribes have  
(Concluded on page 336.)



JUNE 14.

## ST. BASIL THE GREAT.

T BASIL was born in Asia Minor. Two of his brothers became bishops, and together with his mother and sister are honored as Saints. He studied with great success at Athens, where he formed with St. Gregory Nazianzen the most tender friendship. He then taught oratory; but dreading the honors of the world, he gave up all, and became the father of monachism in the East. The Arian heretics, supported by the court, were then persecuting the Church; and Basil was summoned from his retirement by his bishop, to give aid against them. His energy and zeal soon mitigated the disorders of the Church, and his solid and eloquent words silenced the heretics. On the death of Eusebius, he was chosen Bishop of Cæsarea. His commanding character, his firmness and energy, his learning and eloquence, and not less his humility and the exceeding austerity of his life, made him a model for bishops. Yet, his whole life was one of suffering. He lived amidst jealousies and misunderstanding and seeming disappointments. But he sowed the seed which bore good fruit in the next generation, and was God's instrument in beating back the Arians and other heretics in the East, and restoring the spirit of discipline and fervor in the Church. He died in 389, and is venerated as a Doctor of the Church.

## CHRISTIAN HEROISM.

"Fear God," says the *Imitation*, "and thou shalt have no need of being afraid of any man."

"When I look round I seem to have no one on my side. I can but pray I may be found in the number of those seven thousand who have not bowed their knee to Baal. I know the present persecutors of us all seek my life; yet that shall not diminish aught of the zeal I owe to the Church of God."—*St. Basil*.

When St. Basil was required to admit the Arians to Communion, the prefect, finding that soft words had no



effect, said to him, "Are you mad, that you resist the will before which the whole world bows? Do you not dread the wrath of the emperor, nor exile, nor death?" "No," said Basil, calmly; "he who has nothing to lose need not dread loss of goods; you cannot exile me, for the whole earth is my home; as for death, it would be the greatest kindness you could bestow upon me; torments cannot harm me: one blow would end my frail life and my sufferings together." "Never," said the prefect, "has any one dared to address me thus." "Perhaps," suggested Basil, "you never before measured your strength with a Christian Bishop." The emperor desisted from his commands.

"I spoke of Thy testimonies before kings; and I was not ashamed."—Ps. xviii. 46.

JUNE 15.

B. GERMAINE COUSIN.

**B** GERMAINE Cousin was born of poor parents at Pibrac, near Toulouse, in 1579. From her infancy Christ chose her to bear His cross, and her short life was one of sharp and incessant suffering. She early lost her mother, and her father having married again, she had to endure the persecutions of a cruel stepmother. Blows and insults were her daily portion; added to these, she suffered from continual infirmities greatly increased by the cold and hunger to which she was exposed. Germaine's life was chiefly spent watching over the flocks in the pastures, and in spite of neglect and cruelty, her soul grew rapidly in holiness and perfection. The unhappiness of her home was borne with unflinching sweetness, and while the villagers ridiculed her infirmities and blamed her piety, she strove by all means in her power to console them in sorrow and help them in their needs. She used to gather round her little children, and speak to them of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin; and her pupils never forgot the angelic expression of her countenance. Her one joy was Holy Communion, and there she found strength to bear her cross. At length



Jesus Christ called to Himself the poor shepherdess, whose life had been so faithful an imitation of His own. Germaine died at the age of 22. Two monks passing through Pibrac saw a bright light shining over the cottage where she lay, and virgins clothed in white conducting a new sister to heaven.

## PATIENCE.

The lowly peasant child, ignorant in human knowledge, possessed the great science of patience, so precious in the sight of God. May we by her intercession obtain this virtue, and meekly accept the crosses that strew our path below.

"The crown of tribulation has blossomed into a crown of glory and a garland of joy."—*Roman Missal*.

One day, as B. Germaine was carrying in her apron a few crusts of bread, which she had saved from her scanty repast to give to the poor, her stepmother perceived her, and began loading her with insults. She even raised her hand to strike the young girl, when Germaine opened her apron and an abundance of fragrant flowers, such as the soil of Pibrac never bore, fell to the ground. The miracle once performed for the royal saint Elizabeth of Hungary, had been renewed in favor of the poor shepherdess.

"We glory in tribulations, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience trial, and trial hope, and hope confoundeth not."—*Romans*, v. 3. 4.

JUNE 16.

## ST. JOHN FRANCIS REGIS.



T. JOHN Francis Regis was born in Languedoc, A. D. 1597. From his tenderest years he showed evidences of uncommon sanctity by his innocence of life, modesty, and love of prayer. At the age of eighteen he entered the Society of Jesus. As soon as his studies were over, he gave himself entirely to the salvation of souls. The winter he spent in country missions, principally in mountainous districts; and in spite of the rigor of the weather and the ignorance and roughness of



the inhabitants, he labored with such success that he gained innumerable souls to God both from heresy and from a bad life. The summer he gave to the towns. There his time was taken up in visiting hospitals and prisons, in preaching and instructing, and in assisting all who in any way stood in need of his services. In his works of mercy God often helped him by miracles. He brought the most desperate sinners back to God, fearing neither blows nor even threats of death where there was a soul to be saved. He was so inflamed with the love of God that he seemed to breathe, think, speak of that alone, and he offered up the Holy Sacrifice with such attention and fervor that those who assisted at it could not but feel something of the fire with which he burned. After twelve years of unceasing labor, he rendered his pure and innocent soul to his Creator at the age of forty-four.

#### ZEAL FOR SOULS.

When St. John Francis was struck in the face by a sinner, whom he was reproving, he replied, "If you only knew me you would give me much more than that." His meekness converted the man, and it is in this spirit that he teaches us to win souls to God.

"We gain double when we relieve a brother at the price of our own shame."—*St. John Francis.*

In November, 1637, the Saint set out for his second mission at Marthes. His road lay across valleys filled with snow and over mountains frozen and precipitous. In climbing one of the highest, a bush to which he was clinging gave way, and he broke his leg in the fall. By the help of his companion he accomplished the remaining six miles, and then instead of seeing a surgeon, insisted on being taken straight to the confessional. There, after several hours, the curate of the parish found him still seated, and when his leg was examined the fracture was found to be miraculously healed. How much might we do if we could forget our own wants in remembering those of others, and put our trust in God!

"For whereas I was free as to all, I made myself the servant of all, that I might gain the more."—I Cor. ix. 19.



We are busily engaged in printing a large edition of our "Child's Month of Mary," which, God willing, we hope to have ready in time to be used next May. We would remind our readers that all the profit derived from the sale of this little book is to be used exclusively for the benefit of our poor Indian missions; the author having reserved nothing except the singular privilege of sending us, so far, the largest order—1,000 copies—with the still more singular request, that of being allowed to pay for them! The little book will retail at 10 cents per copy, with a liberal discount to those purchasing in quantities.

Let the friends of our missions send in their orders at once, and thus help on the good work. Sample sheets will be sent to any address on application.

The printing of this book together with our heavy Easter work may possibly delay the publication of the May No. of the Youth's Companion, which completes our fourth volume. If it should so happen, we hope our kind readers will bear with us for once, as we have tried to be quite punctual in the past.

In this connection it may not be out of place to remind our many readers whose subscription ends with the volume, or with No. 48, (look at your label) that a letter from all of them, containing 50 cents in stamps to pay for volume fifth, is daily looked for, if they wish to promote and share in the good work of the opening season: namely, painting the Puyallup church and building another one for the new tribe of Indians, whose earnest appeal appeared in our last. We have since visited them, and among the results 6 adults and 14 children were baptized, 3 couples married, and the building of a church decided upon. Who will donate a lb of paint, or a few more nails?



*(Concluded from page 330.)*

disappeared in the whirlpool of intoxicating liquors, and beware of the many enemies of your souls, who, with murderous intent, are watching day and night in order to rob you of your money and your life. In misfortune, be patient and never despair. Trust in the Lord; His saving arm will shield you against every harm.

In this valley of tears we are all emigrants, journeying from earth to heaven, in company with various kinds of persons. Be kind to all, dear children, polite, honest and obliging, and by the example of your truly Christian lives, sinners will be converted from their evil ways, and our separated brethren will be convinced that the Catholic religion is the only true religion; for a false creed can neither make honest citizens nor good Christians. Honor the priests, for they are the head-officers of the militant Church, and he who despises that Church despises God, and he shall be punished even in this world. Adieu.


Your most devoted friend, E. C. Chirouse, O. M. I.

### *THE YOUTH'S COMPANION*

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CHILDREN who make or receive money ought to be taught from their earliest childhood to lay some of it aside for future use, either for themselves or for some charitable or religious objects. Many children of to-day hardly know a higher use for the money that comes into their hands than spending it, as quickly as possible, for candy or some foolish things, as if they feared it would burn a hole through their pocket, were it allowed to remain there any length of time. To such, a lesson of self-denial and economy is important. As go the boy's pennies and dimes, so, very likely, will go the man's dollars and hundreds by-and-by. Without having the spirit of a miser, the child accustomed to save has more pleasure in laying up than the spendthrift ever knows; besides this, the happiness derived in having the means of making others happy, by coming to their assistance, is so great and inexpressible, that it must be experienced before it is fully understood.

The best way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly. Money so obtained is pretty certain to abide with its possessor; but money that is inherited, or that in any way comes in without a fair and just equivalent, is almost certain to go as it came. The young man who begins by saving a few dollars a month, and thriftily increases his store—every coin being a representative of solid work, honestly and manfully done—stands a better chance to spend the last days of his life in affluence than he who, in his haste to become a rich man, obtains money by dashing speculations, and by the crooked means which abound in the foggy regions which lie between justice and fraud. Let our young friends make a note of this and provide in time for the coming *rainy day*.



## SPRING.

The fair balmy Spring has arrived, and with some regret we bid farewell to Winter, for he has given us some pleasant times in spite of his cold and freezing appearance. His reign is over and it is the turn of the delightful Spring to come and change the face of nature, by unfolding before us her countless charms.

We are all glad, I am sure, to see the earth covered with green grass and all decked with beautiful flowers, the trees lose their bare look, and soon will be covered with green, rustling leaves.

Spring counts also among her charms the arrival of the little birds, oh! it is so nice to hear them sing, to watch them building their little nests; their presence makes Spring nicer and more welcome.

Picking flowers is not the least enjoyment we have; we find buttercups, rooster's heads and many other little flowers, with which we deck our dear Mother's altar, and I am sure she smiles on us as we offer her, the first flowers of Spring.

Spring is the time also to sow and plant. The farmers and gardeners are very busy, preparing the ground for their seed, for all those who want to have something in the fall, must work hard in the early Spring. Children are also busy, because they have their own little gardens to make, and they like to have nice flowers to offer to our dear Lord, and to his Blessed Mother.

Now that Spring has come, we are all longing for the nice long walks which have to be shortened in winter.

Let us all unite in giving a hearty welcome to Spring.

Mary Jane Tallman, Child of Mary.

St. Ignatius Mission, February 5th, 1885.

To the Pupils of Tulalip. Kind Friends.

Thanks, dear girls, for your kind wishes and interesting letter written by Agatha Bagley. As Christmas is now far gone, I will only tell you that we had then a very joyous time and that many of our friends and companions came to see us.

I am glad that you also appreciate the care of the Sisters; let us try to be very obedient to them, and let us daily



thank our Divine Lord for his favors, and the many graces that He bestows on us, and all the Indian missions.

I wish, dear girls, that me could see you and enjoy your company. Sometimes I think within myself: "The girls of Tulalip seem to be bright, kind and affectionate. I wonder if they ever lose their temper and make sullen faces, as I did a little while ago?" because one of the Sisters was telling me some thing which did not suit me in the least. I hope none of you will follow my example. You may laugh at me; your joke will be welcome, for I deserve it.

We have greatly increased in number since the month of October, we are eighty-four girls. Father Prando, S. J. of St. Peter's Mission, came bringing with him some black-foot girls; he went a second time and came back with several others, making seventeen in all. Some of them can talk the English language but they prefer their own. The oldest is fifteen years, the youngest is three. She is very cunning and gives many a hearty laugh to the Sisters. Her name is Ellen Lacourse. Two of our little companions died this winter, both were named Cecile. One of them was consumptive. One of the Children of Mary left; she had to go whether she wanted or not, for her father will ed it. She will not come very often for she lives at a great distance from here. Please remember us sometimes in your prayers. Your affectionate friend,


Adele, Child of Mary.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rt. Rev. Bp. Brondel; Rev. F Lambert; Ursuline Nuns of Toledo, Fort Shaw, Brandingburg & Miles City; Sisters N D of Springfield & Dayton; Srs of Charity, Richmond; Mother M of St Joseph; Sisters S H, Manhattanville; Srs St Dominic, Galena; Srs of Mercy, Hazleton; St Ignatius & Mrs Vincelette's clubs; Misses M B Morgan, M V P McCarthy & M A Halloran; Messrs J Kirby E Villeneuve & I Paul, to whom we return our most heartfelt thanks.

The average attendance during the last month, at the Tulalip Indian Schools, was 55 boys and 51 girls. The actual number now is 53 and 49 respectively.



 A business Card like the following of all papers which will either exchange with us, or publish, for a month in their advertising columns, a notice of the object and terms of the Youth's Companion, will be published *gratis* for a year in each of its monthly issues. Speak a good word for us, Friends of the Quill. It takes no water from *your* mill, but it makes *ours* run!

### THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSE,

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### THE LITTLE CRUSADER,



A marvel of cheapness, is published weekly by P. E. Murphy of Columbus. Ohio, at 25 cents per annum.

### THE ORPHAN'S FRIEND,



A neat eight-page quarterly, published in the interests of the orphan and destitute boys in the House of the Angel Guardian, 85 Vernon St., Boston, at 25 cts. a year.

WANTED one copy each of Nos. 18 and 23 of the Youth's Companion, a few copies of No. 44 and 25 copies of No. 45, for which we will return their full value in other of our own publications.

 Look at the printed address on the Companion to ascertain when your subscription expires, for instance if 48 is printed on it, it means that your time expires next month.

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# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION:

*A juvenile monthly Magazine published for the benefit of the Puget Sound Catholic Indian Missions; and set to type, printed and in part written by the pupils of the Tulalip, Wash. Ty. Indian Industrial Boarding Schools, under the control of the Sisters of Charity.*

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MAY, 1885.

No. 48.

## FEASTS AND FASTS.

- 3—4th Sunday after Easter. Finding of the Cross.  
Epist. James, i. 17—21. Gospel, John, xvi. 5—14.  
10—5th Sunday after Easter. Epist. James, i. 22—27.  
Gospel, John, xvi. 23—30.  
14—ASCENSION. *Holyday of obligation.* Epist.  
Acts, i. 1—11. Gospel, Mark, xvi. 14—20.  
17—Sunday in the Octave of the Ascension. Epist.  
1 Peter, iv. 7—11. Gosp. John, xv. 26—xvi. 4.  
23—Vigil of Pentecost. *Fast-day.*  
24—Pentecost. Ep. Acts, ii. 1-11. G. John, xiv. 23-31.  
27, 29 and 30.—*Fast* of the Ember days.  
31—Trinity. E. Rom. xi. 33-36. G. Mat. xxviii. 18-20.



IF devotion to the Mother of God is suitable and profitable for all conditions and relations of life, it is especially so for youth, whom it inspires with the greatest aversion to vice; and while it holds up before them the model of every virtue, procures for them the protection and assistance of this good and powerful Virgin Mother. Among many who have experienced this, St. Francis Regis is particularly conspicuous. He was born in 1597, in the diocese of Narbonne, in France. From his earliest childhood, he had been taught to entertain a tender devotion to the Mother of God. To sustain and exercise this feeling of piety, as also to enjoy its benefits on a more extensive scale, he eagerly sought to be admitted into a Confraternity, which had for its special object the honoring of Mary. As soon as he attained this wish, he believed himself bound to aspire after greater perfection. No one showed a more determined resolution to regulate his life by the rules of the Confraternity than the youthful Francis. He increased his prayers and devotional exercises; he approached the sacraments more frequently; and he redoubled his exertions to attain perfection in all his words and actions, in order to merit the approbation of God and of his Holy Mother. When he afterwards entered into the Society of Jesus, his devotion to Mary received a new impulse. When in school he profited by every opportunity, by means of exhortation, instruction, and prayer, to communicate to others the love of Mary, with which his own heart was inflamed. It was, however, in the missions to which he heroically devoted himself, and in which he spent the last ten years of his life, that he manifested in a special manner his devotion to the Mo-



ther of God, and imparted his own feelings to the faithful who heard his instructions. He placed all his apostolic undertakings under the powerful protection of Mary; he ever had her name in his mouth, and was always zealous for the promotion of her honor. In all dangers or distress, he fled to her for assistance and relief. He recommended himself to her patronage in all his instructions and exhortations. His indefatigable zeal to gain souls for Jesus, and his fidelity and love for Mary, merited for him to behold the Mother and the Son at his last hour, who came to conduct his soul to the happiness of heaven.

### MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

“GEORGE, see there!” exclaimed little Madge Morrell; “see! the old cat jumped through the window, and broke your sister Alice’s beautiful rose geranium! That is too bad! How angry Alice will be, when she comes in and discovers it!”

“My sister don’t get angry at such things. I never saw her angry but once, and that was when some boys worried a poor kitten almost to death.”

“But this is so very provoking, Georgie. Anybody would be angry.”

It is really too bad; but you’ll see if Alice does not try to make the best of it.”

Pretty soon the young lady entered the room, her sunny face beaming with the bright spirit which reigned within. She was humming a sweet morning song, but she paused abruptly before her beautiful, ruined geranium.

“Ah, who did this?” she exclaimed.

“That ugly old cat broke it, cousin Alice; I saw her myself,” said little Madge.



"Poor puss, she did not know what mischief she was doing. It was the very pet of all my flowers. But come, little cousin, don't look so long-faced; we must try and make the best of it."

"I don't think there is much best to this, Alice."

"O yes; it is not near as bad as it might have been. The fine stalk is not injured, and it will soon send forth new shoots. This large, broken branch will be lovely in bouquets. Let us arrange a little one for mother's room. We will place this cluster of scarlet blossoms in a wine-glass, and you may run out into the garden and gather a few snow-drops to put around it. There—was there ever anything more beautiful? Now we will set the wine-glass in this little saucer, and place some geranium leaves around the edge, with a few snow-drops mixed among them. Mother will admire it, she loves flowers so much. Now, little one, don't you think there is a bright side to this affair? I am not sure but pussy did us a favor by giving us so much pleasure from quite an unexpected source."

"I think you have found the bright side, Alice, though I am sure I never should. I almost wanted the old cat to be killed."

"Never be angry at a poor, unreasoning animal, my child. Cultivate a more noble, elevated disposition, and learn to control yourself even in the smallest matters that might disturb the quiet of your mind. It is only by such self-control that you can ever arrive at true womanhood. Look for the bright side even of your disappointments and troubles. By such a course you will make for yourself a welcome every where, and your own happiness will be increased a thousand-fold."



ONE lovely morning in May, Annie and Mary were gathering flowers in a garden to decorate an altar they had erected in their little room in honor of our Blessed Lady, when Mary exclaimed: "Oh! Annie! I had such a beautiful dream last night. Oh, it was so beautiful!"

"What was it about, dear?" said Annie; "do tell it to me; I would like to hear it."

"Well," said Mary, "I thought I went into a beautiful country, and it appeared like one vast garden teaming with delights—it surpassed anything I had ever seen in this world. It seemed to me that I had spent more than a week in it, and yet there was no night there; it was all one bright day. The climate was mild and delightful, the air pure, clear and balmy, and filled with a delicious fragrance from the most exquisite flowers, that covered the ground like a carpet. My ears were enchanted with the melody of lovely little birds, so soft and so sweet, and with the sounds of golden harps suspended in the air. I imagined that those sweet strains came from instruments composed of the softest velvet.

"Everything that could delight the senses was there. Fountains were springing up, throwing out crystal water which had the perfume of roses. The grass had the appearance of bright green velvet, and the foliage of the trees was the richest and loveliest I ever beheld. The branches were all covered with a bright emerald-green moss, and dear little birds of various sizes and colors were hopping about on the boughs of the trees, and they were singing hymns and praises to God. In another part of the grounds I thought I saw some children, strewing rose-leaves along the pathways; others weaving garlands, and



wreaths of fresh flowers for crowns, and making seats for new visitors. Those seats were composed of different materials: some were formed of green moss, supported by olive branches, and ornamented with wreaths of lilies; others were made of down from the breasts of doves, decorated with wild hyacinths and primroses; others again were composed of seaweed of very brilliant colors, and ornamented with sea-shells and spray from the sea. Many of those seats were situated in delightful arbors and grottoes, and fanned by cool and gentle zephyrs.

"Some seats were alone formed of vine-leaves and tendrils interlaced; others of morning-glories and woodbine. Then there were winding paths that led to lovely grottoes of mother-of-pearl, embowered in mignonette. Those paths were bordered on each side by fuchsias, violets, pansies and other delightful flowers. There were summer-houses formed of the rarest trees, which grew to an immense height, presenting a grand and lofty appearance. Morning-glories, jasmine and woodbine crept to the top, where delightful little birds gathered to pour forth their melodies to God. Æolian harps, suspended from the trees around, were rocked to and fro by the gentle wind, from which most melodious sounds came forth as "fairy-like music," mingling with the sweet notes of the little feathered tribe.

"I went a little farther on, and saw troops of darling and beautiful little children with happy, smiling faces. Some were trying to catch the sunbeams, others were making rainbows for the sky, and preparing golden tints for the sunsets of the world below."

Some were skipping along through the clouds



with ropes formed of violets and lilies, and others were hugging dear little snow-white lambs, and making necklaces for them of blue-bells and white roses. Oh, Annie! I saw so many beautiful things, as far as my eye could reach—all around; and then, when I was about to leave, I went towards the gate, and near it I thought I saw an old man sitting. I then went over and asked him:

“‘Was this heaven?’

“‘Ah, no! my child,’ said he; ‘heaven is far more beautiful. You cannot form any idea of the joys and delights of that lovely kingdom. There’s nothing can be compared to it. Yet this visit here may be useful to you, and may lead you to think more of your heavenly country. You know, my child, it is mentioned in Scripture: “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man what God hath prepared for those who love Him.”’ ”

“And then, dear Annie, I woke and found myself here in this world.”

“Oh, Mary, what a beautiful dream!” said Annie; “I hope we will be in heaven yet.”

“Yes, dear Annie, I do hope we will; but we can not get there unless we love God and keep His commandments. He made us that we might know Him, love Him, and serve Him here in this world, and be happy with Him forever in the next.”

“Yes, Mary, that’s what our Catechism teaches.”

“Let us now finish our bouquets, dear, for we must hurry and be in time for our First Communion class,” said Mary.

They were both good children, and were very obedient and respectful to their parents and their teachers, as every child should be.



## CHAPTER II.

TWENTY years had now elapsed since Perrin had become proprietor of the farm which he occupied, when one day as he was returning to dinner, after a laborious morning's work, his attention was arrested by the overturning of a carriage with two travelers in it, on the high road, at a very short distance from where he stood. He ran immediately to the spot, to render all the assistance he was able, and offered them the horses out of his plough to carry their luggage. He begged of the travelers, who were not hurt, that they would come and rest themselves at his house, and take some refreshment after their accident. "Truly," cried one of them, as he brushed the dust off his clothes, "this is an unlucky part of the country to me; it seems I am never to pass this way without meeting with some misfortune. About twelve years ago, I met with a considerable loss somewhere hereabouts. I was returning from the fair at Vitré, and lost a bag containing no less than twelve thousand francs in gold." "But how was it," said Perrin, who was all attention at hearing this, "that you did not make some search after so great a sum?" "My worthy friend," replied the traveler, "that was, I may say, impossible; I had to make all speed to Lorient, from whence I was to embark for the Indies. There was no time to be lost—the vessel was ready to set sail, and you know it would not have waited for me; I had no opportunity of making any inquiries, which would most likely have proved useless, and by preventing my departure, would have exposed me to a much greater loss than that which I had sus-



tained." At hearing this, the heart of the honest farmer leaped for joy; he pressed the travelers with greater eagerness to accept of his offer. His house was the nearest and best in the village. They could no longer refuse to accompany him. He went before to show them the way, and meeting his wife, who was coming out as usual, he desired her to return and prepare dinner for his guests. While it was getting ready, he presented them with some refreshments, and turned the conversation on the subject of the loss, which one of them had complained of, since he had no doubt but he was the man to whom restitution was due. He then went to the new rector, to inform him of what he had heard, and to invite him to come and dine with them. He accompanied him back to his house, and could not cease admiring the joy which the good farmer expressed at a discovery that might prove the ruin of him.

After dinner, the travelers knew not how to express their gratitude for the kind reception Perrin had given them. They admired the domestic economy of this little family, the goodness of his heart, his candor, the easy agreeableness and activity of Lucette. They caressed the children. Perrin showed them the house, the garden, his sheep and cattle; he entertained them with an account of his fields and their produce; then, pausing for a few moments, he turned towards the first traveler, and said to him: "Sir, all that you have seen to-day belongs to you; when the money that you lost fell into my hands, seeing that it remained unclaimed, I bought this farm with it intending to give it to the right owner, should he ever make his appearance—therefore, the farm and all belonging to it is yours; and if I had died before finding



you out, our rector here holds in his hand a written document, by which I have made it over to you as your property." The stranger, after reading it, looked first at Perrin, then at Lucette and the children. At last, recovering a little from his astonishment, he exclaimed: "Where am I, and what have I just heard? What noble, what disinterested virtue! and in what condition of society have I met with it!" Then addressing himself to Perrin: "Have you any other dependance besides this farm?" said he. "No, not any; but, if you do not dispose of it, you will give me the preference." "Your honesty merits a far different reward," replied the stranger. "It is now twelve years ago since I lost the sum of money which you found; since that time God has blessed me with prosperity; my commercial connexions became very extensive, and I did not long perceive the effects of my loss; restitution now would add comparatively nothing to my wealth—you are deserving of this little fortune; Divine Providence has made you a present of it, and it would be offending Him to take it away from you. I give it up entirely into your hands; you may keep it; I renounce all claim to it; what other man would have acted as you have done?" So saying, he tore to pieces the deed which he held in his hand. "But," continued he, "so beautiful an action must not be consigned to oblivion. No new act is necessary to confirm my having made it over to you and your children; nevertheless I will have the whole transaction committed to writing, to perpetuate the remembrance of your honesty and uprightness." A notary was accordingly sent for. Perrin and Lucette fell at the feet of the traveler; he raised them up and embraced



them. Perrin shed tears of tenderness and joy. "My children," cried he, "come forward, and kiss the hand of your benefactor: my dear Lucette, this property now belongs to us; and henceforward we may enjoy it, and leave it to our children without either trouble or remorse."

## THE END.

## AVE MARIA!

HAIL VIRGIN of the liliated brow!

The children of thy love  
Send forth their fond devotion now,  
To thy bright throne above.  
Dear Mother, hear our earnest call,  
And o'er us let thy mercies fall.

Here kneeling at thy holy shrine,  
Bright heav'nly Queen of May,  
We promise to be ever thine,  
And keep God's holy way.  
Dear mother! hear our earnest call,  
And o'er us let thy mercies fall.

Oh! as along the stream of life,  
Bright "Star of hope" we glide,  
Still shine in peace amid the strife,  
And calm the troubled tide.  
Dear mother! hear our earnest call,  
And o'er us let thy mercies fall.

Oh! when life's twilight hours come on,  
And darkness spreads us o'er,  
Then may He be—thy blessed Son—  
Our light for evermore.

Dear mother! hear our earnest call,  
And o'er us may thy mercies fall.





MAY, sweet May, again is come,  
May that frees the land from gloom;  
Children, children, up and see  
All her stores of jollity!  
On the laughing hedgerow's side  
She hath spread her treasures wide;  
She is in the greenwood shade,  
Where the nightingale hath made  
Every branch and every tree  
Ring with her sweet melody.  
Hill and dale are May's own treasures;  
Youths, rejoice! in sportive measures  
Sing ye; join the chorus gay!  
Hail this merry, merry May!

Up, then, children, we will go  
Where the blooming roses grow;  
In a joyful company  
We the bursting flowers will see:  
Up; your festal dress prepare!  
Where gay hearts are meeting, there  
May hath pleasures most inviting  
Hearts and sight and ear delighting.

Listen to the bird's sweet song;  
Hark, how soft it floats along!  
Courtly dames our pleasures share;  
Never saw I May so fair,  
Therefore dancing will we go.  
Youths, rejoice! the flow'rets blow:  
Sing ye! join the chorus gay;  
Hail this merry, merry May.

 NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE. 

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## IN THE NORTH WEST.

No. V.

[For the Youth's Companion.]

Dearly Beloved Children of Tulalip.

FROM the time we left Kansas until we reached the Rocky Mountains, we met and had to cross several rivers, the largest of which is the La Platte, which empties in the Missouri, after a course of six hundred miles. As we had but two riding horses, I always used "Lion," one of the horses I had found, to cross these streams, even the La Platte. Without saddle or bridle "Lion" would safely swim from one side to the other, like a fish. I will soon have occasion to say a few words about "Negro" and "Brandy," the companions of "Lion." But let us proceed.

It was on the banks of the La Platte that Providence furnished us with fresh meat, a dish we had been desiring for many a week. It was here also that we met buffaloes for the first time, and in such large numbers as to frighten us; for we had been told they were dangerous when met in large bands. It proved, however, quite the contrary; for as soon as these animals perceived us, they seemed even more frightened than we were, and turning around, they left us free to continue our journey unmolested. Only one, more bold or imprudent than the others, joined in with our cattle as they were crossing the river. When he had landed on the opposite shore, a well-directed ball, from one of our party, struck him in the forehead, and felled him to the ground. He was at once dressed and distributed among the families forming the caravan.



We also met on the La Platte a large band of Sioux Indians. It was a novel sight for us to see their dogs harnessed to sleds, and hauling the provisions and camp tackle of their masters. These Indians mingled freely with us and asked us who we were; and upon our telling them that we were Black-Robes, that is, men sent by the Great Spirit, they requested us to accompany them in their buffalo hunt, and go and settle among them. They felt sorry at our refusal, but a little tobacco distributed among them, and the expression of our hope that God would soon send them some Black-Robes to show them the road to heaven, soon consoled them again.

So you see, my dear children, your parents and yourselves were preferred by God before all others, since it was towards your country that He first guided our steps.

Continueing our journey, we came at last to the summit of the Rocky Mountains. Here we found nothing deserving special mention—moss, vulcanized rocks, countless precipices, and here and there a few stunted fir-trees, broke the monotony of this vast plateau.

Three objects, however, drew somewhat our attention. 1st. For a quarter of a mile our wagons rolled on immense masses of little silex stones, cut and shaped exactly like arrows of all dimensions; no one being able to account for their presence here in such quantities. Some surmise that divine Providence, who takes care of the smallest insect, has, in all probability, provided the Indians with these arms, as means of defense and of procuring the necessaries of life, which explanation must hold good until a better one is found.



2nd. Here we met a village of prairie-dogs, living in peace and friendship with rattle-snakes and owls. These dogs look much like the woodchuck and are great barkers; their flesh stewed is excellent. They live in deep holes in the ground, and are consequently hard to catch. We however succeeded in shooting five or six and managed to make a savory dinner out of them.

3rd. The last object that drew our attention was the appearance, at a considerable distance from our road, of what we considered to be a great city, with tall chimneys, towers and fortifications, but which were, in reality, only high rocks, isolated from each other on an immense plateau, and which have been called chimneys by the first discoverers of these strangely-shaped rocks.

This place could also be called the city of rattle-snakes and scorpions, because they are found there in great numbers. Antilopes and other quadrupeds have to run while passing this spot, to avoid being bitten by these venomous reptiles. One of our party and myself started with the intention of visiting these rocks, but after traveling half a mile, and meeting with some of these reptiles at every step, we thought it more prudent to desist, and return to our camp as fast as we could. I escaped safely, but my companion, picking up a petrified sea-shell, was bitten by a scorpion which lay hidden under the shell. Happily, he was a good doctor and succeeded in promptly eradicating the poison, so that no evil consequence followed.

We have now to come down from the mountains. You know, dear children, that, ordinarily speaking, it is easier to come down than to go up a mountain.



In this case, however, I can say that it was quite the reverse. In several places the road was almost perpendicular, and we were often obliged to fasten long ropes to our wagons, and to have all hands hang on to these ropes to prevent our teams from being dashed to pieces. At the foot of the Mountains we had to pass through a long, rocky defile, which is called "Hell's Gate," but which, I think, would be more appropriately called "Heaven's Gate," on account of its being narrow and difficult to the rich, who are heavily laden, and also to the imprudent and idle. It was in this pass that poor "Brandy" fell under his load to rise no more; "Negro" had to be substituted in his place, a position which he assumed with courage, and in which he greatly distinguished himself. With his assistance we finally reached, without any further serious accident, that boundless plain called "The Desert."

As the Jews of old, we were happy to contemplate, in the distance, the great walls by which we had been protected in our arduous passage. We did not, however, linger for forty years in this desert; but it was at least forty days before we could perceive, in the far West, a glimpse of the new promised land towards which we were slowly, but surely, directing our steps.

After a few days' march, it seemed to us as if we were in the midst of a vast ocean on a calm day. No mountains, valleys, rivers nor trees were now to be seen; on all sides a boundless horizon, where at night the sun would disappear as on the high seas. Sage-brush and a few other bushes, sand, saltpetre, alkali, wolves, antelopes and buffaloes, in quest of richer pastures, were the only objects seen from day



to day, while we wandered in this desert. The heat during the day was intense, and the nights were very cold. We were sometimes obliged to travel a couple of days to find drinkable water. Dried buffalo dung was our only available fuel, and I can vouch as to its burning quality to equal, if not to surpass, the best turf raised in the bogs of Ireland. During this most trying portion of our journey a few heads of our cattle perished through fatigue, hunger or thirst. The excessive heat together with the thick clouds of alkaline dust raised by our wagons and the tramping of our cattle caused much sickness among our fellow-travelers. Thanks be to God, the missionaries always enjoyed a most excellent health which they made good use of to visit, relieve, console and instruct the sick. Fever carried one of these latter, a man of 35 years of age, who, as many more of his kind, had never been baptized. Before his death he earnestly begged of the priests to be regenerated in the waters of Baptism, saying that he wished to die a Catholic. This favor was granted him, and shortly after his happy soul winged its way to the true promised land, whilst we buried his body in the sand, there to await the last trumpet's blast.

In closing these hurriedly written pages, allow me, once more, dear children, to recall to your memory that we are all travelers in the desert of this world, and that from our birth to our death, this time is given us to prepare ourselves for a happy eternity. Early give your hearts to God. Walk always in His presence. Fear, love and serve the Lord; and He, who feeds and clothes the flowers and the birds, shall also take good care of you, and deliver you from all danger. Always love and pray the Blessed



Virgin, and in order to secure your salvation, she shall crush the heads of the serpents and scorpions, and shall deliver you from the mouth of the infernal wolves which are to be found everywhere, even on the Sound. Thank God that you do not belong to those sects which have no Sacraments and who despise them. Be faithful until death to the promises made to God at your baptism, and heaven will be your reward,

Yours very truly, E. C. CHIROUSE, O. M. I.

### THE GOOD PASTOR.

A poor woman, having asked St. Paulinus of Nola, who had himself been plundered by the Vandal troops of Alaric, for help to obtain the freedom of her son, held as a slave in Africa, the great bishop thus answered her;—

“My child! I have now nothing left but myself; will you ask the barbarian, who holds your son in slavery, to accept *me* in his place? I am ready to go.”

At this extraordinary speech the woman started back with astonishment, and looked at the Christian hero with an expression of incredulity and surprise. A former prefect of Rome, a man of consular dignity, who had been the teacher of the Emperor Gratian, to propose such a thing! It sounded like mockery—he could not be serious; he was, perhaps, astonished at her audacity, and wished to see if she would presume to take him at his word. Under these impressions, the broken-hearted mother blushed, as she bowed to him, and was retiring, when the saintly bishop told her to remain, and convinced her of the sincerity of his offer, and of his pious intentions.

They journeyed together into Africa, where the bishop, being accepted by the Vandal king in the



place of the young captive, was assigned an occupation which suited well his refined tastes—the care of plants and flowers of rare and beautiful species.

Every morning he gathered fresh flowers, and arranging them with great taste in a vase, he carried them to the prince whose captive he was—and who was no less affected by this thoughtfulness, than charmed by the conversation of the gentle and learned Paulinus. One day, after listening to him with more than ordinary attention, and being struck with the peculiar dignity of his manners—his pure and elegant style of speaking, and his poetic language, he exclaimed: “You are not what you seem to be; your rank is doubtless far above your fortune.”

St. Paulinus hung his head in silence.

“Who are you?” inquired the prince, in an authoritative tone—“do not refuse to tell me; because I wish you well.”

St. Paulinus very reluctantly avowed that he was a Catholic bishop of Italy.

“A bishop!” exclaimed the prince,—“a bishop! And have you come hither voluntarily to release one of your flock! Oh, Father! you are free; to-morrow you shall depart loaded with presents from me.”

“I accept them, prince!” replied the bishop with emotion; “but allow me to choose them.”


“Choose what you will!” replied the prince smiling.

“Your troupes have taken away a number of Italians of my diocese.”

“They shall be restored to you, Father; and as the famine now lays waste Italy, I will send with them African corn, to support the half of your diocese. This shall be my present, and the memorial of my friendship for you.”



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Tulalip Indian Reservation, Snohomish Co., Wash.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

*The undersigned will offer the holy sacrifice of the  
 Mass twice a month for all those who, in any way,  
 may contribute towards his poor Indian missions.*

*J. B. Boulet.*

*Intentions for Masses will be thankfully received.*

With this number of the Youth's Companion we  
 close our fourth volume. We profit of this occasion  
 to return our most cordial thanks to our many indul-  
 gent friends, who, by their generous encouragement  
 and kind words, have so much contributed in alle-  
 viating the onerous task imposed upon us by the exi-  
 gencies of our peculiar position during the past four  
 long years. Gladly would we mention the names of  
 those who have distinguished themselves by their  
 untiring zeal in any way forwarding the welfare of  
 our poor Indian missions, but our friends are of those  
 whose left hand ignores the doings of the right, and  
 who are satisfied to have their good deeds known to  
 God alone. May He reward them a thousand-fold!  
 That they may never faint in doing good is, and ever  
 shall be the prayer of the grateful EDITOR Y. C.



JUNE 17.

SS. MARCIAN AND NICANDER.

**M**ARCIAN and Nicander were soldiers in the imperial service, and seem to have suffered in Mœsia. They would not offer incense to the idols; they refused the time which the judge offered them for deliberation; and they gave God thanks because they were to be so soon quit of the world, with its temptations and its sins, and were to pass to the life of heaven. "Why do you talk of life," said the judge, "if you desire to die?" "Because," Nicander answered, "it is life eternal which I desire, not the life of this world. Do what you will with my body. It is in your power." They were twenty days in prison, and they left it only to renew their good confession and beg the judge to send them quickly "to their crucified Redeemer." The judge was a human man. He was touched by their meek courage; he protested that it was the emperor, not he, who was responsible for their death, and ordered them to be beheaded without any further suffering. They thanked him for his kindness, wished him peace, and went rejoicing to their crowns. But Marcian was put to another proof. His wife met him with her child in her arms, and implored him to yield. He embraced her and told her to leave him for God's sake. He kissed his child, and raising his eyes, commended it to God. Then the martyrs embraced each other, bowed their necks to the sword, and met again in the heavenly city.

## CHRISTIAN AFFECTION.

Love God above all. Do not suffer any natural attachment to keep you from listening to His voice. You can help your relatives best when you follow the call of God. Do not grudge them to God when He calls them to Him by a religious vocation or death. They are more than ever yours when they belong to God alone.

"There is no true friendship save that which God creates between souls that adhere to Him."—*St. Augustine.*

Marcian triumphed over natural affections, and though he loved his wife and his "most sweet child" much, he



loved Christ more. The wife of the other martyr, Nicander, was herself a bright example of the same detachment. She was present at her husband's trial; but far from discouraging him in his combat, she bade him "look up to heaven and keep faith with Jesus Christ." She, too, followed her husband to the place of martyrdom, bearing his child in her arms. "Ten years," she said, "you were away from me on foreign service, and I prayed every hour that I might see you again. Now I see you and rejoice, for I see myself the wife of a martyr."

"And they, lifting up their eyes, saw no one, but only Jesus."—Matt. xvii. 8.

JUNE 18.

#### ST. MOSES THE ETHIOPIAN.

**S**T. MOSES was a slave, and was often punished by his master for theft and disobedience. He grew from bad to worse; at last, having killed a fellow slave, he fled away, became captain of a band of robbers, and led a life of unbridled wickedness. In his fortieth year he was converted to God; and his repentance, although sudden, was lasting and sincere. He sought the superior of a monastery, and, in the presence of the monks, made a public confession of all his sins and even of his most secret thoughts, imploring with many tears to be admitted amongst them. After some trial this was granted; and he spent the rest of his life in severe and unbroken penance and joyful obedience. His fervor in overcoming his passions was as great as had been his former impetuosity in vice. When he was told that the best means to expel the diabolical illusions that tormented him during sleep was to watch and pray, he retired to a distant cell, and never closed his eyes in sleep for six years. He passed the night standing in prayer, and would not kneel lest the change should solace his body. After many victories over himself, God rewarded him with heavenly visions and the gift of prophecy. He was ordained priest by the Patriarch of Alexandria; and at the age of seventy-five he was martyred, with six companions, by the barbarians, about the end of the fourth century.



## SORROW FOR SIN.

If we wish to make progress in virtue, our actions must agree with our prayer. This agreement consists in avoiding relapses into the faults for which we ask God's pardon.


"God will not hear our prayers unless we acknowledge ourselves to be sinners. We do this when we ponder on our own sins alone, and not on those of our neighbor."—*St. Moses.*

When one of the solitaries had been guilty of some fault, the fathers were convoked to deliberate on what was to be done. Moses was invited, but did not come until the priest sent to say that the brethren was waiting for him. He then left his cell and came, carrying on his back a basket filled with sand. The brethren, seeing the basket, asked him what he was doing with it. He answered, "These are my sins, the burden of which I bear, but which are out of my sight; and behold, I am sent for to judge the sins of others." This example induced the fathers to pardon the accused.

"According to the multitude of my sorrows in my heart. Thy consolations have given joy to my soul."—Ps. xciii. 19.

JUNE 19.

ST. JULIANA FALCONIERI.

 JULIANA Falconieri was born, in answer to prayer, A. D. 1270. Her father built the splendid church of the Annunziata in Florence, while her uncle, Blessed Alexius, became one of the founders of the Servite Order. Under his care, Juliana grew up, as he said, more like an angel than a human being. Such was her modesty that she never used a mirror or gazed upon the face of a man during her whole life. The mere mention of sin made her shudder and tremble, and once hearing a scandal related she fell into a dead swoon. Her devotion to the sorrows of our Lady drew her to the Servants of Mary; and at the age of fourteen she refused an offer of marriage, and received the habit from St. Philip Benizi himself. Her sanctity attracted many novices, for whose



direction she was bidden to draw up a rule, and thus with reluctance she became foundress of the "Mantellate." She was with her children as their servant rather than their mistress, while outside her convent she led a life of apostolic charity, converting sinners, reconciling enemies, and healing the sick by sucking with her own lips their ulcerous sores. She was sometimes wrapt for whole days in ecstasy, and her prayers saved the Servite Order when it was in danger of being suppressed. Juliana died A. D. 1340. She was visited in her last hour by angels in the form of white doves, and Jesus Himself, as a beautiful child, crowned her with a garland of flowers.

#### DEVOTION TO THE SEVEN DOLORS.

"Meditate often," says St. Paul of the Cross, "on the sorrows of the Holy Mother, sorrows inseparable from those of her beloved Son. If you seek the Cross, there you will find the Mother; and where the Mother is, there also is the Son."

"When the disciples fled, and all men deserted, she alone, to the glory of the whole female sex, amongst so many torments of her Son, stood steadfast in the faith of Jesus, and stood nobly as became her virginal purity. She stood, not complaining, nor murmuring, nor imploring mercy, but as a recollected, modest, most patient, most sorrowful virgin."—*St. Anselm*.

Juliana wasted away through a disease of the stomach, which prevented her taking food. She bore her silent agony with constant cheerfulness, grieving only for the privation of holy communion. At last, when in her seventieth year, she had sunk to the point of death, she begged to be allowed once more to see and adore the Blessed Sacrament. It was brought to her cell, and reverently laid on a corporal, which was placed over her heart. At this moment she expired, and the Sacred Host disappeared. After her death the form of the Host was found stamped upon her heart in the exact spot over which the Blessed Sacrament had been placed.

"There stood beneath the Cross of Jesus His Mother," —John xix. 25.




Since the publication of our last issue we gratefully acknowledge the reception of pecuniary remittances from Rev. Fathers McGuckin O M I. Croquet, Frei & Becker; Rev. Srs. of Charity, Lexington & St Ignatius; of Notre Dame, Lynn & Chillicothe; of Mercy, Worcester; of the Visitation, Frederick; Srs. Bernard & St Stanislaus; Mesdames C D O'Sullivan, C English, C I Stevens, E Quill, E Tenney & E Barrett; Misses M McDonald, P Adams, M L Flynn, J Courtney, A Nolan, N Flynn, S Bard, A Greth, T Nurnberg & M Steigerwald; Messrs. E Mallet, C Jules, W McCluskey, T Kane, P O'Hare, J Callahan, S Hogan & L Klusewitz, to whom we return our grateful thanks.

Our most grateful acknowledgments are also due and returned to Rev. L. Metayer, of Portland, Ogn., and to the Rev. Sisters of the Visitation, Frederick, Md., for large supplies of Scapulars and "Agnus Deis" lately sent.

Our kind friend "Stella" has again placed us under many obligations to her by three new invoices of church goods, consisting in a beautiful, gold-embroidered, red satin cross for a chasuble, two lace curtains, communion cloth and altar cover. The three last named are second-hand, but not in the least less welcome. We know of a time when our dear Lord would neither have despised nor refused a second-hand cover or quilt, if one had been offered Him. That was on the first Christmas night when He was shivering in the stable of Bethlehem. He will have again to be satisfied with second-hand things, until such times as He gives us the means of doing better by Him!

In the meantime let every lady reader of our little paper organize herself into a committee of *one*, call at once on her Rev. Pastor, show him this article and relieve him of any second or third-hand vestments &c., that may stand in his way, and by the power of our magic wand, they shall all be changed into first-class vestments.

The average attendance during the last month, at the Tulalip Indian Schools, was 53 boys and 50 girls. The actual number now is 53 and 50 respectively.

 Look at the printed address on the Companion to ascertain when your subscription expires, for instance if 48 is printed on it, it means that your time expires this month.



## A GHOST STORY.

As we sat down one evening, this week, folding the present number of this paper, one of the boys told us the following story:—

The narrator, while a small boy, used to live with his grand-parents, and had often listened to ghost stories, during the long winter evenings. While he was yet at that place, there happened an event in which a ghost played a prominent part.

A young aunt of his was in the habit of going to spend her evenings, with other young girls, to a neighboring farm-house, and oftentimes came home quite late. Admonitions had no effect upon the giddy girl, and some extraordinary means must be tried to stop her night wanderings. This new means, though not a prudent one and not to be imitated, was planned by the mother and one of the hired men. It consisted in scaring the lass by the appearance of a ghost. So the hired man, who was already quite old and rather too slow to play the ghost, took a white sheet and went out to a lonely spot on the road, and hid among the bushes under his sheet. After a good deal of waiting, he heard the well-known clapping of auntie's wooden shoes upon the dry, frozen ground. Nearer and nearer came the footfalls. All at once the ghost left his hiding place and hopped about in the middle of the road. The girl stood still with fright, but soon recovering her presence of mind, she grabbed one of her wooden shoes, and at one bound was at the ghost, thumping him with a vengeance. The old man tried to disengage himself from her clutches, but down came the blows more briskly. At last he yelled for mercy, and humbly begged pardon for his trick. All ashamed of himself, he returned home and crept unnoticed to his bed.

A. E. Simmons.

## SINGING.

In our school we learn a great many things which will be useful to us later in life, if God grant it. But only two things seem, to me, to be of immediate profit, which are Catechism and Singing. Catechism makes us good and virtuous now, and prepares us for the Christian battle we are to fight during all our lifetime. But a word on Singing.



I know by experience that after three hours of hard study, nothing cheers me more than the singing lesson. Often during school we can remark some sour faces, for books and slates are, for some children, like blue pills; but let the singing lesson come, and all faces lit up, smiles spread over the countenances, and every heart gives vent to its generous feelings by a joyful shout.

During the day we often hear the boys carol by themselves the tunes they learn at school, and in the evenings we often enjoy ourselves by repeating the choruses of the morning lesson. Most of these songs are hymns to the Blessed Virgin, so that with the pleasure of song is blended the sweetness of prayer. Daily during this month of Mary, as well as on Sundays and holydays, we also take great pleasure in chanting the praises of God and His holy Mother, in the church, and nothing is more inspiring than to hear the swell and wave of the boys' voices, at once so sweet and and strong.

Walter Wale.

[We opine that the *Magister* was *not* abroad, when the two foregoing articles were written. Ed.]

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

As we expected last month, and even more so, we are much behind time this month with our little paper. The publication of our new "Child's Month of Mary," together with our extensive Easter-season travels, to which we may also add sickness, were the unavoidable causes of this delay.

—Some of our clerical friends have taken umbrage at an expression of ours, to be found at the bottom of page 305 of our March No. We here republish it, with the necessary additions, in order to establish our orthodoxy in the matter.

. . . "Then help us liberally in erecting the first temple in honor of the first Indian Saint, the holy Iroquois virgin, Catherine Tegakwita;" provided, as a matter of course, that it pleases His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., to raise her to the honors of the altar.



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